

MCGALL'S

TEN
CENTS

November
1928



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A. Allen
Mrs. Henry Morgenthau Jr.
and
Mrs. Mabel Willebrandt
on

HOW WILL THE WOMEN VOTE ?

also a New Story by **ZANE GREY**

2,570,000 COPIES OF THIS ISSUE

Pretty soon you'll be saying it, too

We always begin by very artfully suggesting that you make your favorite cake with Snowdrift. Because we know that soon you'll be saying that any cake made with Snowdrift is your favorite...

If Snowdrift weren't so creamy you might at first sight be persuaded that it was like other shortenings.

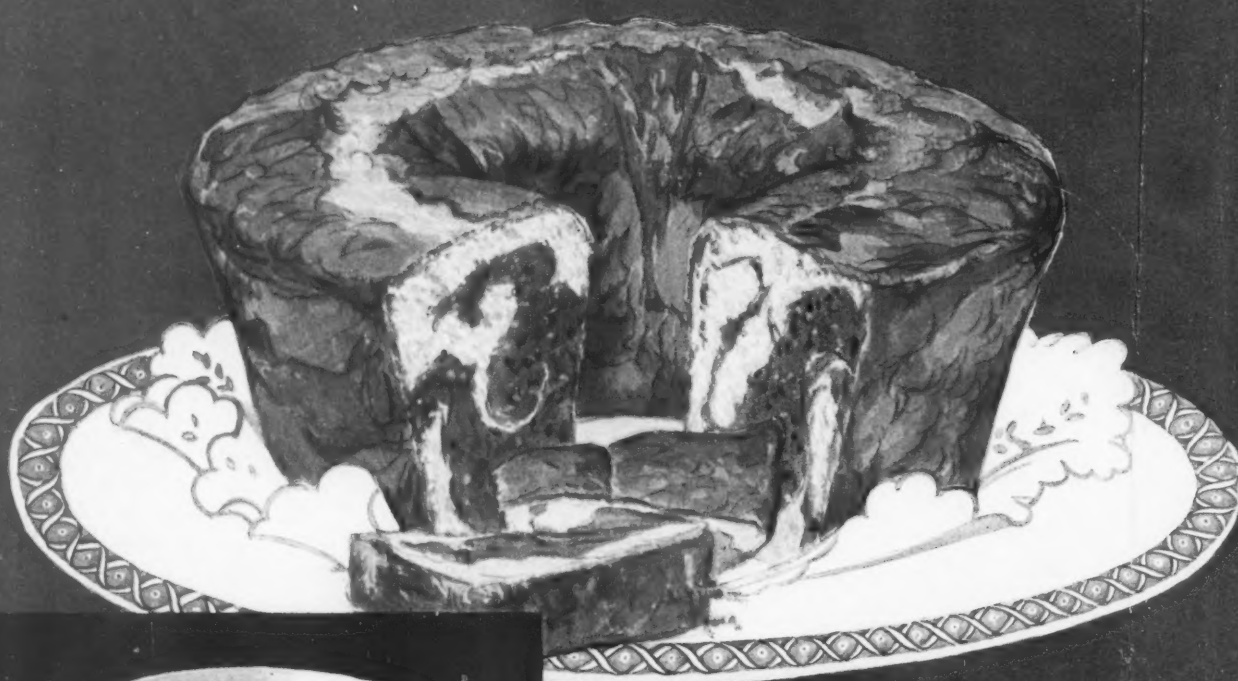
But it's because Snowdrift comes to you already creamed—

packed in an airtight can—soft, spoonable, ready-to-blend—that it's so engagingly easy to work with.

Indeed, it looks more like whipped cream than anything else. It has almost the texture of whipped cream when you spoon it out to measure it. And just a very few stirs will mix it quite properly with your sugar or flour... Snowdrift *stays* creamy even when you keep it in the refrigerator.

(We really know of no shortening that's easier to work with unless it's Wesson Oil which you just *pour* to measure and *pour* to mix.)

Snowdrift does sound convenient, doesn't it?... But its convenience is only a part. For it makes food taste much more delicious. Cake. Cookies. Biscuits. Muffins. Pie crust. And to fried things it gives a new surprising delicacy and goodness.



MARBLE CAKE

6 Tablespoons Snowdrift • ½ Teaspoon Mace
1 Teaspoon Desired Extract • 2½ Teaspoons Baking Powder
½ Teaspoon Cinnamon • ½ Cup Milk • ½ Teaspoon Cloves
¾ Cup Sugar • 3 Eggs • ¼ Teaspoon Salt • 1¼ Cups Flour

...en, and the extract. Sift
...mixture, and beat well.
...in and the spiced batter
...oven (350 degrees F.).

You see Snowdrift is not only fresh and inviting to look at—it's unusually pure, delicate and wholesome.

Dip up a little on the tip of your spoon—taste it—you'll *like* the taste... and be glad that something that looks so good and *is* so good is going into the food you eat.*

Try it (as we said) with your favorite cake. See if Snowdrift doesn't give it a lightness, a delicacy, a fine texture that you've never had before. See why good-to-eat shortening makes good-to-eat cake.

Write for our new book of recipes. We shall appreciate also if you will send us the name and address of your grocer. Address the Wesson Oil-Snowdrift People, 208 Baronne Street, New Orleans.

* Always add a pinch of salt when using Snowdrift—for Snowdrift like butter fresh from the churn, comes to you unsalted.

To Clarice in quest of her youth



LIKE every other woman with a spark of imagination or a speck of pride, you cleanse your skin and nourish its delicate tissues with various creams and lotions.

And they *do* help to keep your skin soft and fine and invigorated—as your mirror well can testify to you.

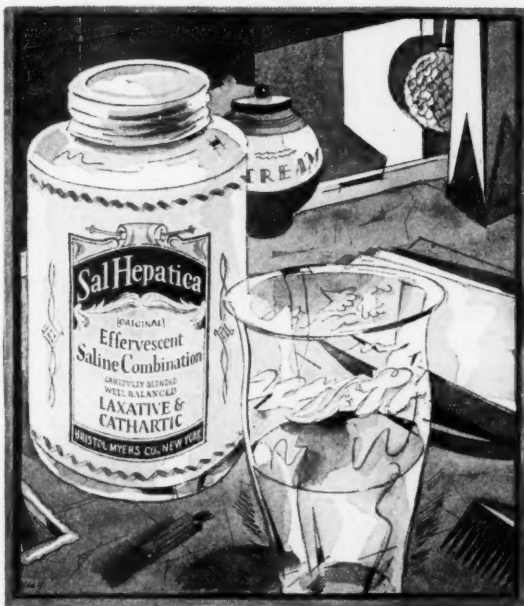
But there is one splendid beauty secret which doubles their potency as bringers of health and charm—the simple secret is this—keep internally clean by the saline method, with Sal Hepatica.

It takes away the blemishes that come from within. It is a helper, not a rival to your creams.

A famous beauty practice on the continent

To drink salines for the complexion's sake has long been the practice of fashionable Europeans. Skilled in the art of beauty these women of the continent know how salines guard the complexion . . . how they guard the figure by never causing plumpness.

The springs and spas are thronged with lovely



Viennese women, the cool, lithe-limbed English and the slim dark women of French aristocracy—freshening their complexions and improving their health by drinking the saline waters.

Sal Hepatica is the American equivalent of these European spas. By clearing your blood stream, it helps your complexion. It gets at the source by eliminating poisons and acidity. That is why it is so good for headaches, colds, twinges of rheumatism, auto-intoxication, etc.

Sal Hepatica, taken before breakfast, is prompt in its action. Rarely, indeed, does it fail to work within half an hour. Get a bottle today. Keep internally clean for one whole week. See how this treatment can make you feel better, look better, be better!

Send coupon for free booklet describing in detail how Sal Hepatica helps keep your skin fresh and free from blemishes, and how it helps relieve many common ills so prevalent today.

★ ★ ★

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Kindly send me the Free Booklet that explains fully the causes and the effects of internal congestion.

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Address _____

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Sal Hepatica



HORIZONS

THE story of American women is the story of horizons Of a pioneer spirit that pushed westward through a wilderness to conquer a continent and to make a home.

It is the story of that deep, insistent urge which turned crude, clay-chinked settlements into pleasant little communities of white frame houses and wine colored gardens; a spirit that brought books to the mantelpiece, gleaming silver, china, and fresh linen to the dining room table, pictures on the walls, and a cottage organ in the parlor

Men are forever seeking new horizons — wanting glory, power, wealth, adventure — while women seek to give a deeper significance, a greater comfort, a spiritual quality to the world they live in — their home and the lives of those joined to them.

Just so today Never have the women of a nation achieved so high a standard of living. Yet never have they felt the press of so many new desires, so many new ambitions.

There is new knowledge of food and dietetics which they must have New thoughts on rearing children and keeping them healthy Practical considerations of electrical devices Practical considerations of being the parent of a seventeen year old son or daughter This vogue of colorful rooms Clothes in the Paris mode Country club dances Sports Books Theatres.

It is to meet these desires and these ambitions that McCall's Magazine is edited. Its pages are the paths to new and wider horizons in homemaking and living.

— *The Editor*

Not that We Insist on "Keeping Up With the Joneses"



You remember how you hated to throw away the wax fruit

MY HUSBAND said: "We ought to get an Orthophonic!" "That Roosevelt model of ours belongs in a museum," he continued.

Of course, he was exaggerating (as husbands will!). But we both felt that our old talking-machine was hopelessly out of date—artistically and musically. I suppose we really should be more charitable toward an old friend.

It had brought us so many hours of happiness that we had just let it stay around, even though we never played it any more. (You remember how you hated to throw away the wax fruit that looked so appetizing, there on the buffet!) However...

In this case, parting turned out to be "such sweet sorrow." The new Orthophonic Victrola won us

instantly and completely. In fact, the day it came, we celebrated by having the neighbors come over in the evening. In the picturesque, if inelegant, language of my husband, it "knocked them cold."

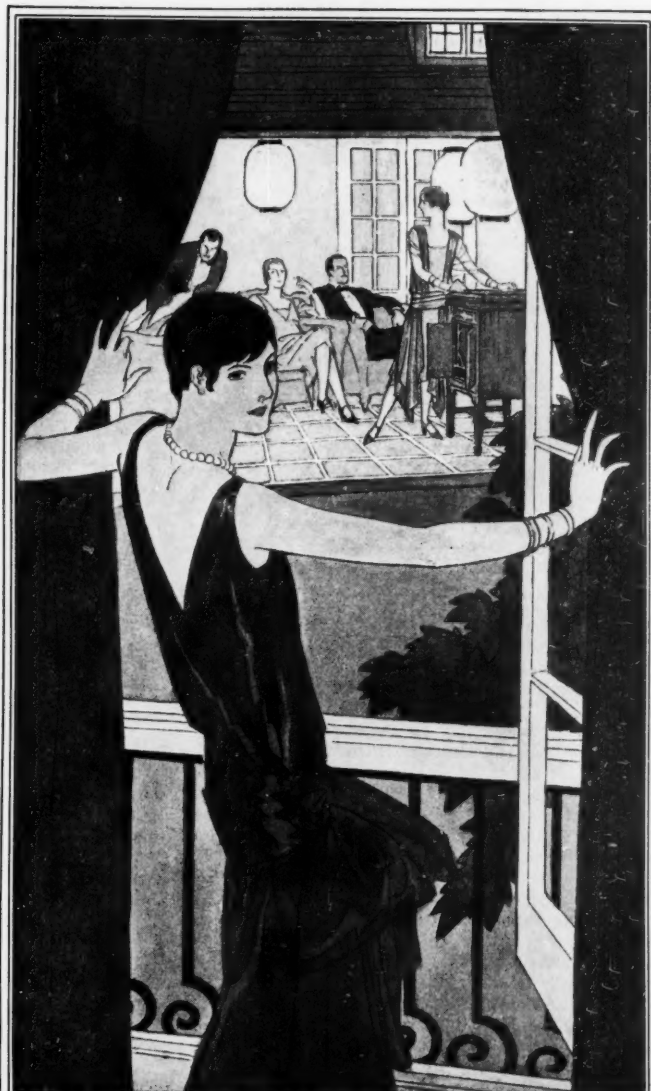
"Why, *that* isn't a talking-machine," they said, "it's an orchestra!" "Yes," we said. "An orchestra and a pipe-organ and a singer and a piano and a violin, all in one!" It was simply marvelous! We played it and played it and played it. The novelty never wore off, as novelty is supposed to do. In fact, our Orthophonic seems to improve with use. It's going most of the time.

We're glad we bought the new Victrola. Not that we insist on "keeping up with the Joneses," but I mean we really enjoy it a lot. It's a musical education for the children

and really a life-saver when we entertain. It never disappoints.

Victrola Radiolas for complete entertainment

Go to the nearest Victor dealer and let him show you the new, all-electric Radiola 18, combined with the Victrola. For there will be times when you will want to hear programs from the air, and others when only music from records will satisfy. The new Victrola Radiola combinations are in cabinets of rare beauty and charm, at prices to fit your purse.



My husband said: "We ought to get an Orthophonic!"



Model Four-forty. Console-type Orthophonic Victrola. List price, \$165. With electric motor, \$35 extra. Canadian price on request.

The New Orthophonic

Victrola



VICTOR TALKING MACHINE CO.
CAMDEN, NEW JERSEY, U. S. A.



Maxwell Aley

Frederic Van de Water

Nunnally Johnson

McCALL MIRRORS

THE resemblance, in photograph at least, between Frederic F. Van de Water and Gene Tunney, may possibly be traced to their mutual interest in athletics and literature. Fishing and football, as well as magazine editing and writing, have chiefly made up the career of the author of "Dawn." He writes the Editor: "There may be a vague shadow of interest in the fact that I'm the rather unworthy inheritor of a writing tradition. My grandmother, Mary Virginia Terhune ('Marion Harland') bequeathed it to all three of her children who lived to maturity—Virginia Terhune Van de Water, my mother; Albert Payson Terhune, and Christine Terhune Herrick. These all make their living by pen or typewriter. I'm the only one of six grandchildren so afflicted. I am hoping my son will grow up respectable. My hobby is state police; my most publicly indulged vice, fishing. I like Beethoven, motor camping, shad, a pipe, football, rainbow trout, male quartets and Chateau Yquem. I loathe Stravinsky, jury duty, deplores of the younger generation, cigars, golf, cheese cake, catfish, coloratura sopranos and corn whisky. I'm a little over six feet and weigh, thanks to persistent exercise which I hate, only five pounds more than when I played fullback twenty years ago. I'm the author of eight books, none of any particular consequence, and my brightest dream is that someone has endowed me so that I may fish nine months a year and knock about America in a flivver the other three."



Mrs. Willebrandt

my pitching arm was needed in scrub games so I finally won him over. When my parents urged me to take up some game more becoming to a girl, I tried swimming, and liked it, then tennis. But I was not much good as a racket swinger, so I finally took up golf at the age of fourteen. That was a little over ten years ago and I've been playing the game ever since. Other than winning a few titles, my greatest ambition in life is to be an aviatrix. Last winter I flew from Pinehurst to St. Augustine, Florida, with Mr. Haldemann, Ruth Elder's famous pilot. Since that trip I've never been the same. At this writing, my heroine is Amelia Earhart. I have never sanctioned any regular training table for girl golfers. I eat what I please, know how much sleep I need (nine hours), and try to keep as healthy as possible. I do not play golf every day, nor do I practice with any kind of regularity except before a big tournament." We might add that at the age of seventeen Glenna Collett defeated Cecil Leitch, then several times champion of England; and that at nineteen she won the Metropolitan championship and also the North and South championship contest at Pinehurst, North Carolina, of which she was the winner for three consecutive years.

MRS. Mabel Walker Willebrandt, too, is following the example set by Miss Earhart in adventuring among the stars. Recently Mrs. Willebrandt, who is assistant attorney general of the United States and an active leader among women of the Republican party, had to attend an important meeting in Seattle, Washington. Time these days is precious, so Mrs. Willebrandt stepped into an airplane at Washington, D. C. and flew to her appointment. Miss Earhart's prophecies are coming true: American women are becoming air minded.

THOSE who found, as so many did, keen interest in a recent article in McCall's—"The Movies Are Growing Up" by Jesse Lasky, will appreciate these comments by a well-known movie star, Hobart Bosworth. The letter comes from Beverly Hills, in Hollywood: "I enjoyed reading Mr. Lasky's article immensely. To one who has watched the tremendous growth of the picture in-

dustry here as I have, who has seen a small part of it ever since that momentous May ninth, 1909, when we Selig actors, directed by Francis Boggs, made the first picture ever manufactured in California, these articles by such men as Mr. Lasky, who has had vast influence on that growth for the good of all of us, are not only timely, but necessary, if only to correct authoritatively a great many misunderstandings. What wonderful things we pioneers have seen! I often think, 'All of this I saw . . . much of this I was,' although I not so 'much.' I just had the accidental good fortune to be in at the beginning. And now we are to begin it all over again with the opening of the doors to welcome the 'talking movies.' We have strong heads and hands to guide us into this new life, but they, as well as we, only know that 'we don't know where we're going, but we're on our way.'"

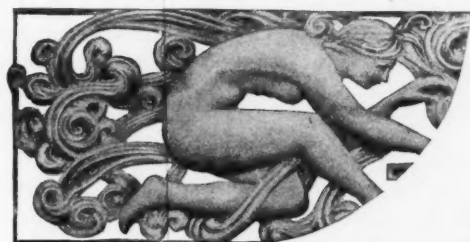
IN connection with "One Day in Autumn" Mr. Maxwell Aley, its author, says that there is no town of Pellandra so there is no use looking it up on the map. "It happened first in a story of mine called 'Mr. Petty's Garden,' and was a composite of two places remembered from my Hoosier childhood. Then I was so taken with this Pellandra that I had invented that all the romantic things I remembered hearing as a child began to center around it. You see, in the nineties the Civil War and the period just following were very recent in the minds of one's elders and small pitchers with very big ears picked up a great deal of colorful lore. I hope that I may be able to put a lot of it down as time goes on—time itself permitting. When one is that anomalous creature, an editor who writes, there are many of the stories that one would like to do that never get themselves on paper." Mr. Aley has had a distinguished career on the editorial staff of magazines and publishing houses.



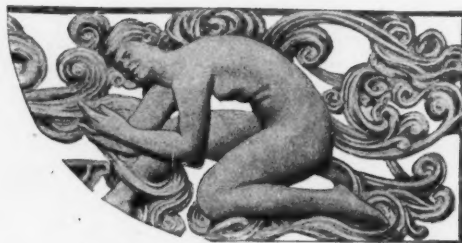
Mrs. Morgenthau

MRS. Henry Morgenthau, Jr. is daughter-in-law of Henry Morgenthau, Ambassador to Turkey under President Wilson. Since her graduation from Vassar College she has been active in politics and was one of the delegates-at-large to the Houston Convention in 1928.

AS if to convince Mr. Van de Water that a game of golf can be as thrilling as football ever dreamed of being, and that the thrill of the little white ball can be as great as that from the leap of a rainbow trout, along comes Miss Glenna Collett, telling us that any girl can be a golfer. Though she has been playing tournament golf for ten years, she mourns never having had the singular honor of making a hole in one. This is just another thing she has to look forward to in the years to come, she declares, "before joining the rocking chair brigade on the country club veranda." Miss Collett was born in New Haven, Connecticut in 1903, but has lived most of her life in Providence, Rhode Island. But let's let her tell her own story: "As far back as I can remember I have been interested in some kind of outdoor sport. When the boys played ball in the vacant lot behind our house, I watched them and later learned the game. My brother didn't want me to play at first, but



*Les
Parfums*



HOLIDAY COFFRETS

COTY creations harmoniously assembled in attractive coffrets for holiday gifts, ranging in price from \$3.50 to \$15.00. Illustrated silk-lined Coffret, \$4.50.

THE FAVOURITE PERFUMES
OF TWENTY-FIVE MILLION WOMEN

In the exquisite luxury of their presentation—the individual cut crystal flacons or the lovely coffrets, COTY perfumes are gifts which invariably inspire a joyous appreciation.



L'AIMANT \$5.00 EMERAUDE \$7.25 L'ORIGAN \$7.00
CHYPRE \$6.75 "PARIS," \$6.75

Also Obtainable in Purse Sizes: 1 oz. \$3.75, ½ oz. \$2.00 and ¼ oz. \$1.00

"FINESSE OF BEAUTY," A guide to greater loveliness with Coty creations, on request — COTY INC. 714 Fifth Ave., N.Y.

To the Women of America

Heighten Personality with

HELENA RUBINSTEIN'S incomparable cosmetic creations . . . the most flattering make-up in the world and the most hygienic!

Only a beauty scientist and only a connoisseur of beauty can create cosmetics as protective as they are becoming. The same great dermatological skill that has established the fame of Helena Rubinstein's Scientific Beauty Preparations, is evident in her exquisite powders, ravishing rouges and lipsticks.

If you use a foundation cream you will find Valaze Pasteurized Face Cream wonderfully effective—it makes powder and rouge doubly adherent. Next, blend into the skin, Valaze Powder (1.00, 1.50); textures to suit every type of skin and tints for every type of beauty.

Complete the facial ensemble with Valaze Rouge (Compact or en-Creme)—Red Raspberry for daytime, or Crushed Rose Leaves, the ultra-conservative tone; Red Germanium for evening (1.00).

Then bring out the lovely curves of the lips with Cubist Lipstick, that enchanting bit of modernism, in tones to harmonize with the rouge (1.00). Finally, add depth and allure to your eyes with Valaze Eyelash Grower and Darkener (1.00).

Fill Out—Mail to Helena Rubinstein, 8 E. 57th St., New York.

Please send, without charge, full instructions for daily care of my skin, which is:

Wrinkled ☐ Flabby ☐
Dry ☐ Oily ☐
Blackheads ☐ Average Skin ☐

Name

Address

State [Mail]



HELENA RUBINSTEIN
Renowned Beauty Scientist

New beauty preparations are springing up overnight like the proverbial mushrooms . . . multi-colored bottles and jars are beckoning from shop shelves . . . theories of beauty culture are contradicting one another at every turn. . . . No wonder thousands of busy modern women everywhere are asking themselves, "How am I to decide? Of all this vast bewildering array of products, products that promise so much, which shall I choose?"

In the field of beauty culture, it is notable that the Sophisticate who can afford everything . . . and the wise prudent Housewife who can afford only the best . . . alike recognize the unquestioned supremacy of HELENA RUBINSTEIN. . . . Such is the significance of *background*, the force of *authority*, the reward of *results*!

HELENA RUBINSTEIN is the pioneer and originator of Modern Beauty Science. Today, after years and years of exhaustive study and research in every climate under the sun, her name is recognized as the living symbol of scientific beauty culture the world over. Her word is the voice of authority.

For a generation the creations of this great Artist-Scientist have brought new beauty, greater happiness to women in every walk of life—Society leaders, famous actresses, widely-known professional women, scions of royalty.

Helena Rubinstein's youth-renewing beauty-giving creations contain exotic herbs gathered from the four corners of Earth. These rare unguents, balms and lotions have awakened the beauty consciousness of millions of women, and have withstood the greatest test of all—the merciless test of Time.

Throughout America and Europe and even far-off Asia, you will find these preparations discussed, praised, imitated—but never will you find them equalled! And when you see them, you will realize that you have not merely purchased a cream or lotion, but that you have done far more—you have made the wisest investment in Beauty! *Your beauty deserves the best!*

Three Steps to Beauty . . .

As a home treatment "Three Steps to Beauty" offers the most remarkable value in the world, a two months' supply at 3.25. The regular use of these preparations will bring about an amazing improvement in any skin, within two weeks.

VALAZE PASTEURIZED FACE CREAM Helena Rubinstein's Crowning Achievement

Valaze Pasteurized Face Cream is much more than a cream. It is an unguent, a beautifying balm of rarest quality—the crystallization of long years of exhaustive research. Valaze Pasteurized Face Cream not only cleanses the skin immaculately, but it revitalizes and revivifies. It lifts away the drawn look from the eyes, the forehead. It moulds weary, sagging contours back to sculptured lines of youth. This "wonder cream" soothes, cools, protects, spares delicate skins the drying effects of harsh soaps. It restores to scaly skins their pristine smoothness and suppleness. Nor is it a blessing to the face alone. The hands, arms and elbows are beautified by this priceless unguent, which because of the infinite variety and excellence of its ingredients is a necessity to the skin from babyhood to old age. Not the least of the wonders of Valaze Pasteurized Face Cream is its amazing effect upon oily, disturbed skins—it is the only cream cleanser in existence which really benefits this difficult type of skin. And yet with all its rareness of quality, its swift unflinching powers to beautify, Helena Rubinstein has so priced her creation, that it is accessible to every woman, man and child in the world!

Valaze Pasteurized Face Cream 1.00

VALAZE BEAUTIFYING SKINFOOD an awakener of beauty!

If your skin is sallow, muddy or blotchy, if a too care-free summer has left it tanned and freckled, you need this "skin-clearing masterpiece." Gently, with a delicious tingling sensation, it works its way deep, deep into your skin, purifying, refining, bleaching, animating. Has neglect or the use of unsuitable cosmetics, clogging powders and rouges, left your skin pasty and dull? Valaze Beautifying Skinfood will give it an exquisite, shell-like transparency. This remarkable creation which induces beauty with an ease almost magical, should be part of your daily treatment the year round! Valaze Beautifying Skinfood. . 1.00

VALAZE SKIN-TONING LOTION

Fatigued tissues respond instantly to the bracing, revivifying powers of this elixir of beauty, which is unsurpassed for ironing out lines, firming the contours and imparting to the skin an almost mask-like smoothness and beauty. Valaze Skin-toning Lotion 1.25

A REMARKABLE WASHING PREPARATION Valaze Beauty Grains

Instead of using soap, wash with this gently penetrative creation. It reaches down beneath the skin's surface, dissolving dirt and impurities, blackheads, whiteheads and other pore-clogging matter. It leaves the skin fine-grained and velvety . . . 1.00, 2.00

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Helena Rubinstein Creations are obtainable at the better shops, or order direct.

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Joan of Arc

The fairest flower of French womanhood—the Maid of Orleans who was soldier, prophet and saint, but in all things womanly

ONE mark of mystics and saints, of these holy, predestined spirits who have won high places in Eternity by forsaking Time's most alluring prospects, is their intense individuality. The ruthless severity of their self-denial and their gigantic labors and perils furnish a dark background for the enchanting beauty of their dreams and visions. We visualize their souls climbing the steep ascent of pain and renunciation. But we also see that their path is bordered by the lilies and roses from God's gardens and swept by the fragrant winds of His paradise. All this and more is true of The Maid of France. Her flame-like character has illuminated Christendom for half a millennium. She is the incarnation of that heroic

By Dr. S. Parkes Cadman
Illustrated by WALTER BIGGS

temper which insured the perpetuity of our race. Mediaeval to the core though Joan was by birth, training and ideas, she charms each succeeding age, compelling its most skeptical children to surrender to her divine simplicity and grandeur. By means which natural reasonings do not explain, but which she frankly assigned

to supernatural agencies, she drove the British lion out of France, and restored to that nation its integrity, its territory and its government. Yet we do not think of her as soldier or statesman, but as a valiant maiden who overcame the bitterest conceivable hostility and was forever glorified by her death. Cynics who satirize believers for delighting in sweet deceptions, oblivious to the black shadow which covers all human days until these end in everlasting night, are dumb and undone before the Maid's achievements. Unbelievers who jest about religion's sacred realities are confuted by her spiritual splendor. Rude men of action, astute diplomats, writers of renown, philosophers who meditate deeply and [Turn to page 118]



Playing golf develops symmetry and grace, says Miss Collett

ANY GIRL CAN BE A GOLFER

Expert advice for aspiring amateurs

By Glenna Collett

DO you think," asked the mother of a healthy fourteen year old girl after one of the recent tournaments, "that my daughter could be developed into a first-class golfer?"

That question has been put to me hundreds of times by parents and my reply is invariable. "Certainly. Why not?"

There is no trick to golf. Every aspiring player has her individual problem just as the swimmers, tennis players and dancers are confronted with obstacles along different lines of nerve control and body coordination. Within limitations, golf is a game of skill with emphasis on concentration, control and confidence—and plenty of hard work.

Such girls as Joyce Wethered, Mirian Burns Horn and Virginia Van Wie just didn't step out on the links, pick out a club, and suddenly discover themselves splendid golfers. Many, many hours of solitary practise and intelligent application were applied to their game before they reached the top.

The short history of woman's golf is already filled with refreshing examples of girls who started with some physical handicap and developed into players of the first magnitude. Some of the greatest players only reached the heights by utilizing to the utmost their natural ability.

There was Joyce Wethered, the greatest woman golfer in the world up to the time of her recent retirement. Determined to excel in golf, Miss Wethered studied and developed her game along sound lines. She observed that women fall down on backspins, mashie shots, pitches to the green and seldom make crashing second shots to the green. And they are weakest of all, in the short pitch when there is no opportunity for a run.

Knowing these things, Miss Joyce Wethered concentrated on driving and putting. She strengthened her ability on driving—preferably straight than long—strong iron shots, and the orthodox two putts to the green. How many young girls have put as much intelligent concentration on their game as this English girl has done? Not many. It is extremely seldom that Miss Wethered is ever found off the center of the course, and to find her fall in a sand trap is a signal for all photographers to snap something unusual.

What this great English player has accomplished in

the realm of woman's golf is not beyond the possible goal of any sport loving American girl of fourteen or fifteen aided by competent instruction and determined to concentrate on her game for several years.

Many young girls are developing into excellent players. They are springing up all over the country, and though in their 'teens, are already making threatening gestures toward coveted national titles. One of the sensations of the present season is Miss Virginia Van Wie, of Chicago. Only nineteen years old, Miss Van Wie has either won or been runner-up in all the big winter tournaments, forcing many of the best women golfers to the sidelines.

Miss Virginia Van Wie found no royal road to the heights. As a young girl, she was forced to remain away from school because of ill health. The doctors advised outdoor exercises and she was urged to take up golf. Watching this healthy girl drive her ball straight and far down the fairway for two hundred yards, it strains the imagination to try to picture her as a frail young girl.

FOR the sake of health and happiness, every girl should have an outdoor hobby such as golf. In looking over the field of sport activity for women, golf is singularly fitted to meet the needs of girls. The basis of the game is walking and as you probably know, walking is the best possible exercise for women. Golf happily combines the muscular activities of other sports and has no restrictions on age, build or stamina. Tennis becomes too violent for some women and others have a dislike for swimming.

There is no reason why any girl who desires to play should hold back because she is afraid of not playing a satisfactory game. Golf is no exception to the rule that to be perfect one must practise and do so with purpose and objective. Some girls have more of a knack for golf than others but rest assured there are no "born golfers." Those who have made headway went through the process of seeking and finding and forged ahead

after deep digging on many fairways.

The object of continued practise is to acquire a swing that possesses rhythm and timing, a swing that by repetition becomes grooved in one path, a swing that requires no conscious thought to execute. In this way the aspiring golfer finds the swing best suited for herself.

Golf is a highly individualistic game and it is hard for the beginner to get out and practise alone. To get the best results, this solitary practise is necessary although it doesn't add to the pleasure of the exercise.

Competent instructors advise the aspiring player not to practise one shot or one idea to the extinction of all others, but to keep in mind the thing more necessary in golf than in any other sport—rhythm and control and balance, these are important. It is safe to say that golf is the most intricate, freakish and nerve-straining of all games—and at times the most discouraging. Skill can be maintained only by continued practise play—the muscles forget as easily as the mind. Practise is so important for the aspiring player who has the game well in mind but not well in hand.

So the art of self-control is vital. Permitting your feelings to get the better of you is bound to bring about disaster. When I played Miss Joyce Wethered for the British Woman's championship at Troon, Scotland, in 1925, I was impressed more forcibly by her remarkable temperament under fire than by her invincible playing. There is a story told about Miss Wethered that illustrates my point. While playing in a tournament outside London, she concentrated on making a three foot putt. Just as she was about to tap the ball a railroad train thundered by, not more than a hundred yards away. Miss Wethered sank the putt and when she straightened up one of her companions, disturbed by the rattle and roar of the locomotive, expressed wonder that she had not been upset by the train and cars.

"What train?" asked Miss Wethered.

Even the roaring passing of an engine failed to register on her consciousness.

IN the match with Miss Wethered, I observed that she was blissfully unaware of the huge gallery, that she instinctively knew the right shot for the right situation and played without hesitation or doubt. She had self-control, confidence and concentration. [Turn to page 95]



This Colonial room is becomingly modern because of a happy selection of floor...an Armstrong's Jaspé effect, Design No. 19, new "Accolac Process finish."

Old-fashioned wall paper and old-fashioned furniture blend in friendly harmony with the new-fashioned Armstrong's Linoleum Floor.

CAN AN EARLY AMERICAN ROOM BE DIFFERENT?

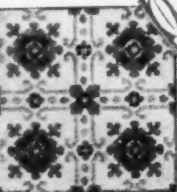
*Clever, indeed, is the woman
who can plan period rooms
... and still show originality*

ROOMS that say nice things about you—that show how clever you are . . . every woman wants them. Still . . . if you turn to a period style, there seems little chance for self-expression, for those deft personal touches that give a room character.

Unless you boldly step forth . . . discard some obsolete ideas about floors . . . and let pattern and color help you win your friends' hearty admiration.

Take the Early American room above, for example. This room, though strictly following a set period, does not seem cast from a die. It sparkles with spirit . . . is different . . . unusual. And all because the woman who planned it showed true ingenuity in selecting the floor.

Like wind-wrinkled grass, this Jaspé effect in Armstrong's Linoleum makes the whole room look fresh and clean.



Embossed, No. 3057

It's new. It's modern. Yet it blends perfectly with the old maple chest, the canopied four-poster bed, the salamander chairs. And its use suggested other original touches—the built-in border of plain green linoleum . . . the light sage-green wainscoting and cornice (which might have been an uninteresting white or cream).

"But I like the Spanish, the English, the French Empire!" you say. Name

even the ultra-modern and you will find Armstrong's Linoleum Floor designs at local stores that will be new inspirations for creating rooms in the period . . . yet in original good taste, too.



Inset Jaspé, No. J14

The cost is reasonable. The installation quick. Cleaning is simple, for Accolac, by a brand-new lacquer process, penetrates and seals the pores, providing a dirt proof, easy to clean and keep clean surface. And no expensive floor refinishing. Once cemented in place over builders' deadening felt, your Armstrong Floor is good for lifetime service.

New ideas worth copying . . . color schemes, room arrangements, new ideas you've often wanted to try in your own home . . . see how they look, how Hazel Dell Brown, decorator, creates "different" interiors in her new book, "The Attractive Home. How to Plan Its Decoration." For your copy send

10c to cover mailing costs. (Canada, 20c.) Address Armstrong Cork Company, Linoleum Division, 311 Lincoln Avenue, Lancaster, Pa.

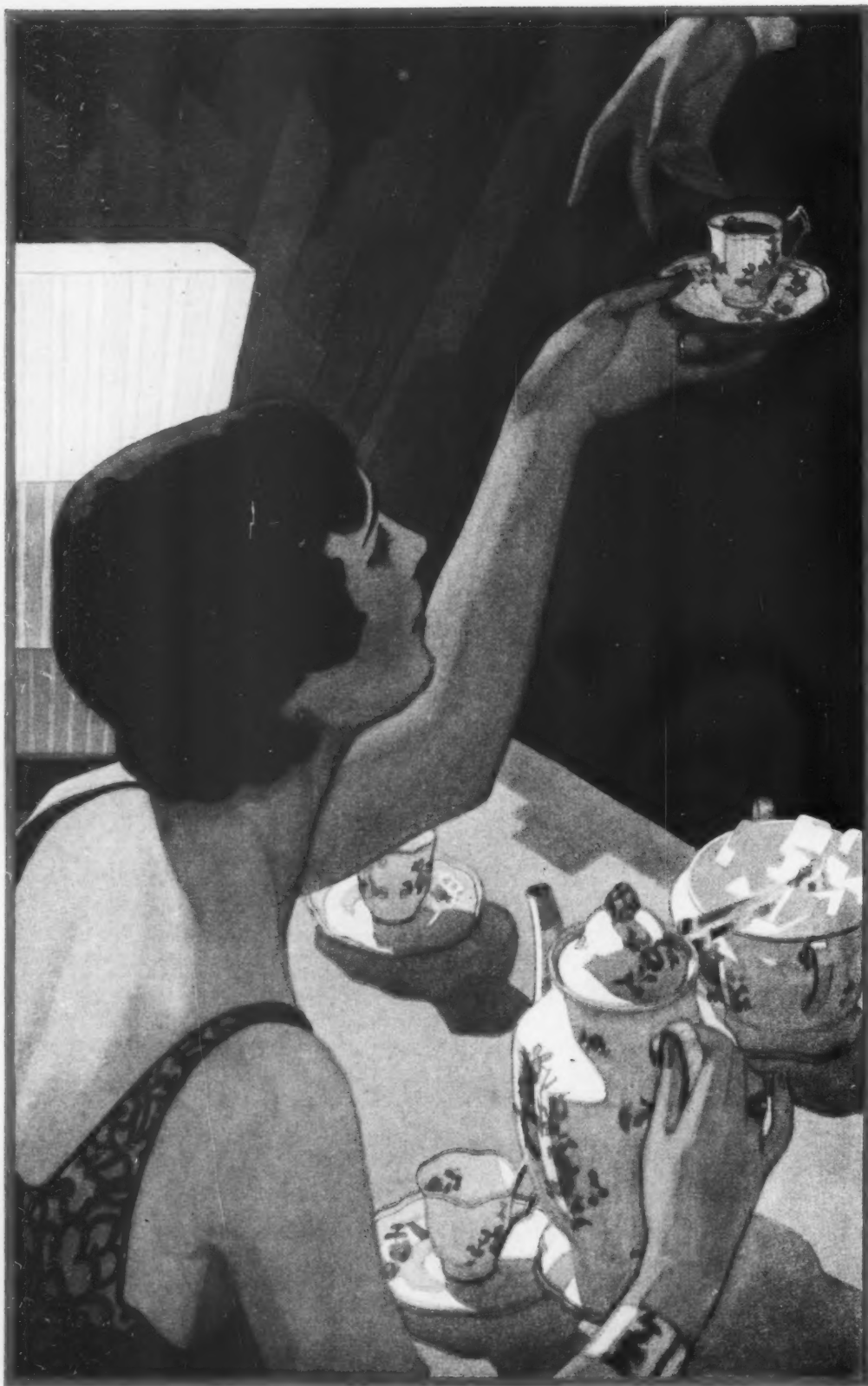
Look for the
CIRCLE A
trade-mark on
the linoleum back



Armstrong's Linoleum Floors

for every room in the house

PLAIN • INLAID • EMBOSSED • JASPÉ • ARABESQ • PRINTED



Smooth, white hands that fit into a picture of leisure and charm, need never lose their loveliness. You can protect them all day long by using Ivory whenever your hands touch soap.

“Doing”

“**T**HEN they were married,” as the fairy tales always end, “and lived happily ever after.”

But in real life, they are only beginning. The wedding journey ends, the trousseau is unpacked. And the smooth white hands of the bride rule a new and charming world of their own—a cheerful little house and snowy curtains and shining silver.

With so much fresh newness to keep clean, can these smooth white hands retain their loveliness through the years? Yes—because they need *never* use strong soaps to make everything shine and sparkle.

Strong soaps are so hard on hands. They spoil the nicest manicure. They parch the skin into tiny lines. They roughen the texture so that it retains work stains in spite of lemon juice and creams.

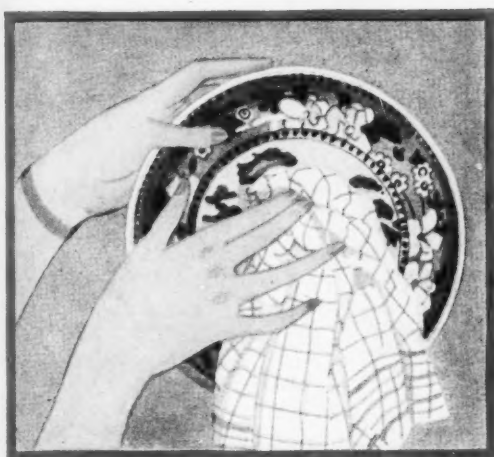
Ivory whenever hands touch soap

In these servantless days, millions of women protect their hands merely by using Ivory whenever they need to use soap—in every soap-and-water task.

They know that Ivory cleanses quickly and well—with gentle suds that are *safe* for delicate household treasures. Those blossom-tinted tablecloths and sheets! Those cretonnes and gay tub frocks! Ivory keeps their colors like new.

Unlike harsh soaps, Ivory cares for painted woodwork and lacquered furniture without

hands can keep their bridal loveliness ... this way



Doesn't it seem pleasanter to use Ivory, with its cleanliness and purity, for dishes and the baby's bottles? And your hands! How smooth and soft and white they stay when you use Ivory for everything that needs soap-and-water cleansing!

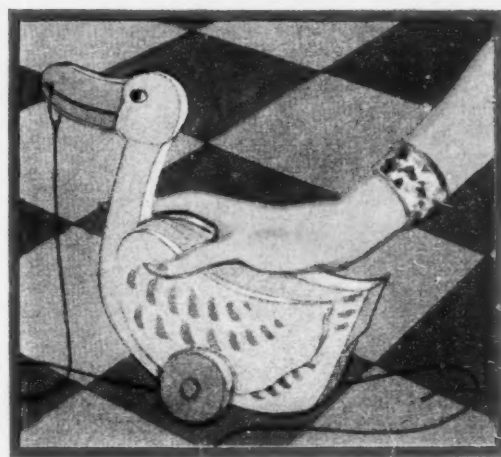
dulling their protective gloss. The surface of your finest mahogany can be safely cleaned, too, with a cloth wrung out of Ivory suds.

Doesn't it seem more fitting to wash the glass, silver and china with a fine, odorless soap like Ivory? Ivory suds rinse off in a twinkling—no extra-care needed for food containers, jelly glasses or Junior's bottles!

But most important—Ivory will protect your *hands*, a dozen times a day. Ivory, of course, is a *toilet* soap, as pure and fine as you can buy. When you use it for any soap-and-water task you are merely giving your hands an Ivory bath—gentle enough for your complexion or a baby's sensitive skin . . . Ivory for dishes, for cleaning, "for everything," will keep your hands white and smooth . . . as lovely as on your wedding day.

PROCTER & GAMBLE

FREE! A little book on charm. "What kind of care for different complexions? For hands? For hair, for figures?" A little book, *On the Art of Being Charming*, answers many questions like these, and is free. Address Winifred S. Carter, Dept. 14-K, P. O. Box 1801, Cincinnati, Ohio.



Are hands less sensitive than linoleum? Linoleum manufacturers specify Ivory because they have discovered that harsh soaps discolor and, in time, actually wear out linoleum. Think what harsh soaps must do to the hands!



The hands that bathe and dress and soothe a baby can stay smooth and comforting . . . Protect them through all soap-and-water tasks as you protect a baby's soft skin—with Ivory.

IVORY SOAP

... kind to everything it touches 99⁴⁴/₁₀₀ % Pure • "It floats"



You or soap?

Which should work hard on washday?



THE DRUDGERY WAY
steals time and strength!

You rub cake soap on the clothes—or you chip it and melt it. Precious minutes wasted.

Even soap powders take time and careful mixing, to prevent balling up.

You rub the clothes on the washboard, up and down, up and down. This rubbing is doubly hard: it grates the clothes, it wears away your strength.

If you use the boiler, you have to lift heavy, steaming clothes. This is hard work. But that is what boiling requires.

Save your hands from the dishpan

Make your Chipso suds. Wash the glass and silver first. While you are rinsing and wiping them, leave the china in the Chipso suds to dissolve the grease. When you are ready, the dishes will be practically clean! Soak the utensils clean in the same way, too.

IF YOU are still loyal to the washboard and boiler, there must be a good reason for it. You probably believe that ordinary short-cuts are not thorough—or that “get-clean-quick” methods are not safe.

This is usually true!

But, millions of women everywhere have found a *new* kind of washday—a *short, quick* washday without a bit of steamy boiling or up-and-down rubbing! Yet these women are proud of crisply clean clothes—of colors fresh as new—and of hands that show no signs of hard work!

These women use Chipso. Chipso is not merely a short-cut or a “get-clean-quick” agent—it is simply a fine, modern soap which works quickly but thoroughly and safely too! From its thin, white flakes come instant suds that soak the dirt loose safely in 20 minutes! So Chipso washdays end early in the morning!

Chipso suds work quickly in the dishpan, too—*soaking* the grease off the dishes. This method is one-third quicker and it saves hands.

PROCTER & GAMBLE



THE CHIPSO WAY
the suds do the hard work

With Chipso, you get perfect suds at the touch of hot water. Results: your time saved . . . no danger of cut fingers . . . no muss . . . not a utensil used.

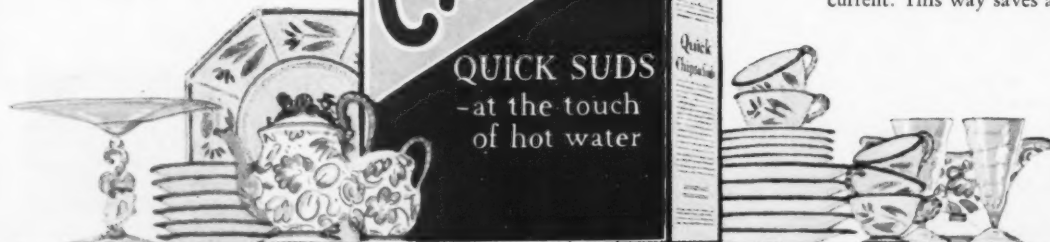
Chipso's instant, foaming suds soak every bit of the dirt loose safely in 20 minutes—without any help from *you*! Then, you merely squeeze the suds through the clothes. The dirt just *foams* out. Only edges and bad spots may need hand-rubbing.

Chipso washdays are quick, because Chipso suds do the hard work in the easy way! Safe, because Chipso is safe soap.

Save—with the washing machine

Chipso never balls up or cakes in the washing machine. It dissolves instantly and completely into marvelous suds right in the machine. You can help your machine to be thrifty, by soaking the clothes in these dirt-loosening suds in the machine, *before* you turn on the current. This way saves about half the power!

Chipso—hot water— instant suds



© 1928 P. & G. Co.

The most amazing success in the history of household soap



Two men guided the explorer over the sun hammered deck, their faces set against emotion

DAWN

- and a love that breaks its heart at barriers

By Frederic Van de Water

Illustrated by LOREN F. WILFORD

TWO men brought John Rand over the side of the steamship *Ressaldor*. Captain Hubert Dacre of the Royal Air Force and Henry Toombs, American consul at Jeddah, guided the explorer across the sun hammered deck, their faces set against emotion, their voices loud with a heartiness that is the sublimation of pity. Zeyd, Rand's servant, followed them, bag burdened, eyes on his employer who walked with the high, lurching step, the backward thrown head of a nervous, tight-reined horse. In the sultry gloom of the saloon, Toombs sought the purser. Dacre and the Arab shuffled through a companionway and steered their charge into his cabin. Zeyd stowed the luggage and the captain eased Rand down upon his berth's edge.

"Righto," he exclaimed and mopped his face. "Thanks," the explorer managed at last. He stirred and the berth above struck off his sun helmet, revealing

a face too finely drawn, still tanned, with slack creases about the lips and eyes that once had been lines of vigor. Zeyd completed his task and stood before his employer with a whisper of loose garments. "*Effendi*," he purred.

"Thou hast been my good servant," Rand replied in slow Arabic. "Nor can I requite all thou hast done for me, Zeyd. Yet here is pay past our agreement and a letter of recommendation written by the consul of my country, since I no longer wield a pen. God go with thee, Zeyd, in good fortune."

The Arab took the well-stuffed envelope and, marking

the still outstretched hand, clasped it suddenly and carried it to breast and forehead.

"*Ullah yurwassalak b'il kheyer, Effendi*," he growled and departed. When the shuffle of his feet had died, Rand repeated slowly in English: "God permit thee to arrive in happiness!"

His flat voice held the essence of irony. Dacre asked lightly: "Smoke?" The other's grin barely stirred the lines about his eyes.

"Thanks," he replied. "It's no good I find. It—it was sporting of you, Captain, to fly me down from Medina. Otherwise, I should have missed the steamer, thanks to the idiot doctors."

"Rot," Dacre interjected but Rand went on in the level tone of one who holds himself firmly.

"There's no use trying to tell you how grateful I am. Only, if ever you come to America, I'll see—" the disciplined voice revolted and then resumed calmly. "That



"Jack — Barney," she called softly

is, I'll have my friends—oh, well, let it go. I hope you understand."

"Quite," the other assured him. "Don't give it a thought. All in the day's work and that sort of thing. Glad it's worked out so well. You're through the worst of it now, old chap."

Rand nodded and twisted his lips again into the travesty of a smile. "Yes," he acknowledged, "there can't be anything much worse

ahead when already you're hopelessly blind."

"Oh, I say," Dacre protested. "One mustn't believe army surgeons, y'know. You have men at home who'll mend you in no time."

"Of course," the explorer agreed in the voice of an adult who plays a child's game. His tone blasted the captain's intention of further cheer. Voices sounded on deck. Feet clumped along the companionway and Dacre turned, but Rand did not stir and his big body, crouched on the berth had the dull immobility of a beaten animal's.

Toombs, the consul, was a red, sweating man who spouted heartiness. "Now, Mr. Rand," he boomed. "Purser and I've settled everything. Whole ship's at your service and, barring accidents, you should be home in three weeks, or thereabouts. Anything more I can do? Glad to be of any service to you. Letters you want written or anything of that sort—"

"Oh, I say!" Dacre exclaimed, slapping a pocket and plunging a hand therein. "I am sorry. Mail for you, Mr. Rand. Orderly brought it to me just as we were climbing aboard the bus this morning."

Instinctively, he held the letters toward the blind man and paused, reddening.

"Two of them," he stammered, "from the States. Shall I—I mean, would you care to have me—"

"Read them?" Rand concluded for him. "No thanks. I'll—that is—I mean—you see, one may be from the girl I am—I was to marry. It doesn't seem—hell!" he cried shrilly. "Yes. Go ahead. Read them."

Dacre ripped an envelope. "From Mr. Garret Corlaer," he said.

"He was my guardian," the blind man explained as though introducing strangers. "I cabled him."

"Yes," the captain agreed. "He writes: 'My dear, dear boy: This is written on the heels of the cable I have sent in response to yours. If you never receive it, we shall be happier, for that will mean that already you have started home.'"

"We know each other too well, dear lad, for me to insult your intelligence or discredit your courage by maudlin sympathy. And you know, without my assurance, that our home and our love are waiting to welcome you. Yet I tell you this because it is so wholly true and because, at this distance, there is so little else I may do. When we have you back, we shall see what the best men in America have to say on this snap verdict of an army pill mixer. Constance is away. You know how your bitter news will affect her. Patricia, whose twenty-first birthday this is, bids me write that her love for her foster brother has grown more and more in the five years since you have seen each other."

"God bless you and come home to us, Jack. I shall work through Washington to expedite your passage. As ever, Garret Corlaer."

Dacre laid the letter on the blind man's palms. They closed over it as though it were a friendly hand. Toombs, whose respect for the explorer had been intensified by peremptory cables from Washington, regarded him now in open awe.

"If the other," Rand decided at the sound of tearing paper, "is from Miss Constance Corlaer, I think I'd rather you didn't—" He faltered and the big hands

crumpled the letter between them. His shrug was convulsive. "Well," he surrendered in a quiet voice, more desperate than a cry. "A blind man can't have reticences, can he? Read it."

Dacre's long face was bent over the paper. He cleared his throat twice before he spoke. "It's only a silly statement from some bank Johnnies," he said at last. "I don't fancy you care about it, eh? You see, your fiancée was away when her father got your cable. No time for her to write and all that, eh?"

He scowled at Toombs and shook his head as he thrust the stiff gray paper, incongruous stationery for a bank, back into his pocket. A steward appeared at the door and mumbled something to the consul.

"Here's the man who'll look after you, Mr. Rand," Toombs announced briskly, "and the anchor's up. We'll have to step on it."

The launch in which they had come wallowed away from the high black side of the *Ressaldar* and lurched shoreward through the languid water of the roadstead. Dacre, seated beside Toombs beneath the awning, slowly took from his pocket the gray letter and tore it across.

"That," the consul said abruptly, "is no bank statement."

The airman nodded agreement, tearing it again and again. "No," he confessed in a mild voice. "It was from his fiancée, his ex-fiancée, rather."

"Then, why—why?" the consul sputtered. Dacre opened his hand. The breeze of their passage caught up



"God permit thee to arrive in happiness!"

the fragments. They fluttered away, settled and were overwhelmed in the greasy foam of the wake.

"She's married another chap," Dacre said. "Mistake, her engagement, and all that sort of thing. It had been forwarded to the hospital. Dated two weeks ahead of the old gentleman's letter."

The *Ressaldar's* siren grunted and the ship's bow swung seaward. Toombs considered a long minute before he offered:

"So that's what the poor devil is going back to!"

"Quite," Dacre agreed.

Neither the consul nor he spoke again as the launch pounded its passage through the sleek swells toward the dazzle and torpor and stench of the sun-smitten town.

THE ship on which John Rand was returning would not dock until noon, but Patricia Corlaer had risen at seven. She had lain, fretting between excitement and apprehension, from daybreak until the first soft sounds from downstairs had proclaimed that the big house which Garret Corlaer, banker, had built on a Westchester hilltop was rousing at last. Her maid, entering, had found her bathed and dressed. Her father, descending for breakfast had seen her tramping the veranda with a nervous catch in her free, boyish stride.

There was unwonted tension in that morning meal. Father and daughter spoke eagerly of trivial affairs,

skirting mention of the man returning, and not until the table had been cleared did she refer to him.

"My dear Pat," Corlaer protested over his newspaper. "Time to start? I'm not going to walk in to meet him."

"But," she urged, "the *Carcassonne* might dock early."

"Swaney has telephoned," he retorted. "She docks at 11. You're jumpy this morning, honey."

"And you're not," she jeered. "Look at your cigar wobble."

He removed it and smoothed his short white mustache with uncertain fingers. "I dread it," he admitted. "If he did not get Constance's letter I shall have to tell him. There's small fun in torturing a blind man."

Wind brought through the open window a pleasant sound of moving leaves and sunlight flickered on her hair like running fire.

"Oh," she cried suddenly, her small fists clenched. "I hope Montague Horne turns out to be a—a wife beater. I hope Connie—"

She wilted under his stare of amusement. Corlaer defended his beautiful elder daughter whose elopement had been public property for two months now.

"Connie didn't know he'd gone blind, dear, and Connie hadn't seen him for two years. Remember that."

"Nor I for five," she muttered. He regarded her narrowly an instant and spoke gravely.

"What a silly answer, Pat. You weren't engaged to him. Youngsters resent obligations these days. And another most attractive man was not besieging you."

She shook her head with its close-cropped copper mane impatiently. "And Connie," she stormed, "runs away to Europe and leaves us—"

"To help Jack," he completed quietly. "That is our privilege, Pat. My own son could be no dearer to me."

She circled the table and laid her cheek against the pink bald peak of his head. "I know," she admitted. "I'm sorry. Only I really do hope Montague beats Connie a little now and then. Daddy, I'm sure it's time you started."

For the dozenth time that day she entered the room which for a week had been ready for Rand's return and frowned at the mirror above the bureau where she had placed roses, his favorite flower. A looking glass she thought, confronting it, was a mocking thing in a blind man's chamber. She considered the face that stared back at her beneath its shining helmet of curls, keen, vital, reminiscent in its bolder contours of her sister's loveliness. "Connie's cartoon," one of the youngsters forever trailing the elder girl had called her years ago, and Jack, finding her in tears, had comforted her.

She had been sixteen, all arms and elbows and with a blotched complexion when Rand had returned, lean, tanned and glamorous from the Rigley Thibet expedition. Thereafter on his brief visits to his guardian's home, she had been in school or in Europe. In Italy she had learned of his projected search for the ruins of lost cities in Arabia's desert and of his engagement to Constance, the beautiful, the gracious, the so many desirable things the

younger sister was not. She had cried herself to sleep that night.

She spun about at the sound of a motor on the driveway and of subdued tumult in the lower hall, ran to [Turn to page 78]



"I can't ruin your life"

AN ARGOSY OF YOUTH

The true story of an American girl who tripped her way round the world, seeking "peace on earth, good will towards men"

By Dale Cooper

THE North Sea raged. The surf broke angrily on the scraggly, ragged Scottish coast. Clouds, gathering over the nearby cliffs of Edinburgh, brought up a heavy shower and emptied it on the two figures who slowly walked the edge of the sea. But these two, their heads far above dark clouds and drenching rains, were absorbed in their plans. The rain, discouraged, drizzled away.

"Some day we all must learn it; to be a true patriot is to be a citizen of the world. Today's youth, tomorrow's hope!" Abdulla Yusuf Ali, swathed in the robe and turban of the Orient, bearing with dignity the romance and the need of his native India, was speaking. "It is not just today that I have dreamed it, but always. Will it ever come to pass?"

The short, smart frock, the dainty pumps, the close-fitting hat identified his companion as young Miss America. "Yes," she answered, "when we, the teachers of the world, take the first step forward. Then, and not until then, we shall have international friendship among students of all countries." "If you could come to Lahore," the man said earnestly, "and help me to tell my boys, my teachers—" "Perhaps—some day—" said the woman. American and Mohammedan! Along the North Sea they planned that some day East and West should meet, and call each other brother.

It was in July, 1925, and the University of Edinburgh, Scotland, was host to the World Federation of Education Associations. Which simply means that Japanese, German, Egyptian, French, Polish, Norwegian, Swiss, Indian and Siamese men and women, and many, many Americans came from all corners of the world to ask each other a momentous question: "We want the world's tomorrow to be peaceful, happy. How can we insure these fine young people of ours against war?"

The speaker of the afternoon was answering. "The prevention of war is not alone a question of statesmanship. It has become the work of education. The teachers of the world must no longer be dupes to the idealization of war. They can, they must, teach the world the spirit of cooperation. Begin at home; let students learn to accept the arbitration of a third party in their quarrels. Let us glorify judgment." The ancient and famous old hall rang with the happy agreement of the world's teachers.

Back in that big, enthusiastic audience which lined the walls and crowded the aisles—but not too far back, one knowing her would guess—sat Nellie Lee Holt, of Columbia, Missouri. She was absorbing the brilliant lecture as only a very active young mind can.

It was beautiful, breath-taking, this glimpse of a future warless world. Her privilege to play a small part in its inception! A young instructor from Stephens', a Junior College for Women, dared to dream of that! Many dreamers there were in that group. Age and youth. But while age dreams for youth, youth acts for itself. And Miss Holt set out to get some specific, practical recipe for peace, and to take it back with her to Columbia, Missouri.

HOME again, she recounted for Mr. James M. Wood, President of Stephens', the spirit and the hope of the conference. And she told him about that walk in the rain. "If the leaders of the world would only help us!" she sighed. Mr. Wood questioned her, then became thoughtful.



Miss Holt interviews Dr. Tagore

For many years he had been deep in a problem. For his six hundred young women students he sought the most perfect balance of the religious, intellectual, and practical aspects of life. He wanted them to realize their relation to their fellow man, and to the source of life; to know the discipline of living within the pattern of the past; to have a high skill at mundane activity and leadership in their communities. Surely they needed a peaceful world for so much happiness! There was a lesson for them in first-hand knowledge of the powerful personalities which were today's youth and tomorrow's citizens. It was not possible to send them all around the world. So, "You will go abroad again next summer," he told Nellie Lee Holt, "and gather for Stephens' girls intimate stories and views of these leaders of youth. Go to England, Germany, Russia, Egypt, India, China. See leaders in all fields. What are they doing, thinking, for tomorrow? Go and find out."

It was a thrilling opportunity! She took stock of her equipment. One Bachelor's degree from a small Indiana college, one Master of Arts degree from the University of Nebraska. One infinite capacity for making friends. One strong constitution. About a hundred pounds of ingenious pluck and patience. And her mother. With these she left New York on August 21, 1926.

SHE had sought a good word from a wise and learned man during her visit to Edinburgh. A mere mention of the titles and abilities of Georg Kerchensteiner fills a page. Sufficient to say that he was a member of the German Parliament, and Professor of the Science of Teaching at the world-famed University of Munich. A man who had one hand in today's affairs, and the other in tomorrow's government.

"We waited for a tram car on an Edinburgh street," Miss Holt told me. "He was no taller than I," she smiled. (She is not much taller than a—well, she just isn't tall!) "He carried his hat in his hand, and beat it over his stick as he talked."

"You Americans!" he said. "What a delicious mixture of optimism and adolescence. You are always hopelessly changing. What will you do with your youth and your boldness? You have trained your intellects. Will you develop your emotions as well?" His white hair and the stiff fringe of his beard in the dim light looked alert and hurried. His glasses were always about to fall off, but each time he jerked them back at the last second

with an ingenious twitch of his nose.

He went on, "An education which prepares nations for peaceful living must first teach individuals to act peaceably. Let us seek to restore to the world its ideals and its honor!" A young teacher from Missouri getting a priceless lecture in the safety zone of an Edinburgh street. "Ach, *fräulein!* I can never get the right tram—let us try this one." And he swung his small, virile body onto the car, Miss Holt beside him. Youth saying to age, "Hand on to us your wisdom!"

"Shortly before I sailed," Miss Holt said, "Mr. Wood told me I was to meet Dean Inge, the 'Gloomy Dean' of St. Paul's Cathedral, London. I could remember only the naked pessimism of his *Outspoken Essays*, which

Judge Ben Lindsey had told me fully justified its title. "Mrs. Inge and I had tea. On the floor of the big reception room sat her choir boys, their little faces shining with pride—and scrubbing. Thus they honored their lady, the godmother of St. Paul's. And like a fairy godmother she was, this wife of a 'prophet of gloom.' Because the deanery of St. Paul's is of the seventeenth century, Mrs. Inge affects the costumes of Queen Anne's day, a perfect setting for her petite, dainty type.

"Suddenly, there was a shuffle outside the door. The 'Gloomy Dean' entered. His steps were unsteady, his tall, slender body stooped. His face was very thin. He pulled his lips together and bowed with gracious effort. But when he spoke—his voice was magnetism!"

What was his work among English students? Could religion be taught?

These were Miss Holt's questions.

"One generation cannot solve the problem of another," said the Dean. "Religion must be a personal thing. Our own religion is what life has taught us. If we can clarify—and how much hangs on that word—this body of experience, we shall have found our place in the scheme of things."

LUNCHEON—Tuesday next, Piccadilly Circus. So Miss Holt met, and talked of youth and government, of religion and the Labor Party, with Alliston McDonald, son of England's past Prime Minister, and himself one of the youthful forces of his land.

"He is in his twenties, tall, muscular, blue-eyed, black-haired," said Miss Holt. "His mind is alert, creative. His whole appearance is vigorous, forceful."

"We are young men of all classes in the Labor Party," he told her, "student, working, poor, titled. We want reform, not revolution. We ask that the necessities of life be kept within reach of all who try to earn them honorably, and that each laborer have an interest in the product of his toil. That's not socialism—that's decency. Tell the thinking young people of America that we are all wanting the same thing . . . to live peacefully together. If we ever manage it, we will have to begin peacefully to try to understand each other—laborers, students, British, French, German, American."

Clear eyed Young England—profoundly aware, fearlessly honest.

Still in England, Miss Holt was next to interview Havelock Ellis, "the most cultured mind in the British Empire," author of *The Dance of Life*, *The New Spirit* and many other shrewd studies of life.

"After two days of searching for a point of friendly contact I met my old friend, Lothrop Stoddard," Miss Holt told me later. "He gave me a letter to Mr. Ellis. I then went to the London house of the English Speaking Union for his address. They all smiled [Turn to page 106]

Illustrated by
C. D. MITCHELL



"I can't snap my
fingers at Rickey, be-
cause I love him"

BURNING BEAUTY

The second great installment of a
glowing novel of romantic youth

By Temple Bailey

THE furniture of the Oliphant house in Annapolis is being sold at auction—the lovely old things that have been in the family for generations. The father of the house is ill and the mother is taking him away to another climate, while Virginia, daughter of the house, and Rickey, her spoiled but brilliant young brother, are to live in New York where Rickey is to write a great book. Rich Mrs. Blecker, from New York, comes to the auction with her son Tony, who falls in love with Virginia at sight, though the mother's choice, Marty, a lovely heirless, is there too. Also at the auction are Michael McMillan, famous editor and antique hunter, and Mary Lee Logan of Memphis, also a lover of antiques. Virginia refuses to sell a pair of candlesticks which she especially loves, but Rickey secretly puts them up again and they are bought by Michael McMillan. That evening Michael, walking by himself and thinking of his dead wife, who loved only his money and power, overhears Virginia and her brother talk about their new life and about Rickey's book which Virginia tells him to call *Burning Beauty*. He loves Virginia's unselfishness and her love for her spoiled brother, and thinks how wonderful it would be to know a woman in his life again. That evening Tony tells him that Virginia has invited him to have dinner with her, informally, in the kitchen of the old house since most of the furniture is gone. And Michael feels the glory of the day gone for him.

Part II

TO Anthony Blecker the thought of his rendezvous with Virginia Oliphant held a piquant tang of anticipation. He called it that to himself—a rendezvous. The presence of the brother might be, in a

way, a sop to propriety but the whole thing was unconventional—the invitation on such short acquaintance, the lack of chaperonage. The girl was a lady, of course, but there was in it all the promise of gallant enterprise.

He went forth, therefore, on Sunday, keen for new experience, light-heartedly expectant. The wind blew and the rain poured, but Anthony striding up the street, was glad of the wind and rain. They added to his anticipations a sense of contrast. There would be the warmth of the old house, the light of the fire, the radiance of Virginia Oliphant's red-gold crown.

He came to the garden gate, opened it, walked up the gravel path and stopped suddenly before a lighted window on a level with the ground. It framed a picture which filled him with astonishment. The room into which he looked was undoubtedly the kitchen. It had been changed little in the two centuries since it had been built. There were the low ceiling, the heavy beams overhead, the brick fireplace, filled with glowing logs. Except for the fire, the room was illumined only by a hanging iron lantern, and by candles on a table which was set against the wall, and which had as a centerpiece a bunch of coppery chrysanthemums in a silver bowl.

But it was neither the table nor the fire nor the

hanging lantern on which Anthony's attention was focused, but on an old lady whose chair was drawn up to the hearth, and who had for company an infinitesimal and engaging cat. The old lady wore black, with a lace fichu and a cameo

brooch. Her gray hair was arranged in what might be called the Queen Alexandra style, with a curled bang held down securely on her forehead by an invisible net. There was a band of black velvet about her throat, lace ruffles fell over hands fragile and heavy with rings.

The kitten was yellow. It lay at the old lady's feet like a bright gold coin. Its paws were tucked in and it was steeped, as it were, in self-satisfaction. In fact the pair on the hearth fairly exuded smugness. Anthony was aware of a distinct sense of disappointment. Here was decorum personified! A chaperone provided to balance his oversanguine expectations! He had thought to see Virginia alone, with the red coming and going in her cheeks, himself playing cavalier—and she had checkmated him in this subtle fashion!

Yet when he rang the bell and the door was opened by his young hostess, his irritation fled. The hall was lighted like the kitchen, by an iron lantern, and amid the shadows of the immense spaces Virginia seemed to glow and shine. She was dressed in a straight frock of dull green linen. She wore an absurd little apron with white ruffles, and white cuffs and collar. Her hair was beautiful—even more beautiful than he remembered.

"Am I early?" he demanded.

"On the minute. And the only other guest is here."

"The old lady? I saw her through the window. Who is she? Mrs. Grundy?"

She flashed a glance at him. Read his thought. "She's from the Home," she elucidated. "One of the darling

gentlewomen who lives there. And she adores little suppers."

"And you had her because she—adores little suppers?"

Her eyes met his squarely. "I had her because Mother is away."

So she gave her reason frankly, and he found himself quite unaccountably respecting her for it. He followed her downstairs and was presented to the old lady—Mrs. Montgomery.

Mrs. Montgomery had known past grandeurs. She had lived in one of the big old houses on the shore of the Bay, had been educated abroad, had made a brilliant marriage, had been presented at four courts, and had after her husband's death, been brought to poverty by a rascally son who had dispersed her fortune. Yet she still had her pride and bore herself usually as one who belonged in high places. There were times, however, when she bore herself simply as a doddering old crone who had forgotten her manners. She loved good things to eat, and now, waiting for her supper, was in a state bordering on greediness.

She was very deaf, and most of the time sat smiling amid her silences. But the preparations for the feast called forth a running fire of remarks, some of them thrown as it were, into the air, some of them flung at Anthony on the other side of the hearth, some of them addressed to Virginia, who had lighted the flame beneath the chafing-dish. "My father always liked a dash of sherry with his oysters," or "those look like chicken sandwiches," or "we always had two kinds of wine in the old days, Lieutenant Bleecker."

She was as alert as the kitten when the oysters began to curl at the edges. "They're done," she said sharply, "why don't we eat them?"

"We are waiting for Rickey," Virginia raised her voice to reach the old ears, "he is to be back at seven."

But the clock struck seven and Rickey did not come. So the three of them sat down, Virginia presiding over the chafing-dish, at one end, Anthony opposite, and the old lady sitting at Virginia's right.

It seemed to Anthony incredible that he should be in such astounding company. He wondered what his mother would think if she could see him. It was like something out of the fairy stories he had read as a child. The shadowy interior; Virginia at the head of the table, seeming to gather all the light to her, like a saint with a nimbus; Mrs. Montgomery, bent over her plate, oblivious to everything but the enjoyment of her food.

He smiled at Virginia. "Mrs. Grundy," he said, "is deaf. I shall say what I please to you."

The color flamed in her cheeks. Then she accepted his challenge. "Say it."

"Mademoiselle, vous êtes très jolie."

"Monsieur flatters," never before had Virginia played the game, but all the belles and beauties of her family had played it, and so she came to it with ease and charm.

"Other men have told you that, of course?"

"I don't know any other men."

"You don't expect me to believe that?"

"It's true."

Her honesty delighted him. He leaned across the table. "Other men don't know what they are missing."

She wasn't sure that she liked his manner. She found herself a little frightened. She wished her brother would come. She glanced at the clock. "Rickey's late."

"Why worry? I am perfectly happy without him. And now—when am I going to see you again?"

"I don't know."

"Do you mean you don't want to see me?"

"Aren't you putting it rather seriously?"

"It is serious. If you didn't care to go on with it, why did you let me come tonight?"

She gave him the truth squarely. "Because your mother was so—highhat."

"What do you mean?"

"She didn't want you to go with me and she showed it. She thought I didn't belong. It hurt my pride, so I tossed conventionalities to the wind and let you come."

It was a hard blow to his vanity. But he took it standing. He stared at her for a moment then gave a shout of laughter. "Well, I'm here," he said, "and now please be good to me and don't visit my mother's sins on me."

"I really shouldn't have let you come. I don't know

anything about you except that you are Anthony Bleecker and an officer in the Navy."

"I'm not a wolf in sheep's clothing, if that's what you mean."

Mrs. Grundy suddenly came to life. "What are you talking about, Virginia?"

It was Anthony who answered her, "Lambs, dear lady," and Virginia hastened to proclaim, "It's time to cut the cake."

The old eyes glistened, "What kind of cake?"

"Coconut."

And Mrs. Grundy was satisfied.

It was while Virginia cut the cake that Anthony noticed her hands. They were graceful and delicate. "You should play the harp," he said, "you have the hands for it—they are wonderful. Hold them up to the light."

She obeyed, flushing a bit. Out-strewn in front of the candles her fingers showed transparent like rosy, fragile glass.

Mrs. Grundy demanded suspiciously, "What are you doing that for?"

"Warming them," Anthony shouted, and then, aside, "Poor soul, has she forgotten her youth?"

"Does anybody forget—youth?" Virginia asked dreamily, then suddenly she turned her head and listened. "That's Rickey," as the bell rang, "he's forgotten his key."

But it was not Rickey. It was Mary Lee Logan, the young woman in the plaid coat who had been at the sale.

"Listen," she said, as Virginia opened the door, "I wonder if you'd let me look through the house. I'm

crazy about old houses. And I haven't anything to do tonight but sit around the hotel. I don't know anybody in Annapolis, and I'm staying over until tomorrow."

Virginia hesitated. "We're just at supper."

"Well, couldn't I come in?" Mary Lee asked eagerly.

"Of course." And so it came about that Mary Lee went down to the kitchen, and was introduced to Mrs. Montgomery and Anthony and the kitten, and was asked to have a slice of the superlative cake.

Anthony resented her presence and showed it by a sulky silence, but Virginia was glad of the interruption. She was feeling a bit ashamed of herself. Why had she let Anthony come? She liked him well enough, but that was no reason for having him—her motive of revenge on his mother had been petty. Anthony had laughed it off lightly, as if that ended it. But it had not ended it. She would never quite forgive herself.

Mary Lee Logan proved to be confiding and child-like. She took off her hat and coat and showed herself plump and pretty in a blue dress. Everything she wore was expensive, but she lacked distinction.

She talked steadily and entirely about herself. They gathered that she was rich and petted and tired of life in a quiet household. Her mother was an invalid, her father absorbed in his wife and in business. So Mary Lee was going to New York to study. She was, she declared, going to see Life—"I'm not a bit Bohemian. And anyhow that's out of date. But I shan't spend my days hunting around in old shops for things for Mother. Our house is jammed now with antiques. Heaven only knows what she'll do with the ones I bought today."

She broke off to say to Anthony, "Are you Navy? I adore uniforms."

"You'll get over that if you stay here long enough. Wait until you see the midshipmen. Millions of 'em."

"Really?"

He nodded. "They flow through the town in a rushing tide."

"Oh, I should love it."

"Don't ever tell them."

"Why not?"

"Let them love you."

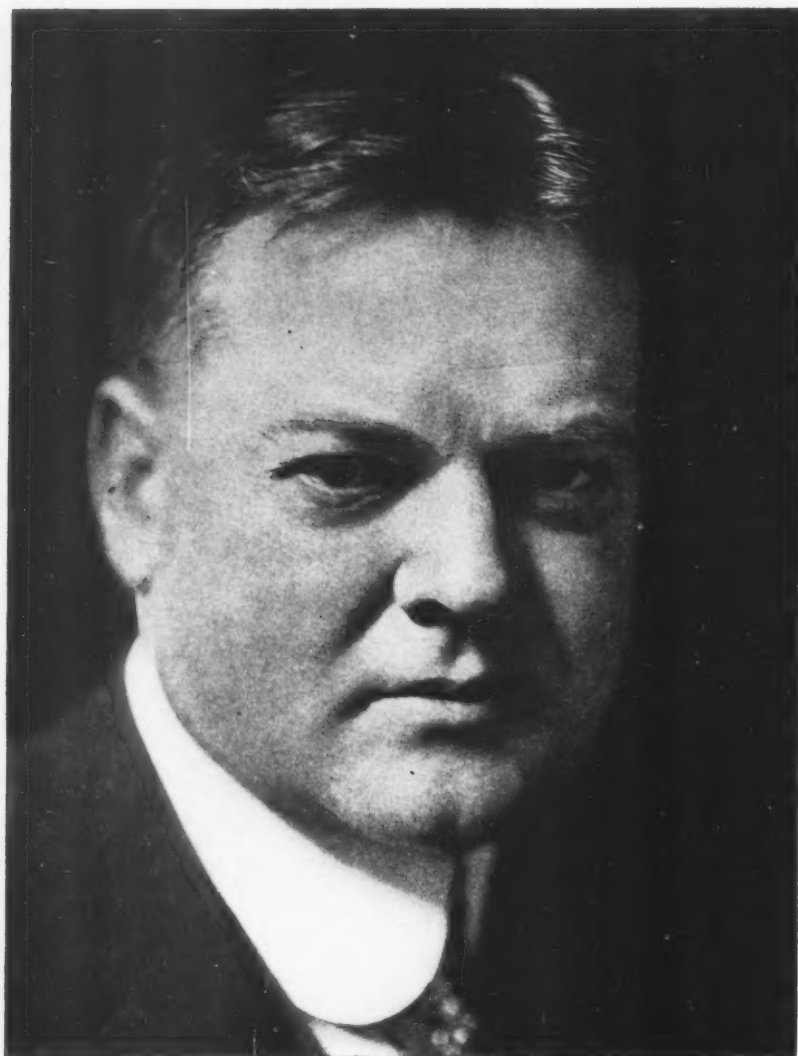
"But what if they—shouldn't?" She flashed a glance at him and Anthony was aware of sudden illumination. The little devil had charm and knew it. It was not the sort of thing he cared about. But she was using it for his benefit, deliberately and in the modern fashion.

She could not know, of course, how tired he was
[Turn to page 111]



"Only a beautiful woman would dare make that admission"

A WOMAN'S GUIDE TO



For President

HERBERT HOOVER

The Republican Platform As Viewed
By Mrs. Mabel Walker Willebrandt

Assistant Attorney General of the United States

SPIRITUAL and material fields in America lie fallow, awaiting a wise husbandman. The voter stands, undecided, ballot in hand, to choose one. Three long thoughts he must think through to vote wisely: The candidate, his character and training; his platform pledges; the needs of the nation for the next four years. Unswerving allegiance to the Constitution, vigorous prosecution of those who violate public trust, the observance and effective enforcement of the Eighteenth Amendment, the development of aviation, reduction of tax, a solution of the farm problems, continuation of the protective tariff, and acceptance of women in whole hearted equality and responsibility in government and party affairs, are some of the pledges of the Republican National Party platform.

A platform means little except in the hands of a President who will transmute it from words into living deeds. Herbert Hoover will do this. Already, in his speech of acceptance, he has given more meaning to

the platform by adding his own personal belief in the Eighteenth Amendment to the party's pledge of allegiance to it, and by naming three ways to give agriculture its share of national prosperity. He promises to use the tariff for the benefit of the farmer; he is willing to expend hundreds of millions of dollars to aid in the marketing of the farmer's produce. He will urge the development of an inland waterway system to reduce the exorbitant transportation costs that eat up the farmer's profits.

We want peace. To aid our nation to establish it, we need a man known and loved throughout Europe, whose proposals will be viewed free of the suspicion of ulterior, selfish or mercenary motives. Such a one could weld the passionate yearnings for peace in the hearts of the people of every country—weld them into practical trade and treaty agreements that would insure peace and help the League of Nations to realize for Europe those aims which President Wilson dreamed for it. Mr Hoover will

INTO Herbert Hoover's life have been fused all the elements of a self-made American. Most of America has entered into his making, and most of the countries of the world have contributed to his range of experience. Born on an Iowa farm on August 10, 1874, his first impressions were friendly ones of rural life, and deeply spiritual influences in his childhood were the prayers and discipline and modest "thee's" of a loving Quaker home. Then came the death of his father and the struggle of his mother, whose faith and leadership led her preaching and ministering through exposure that caused her early death at a time most [Turn to page 106]

build for international good will and a permanent peace among nations. He has proved his ability to apply engineering principles to the practical working out of international cooperation. When war came to the world, the government of the United States looked for a man idealistic and practical enough to break down international barriers, deal with armies, with hostile countries, to expend with honesty and economy billions of dollars to lift Europe out of starvation and despair. Mr. Hoover was chosen.

We want national material development: the airways charted, every state of the East linked to the West by hours, not days; opportunities for agriculture, a system of inland waterways, flood controls, electric power to lift the drudgery from every home. To accomplish such development in the next four years the President must have the mental capacity to view with vision these opportunities and the scientific training to make them real and bring them within the reach of every citizen. The voter this year faces the clear fact that his wages, his savings account, the comforts of life—the automobile, radio, silk stockings, have been acquired on a levee built by the Republican protective tariff and elevated above the industrial levels of the rest of the world. Prosperity will continue to grow under Hoover.

We want our Constitution respected. We scorn the hypocrisy of dry pretensions yoked to bootlegger patronage. We must choose as President one whose personal habits give bootleggers no invitation; one with independence enough to tackle the responsibilities of the Eighteenth Amendment without demagoguery, talk of nullification, or other political barter. Herbert Hoover obeys the law, and he will work out prohibition enforcement cleanly and constructively.

The spiritual undertone of Mr. Hoover's address of acceptance reveals that he would receive the trust of the nation's highest office with a deep sense of personal consecration. His record is one of unbroken successes in hard, practical business lines of national and international magnitude. His candidacy is a challenge to American citizenship. A vote for Herbert Hoover is more than a vote for the Republican candidate. It is America's opportunity.

INTELLIGENT VOTING

"THE Brooklyn Bridge and I grew up together," once remarked Alfred E. Smith, and to a certain extent Governor Smith has actually risen from the pavements of Manhattan. He was born in an old New York tenement in the shadow of the Bridge on December 30, 1873. Rigid training in the Roman Catholic Church contributed to an innate honesty equaled only by his industry in long hours of work in the lower East side. Until the age of thirteen when his father's death ended his formal education, he attended St. James school in the South Street neighborhood. After years of odd jobs—selling newspapers, trucking, and work [Turn to page 119]



For President

ALFRED E. SMITH

The Democratic Platform As Viewed
By Mrs. Henry Morgenthau, Jr.

Delegate-at-large to the 1928 Convention at Houston

GOVERNOR SMITH'S brilliant record during his four terms as Governor of the State of New York has always appealed to the women of the country irrespective of party. The League of Women Voters, which on public questions is probably the most authoritative spokesman for the women of the country, has long been concerned about efficiency in government.

One of Governor Smith's principal achievements in Albany has been the reorganization of the administrative system of the State to insure greater economy and efficiency. The Democratic platform promises businesslike reorganization for all departments of the government. Specifically, the League of Women Voters asked for the abolition of the Lame Duck session of Congress. The Democrats gave this promise; the Republicans say nothing concerning it.

The Democratic party promises the development of water power that reasonable rates and equitable distribution may be secured. One of its specific pledges is strict enforcement of the Federal Water Power Act, ignored by the last two Republican administrations. One of the chief fights on the part of Governor Smith has been to keep the people from losing control over water power. The Democratic platform in its advocacy of the outlawry of war and the further limitation of Naval armament and in its statement that "interference in the purely internal affairs of Latin American countries cease," goes further than does the Republican document in pledging peaceful relations with the world. Governor Smith, in 1926, insisted that the World Court be approved by the Democratic State platform.

Three problems lying close to the hearts of women, stressed by the League of Women Voters, relate to social welfare. The Democrats stand for the protection of children. They favor adequate appropriations for the Women's and Children's Bureaus and they demand equal wages for equal service. These matters are not mentioned in the Republican platform. The Democrats favor labor laws protecting women, and, on this subject also, the Republicans are silent. The program of the League of Women Voters was given far more sympathetic consideration at Houston than at Kansas City.

Four other matters covered by the party platforms are of great concern to the women of the country. These relate to the financial problems of households—to family budgets. Much has been said and will be said about the prosperity of the country. Not enough has been said about the prosperity of individuals. The fact of the matter is that there are now more than three million unemployed. The Democrats pledge themselves to study this important problem in order to develop a scientific plan whereby in periods of unemployment, the federal government can take measures to relieve this stringency. National legislation can accomplish much in this direction, and, in the Democratic platform, a political party recognizes for the first time that the government has a definite responsibility toward those out of employment.

Furthermore, the Democratic Party shows itself seriously concerned with the plight of the farmer. Since the Convention at Houston, Governor Smith has promised that if elected he will immediately summon a conference

to determine in advance of the Congressional session a concrete plan of legislation in order to make effective the pledge that the government shall intervene as seriously and effectively in behalf of the farmer as it has on behalf of labor and industry. The Democrats promise also that when taxes are next revised they will be revised from the standpoint of the small taxpayer rather than the large taxpayer. Rates will take care of small business as well as the large.

Prohibition is an issue that cuts across both parties. The planks in the two platforms differ little, if at all. Governor Smith has made this statement: "So long as the Volstead Act is on the statute books, it will be enforced to the best of my ability."

From an administrative position second only to the position as chief executive of our nation, Alfred E. Smith emerges as a man of great ability, one who, in the words of Colonel House, "knows more about government than any other man in America."



"Now," she continued, "you'll have to pretend to be engaged to me for a few weeks"

ONE DAY IN AUTUMN

*Resting between rolling hills in a sleepy little river town
lay Manawalla Creek on whose shores flamed*

*a romance as vividly colored as
an autumn day*

By Maxwell Aley
Illustrated by S. H. PARKHOUSE

DAVID JANNEY, with his school books under his arm, left his boarding place at Mrs. McCleary's and turned north up the wide, elm-shaded main street of Pellandra. The court-house clock on the square struck eight. Already the autumn day was languorously warm, with the promise of real heat later, and he found his long, black Prince Albert stuffy and oppressive. It was the year 1872, a period when comfort was too often sacrificed to elegance. He found the thought of school oppressive, too—the restless youngsters, chalk-dust in the air, the mingling of odors that made up the school-room smell. He tried to think of the noble aspects of the school-master's calling, but instead, he found himself thinking of the Little Milliner, and wondering if this would be one of the mornings when she would come from the big gate of the Ashley drive with her basket on her arm.

He hoped so—with something only a degree less passionate than a dying sinner's longing for Heaven. For she and the boat he kept for his lonely rows on Manawalla Creek were the joint mistresses of his heart. But even last night when he had lain back in his drifting boat looking up through the gaps in the leafy arch at the distant stars and thinking romantically about her, it never occurred to him that sometime he might ac-

tually take her out in his boat. Perhaps that was because the town's aloofness had made him feel he would never really come to know anyone in it.

He had been in Pellandra three weeks, beginning the last week in August, and he was young and eager of life; and all the dead little river town was giving him was respect—the somewhat aloof respect due to a new high school principal. True, he had a casual acquaintance with the six other teachers, and there was Mrs. McCleary and Ellen, her daughter. But Ellen was a shade too forward. Anyway, he didn't care for buxom, black-eyed girls with cheeks as round and hard and red as apples, and saucy tongues in their heads that no matter

how dignified you tried to be—

In fact, Mr. David Janney, age twenty-three, height a fraction under six feet, eyes a dark hazel, hair chestnut, coloring very pink and white—that bothered him horribly—antecedents Quaker father, Virginia mother, education the Quaker college, Earlham—Mr. David Janney found himself bored and not a little irritated that languorous autumn morning of the year 1872.

Only a few people were about, for after all, why should they stir themselves when the warm, lazy air invited to leisure, and nothing in all Pellandra called upon one to be up and doing? It was years since the buzz and stir of human effort had passed Pellandra by. Nowadays the little river town was content to slumber, somnolently lovely in the hollow of the green hills, with the broad, majestic river, that had tricked her so cruelly, whispering a lullaby at her feet.

Colonel Pickens, in a high English dog-cart, bowling restlessly along, was the sole reminder of the great world that lay beyond the hills and the whispering river. A thin, nervous, red-faced man of fifty, driving a nervous, over-bred mare from the blue-grass country to the South. David wondered what brought him out so early. And then he smiled to himself. For already he knew the gossip about the town's one man of wealth,

the absurd tale of how that wealth had come.

Colonel Pickens's restless gaze fixed itself upon the tall, erect young figure in the ugly, long black coat, and he drew the mare up sharply and held her, dancing, in rein.

"Ha!" he said in a crisp staccato. "Good morning!"

He looked David over rather insolently, David thought. They had met, for the Colonel was on the school board, but really—

"Ha!" he ejaculated again. "A young man—a young man as I live! I thought my eyes deceived me." He laughed, not too pleasantly. "I shall remember that we have one young man in Pellandra. Good morning, sir!" And he loosed the rein and clucked to the mare, and was off in a cloud of dust before David could return his greeting.

"Well—" David Janney thought, "I'm glad I'm not in his shoes, for all his dollars." And he walked on in his own old, but brightly shined congress gaiters, thinking what ironic tricks life plays sometimes. Soon, though, he forgot the Colonel. He had other and more personal concerns.

At first he walked along briskly enough, but as he drew near the end of the main street where it seemed to collide with the tall green slope of Ashley hill he went more slowly. Another street that soon became a country road, ran along the base of Ashley hill, and when he came to it he would turn east, and in a moment reach the school building. Ultimately he would have to reach the school building, of course; but it was the teasing chance of the Ashley gates that had set him lingering.

Having a mathematical mind he was calculating on the possibility of the Little Milliner coming out of them this morning. So far the meetings had happened twice a week. This was Friday. Mathematically there wasn't a chance, because on Tuesday and Thursday she had come out of the gates just as he had reached them. She had been wearing the same dove-gray dress, her eyes had been cast down modestly and she hadn't appeared to see him. David was young, but not so ignorant as to accept without question such appearances.

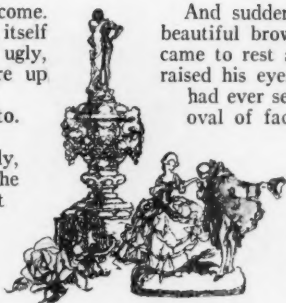
Several circumstances had led him to thinking of her as the Little Milliner. She was always so simply dressed for that era of hoops, ruffles, ribbons and furbelows, and she always carried a basket—her luncheon, he supposed; and once he had seen her with her bonnet off moving busily about in the establishment of Rebecca Beem, milliner to such ladies of Pellandra as were unable to go to Cincinnati or Louisville. She was, he decided, some poor relation of the Ashleys, and had been given a haven in the great house at the foot of Ashley hill, and found work to do with Becky Beem, who, Mrs. McCleary told him, was the only lady of the local great ever to go into trade. David had not asked Mrs. McCleary about the Little Milliner. No, nor Ellen, either.

He reached the beginning of the Ashley place, where for several hundred feet the graveled walk went along past the high picket fence, made of wood and hand-painted black to look like iron. The paint was flecking off, as was most of the paint in Pellandra, and the grand gesture of that high fence seemed to David just a little ridiculous. But behind it was the garden, full of late autumn blossom and sending out the fresh, sweet odors of flowers and growing things still drenched with morning dew.

That fragrance was an unfair assault upon the senses of a young man in love. It made David feel weak in the knees. It made him look across at the high, white portico of the Ashley house and wish that suddenly the place might break into flame and he be given a chance to climb heroically to the top-most dormer and rescue the little poor relation, and carry her fainting in his arms to safety . . . Nonsense!

He loitered as much as he could without actually stopping, but for all of it, here he was at the gates. A very ornate gate; like the fence it was of wood painted to resemble iron and it swung between tall brick pillars with carved stone tops. He was just ready to quicken his pace and stride on manfully when he saw a flutter of gray up the drive.

Whereupon, quite by instinct, David Janney knelt to retie his shoe lace. He retied it very thoroughly, every one of his senses alert.



And suddenly he heard a little gasp and the most beautiful brown muffin in the world rolled over and came to rest against his foot. David picked it up and raised his eyes. They met the bluest, clearest eyes he had ever seen, and held. Dimly he was aware of an oval of face below a Leghorn hat, of a dove-gray dress with a basque and a full skirt, of an enchanting perfume that came, doubtless, from the late roses she carried in one arm, but seemed to come wafted straight down from Heaven. He knelt there with the muffin dumbly held up in one hand and his senses swimming, swimming.

A little gay, rippling laugh, like a glissade on an old harp, broke the spell.

"Mister Janney?—You are Mister Janney, aren't you?" the voice was saying. "I'm Nelle Ashley, and since nobody's here to introduce us, we—" that enchanting little laugh again—"we'll just have to—to let that muffin of old Bashy's do it!"

Somehow he got to his feet. He was stammering some inanity. He knew by the way he felt that he was blushing.

"So silly of me," she was saying in her soft, drawing

Southern speech. "I caught the basket on the side of the gate, and look! All Bashy's lovely muffins that I was taking to poor, sick Aunt Sally, spilled out."

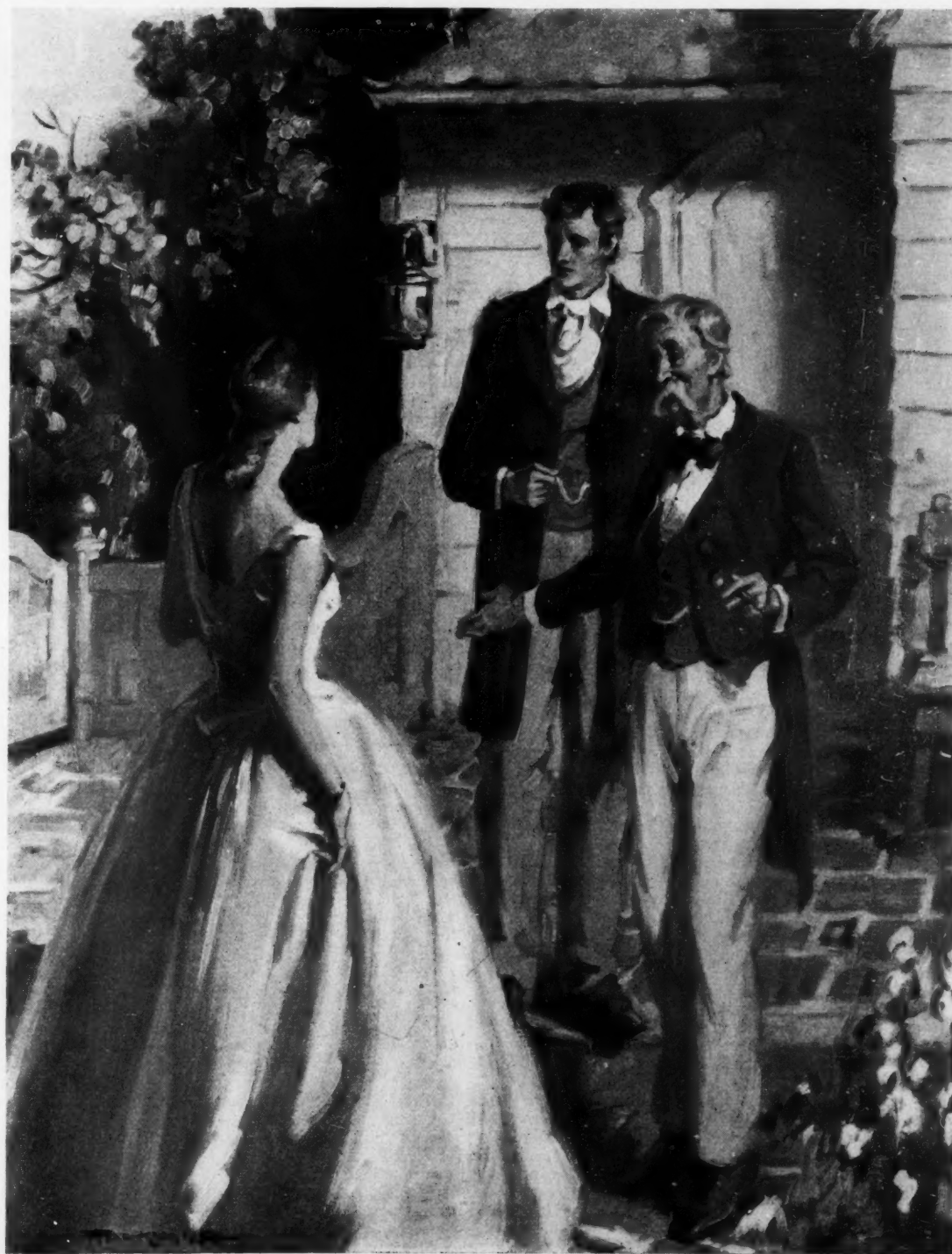
"C-can't I p-pick them up?" David stammered. "The gravel looks so c-clean—"

She smiled and David felt weak in the knees again.

"Mister Janney" (she pronounced it "Mistah Janney," and it had a delicious sound of which he had never before suspected)—"Mister Janney, that's an idea!" She looked about. No one was in sight except an old negro man in a wagon rattling along toward the court-house square. "We'll pick 'em up and put 'em right back in the basket and I'll take 'em right along to Aunt Sally. Then Bashy won't be distressed and Aunt Sally won't miss her breakfast—and—do you think it's very terrible?"

He said, quite firmly now—in spite of the blue eyes looking into his own again—that he didn't think it was terrible at all and that surely it was only Christian to save Bashy and Aunt Sally any distress of body or mind.

"I tell you what!" she said. "We'll break one in two, and I'll eat half and you eat half and if they're poison to the human system we'll die together and carry our crime in silence to the [Turn to page 101]



The old fool had them all frightened, it seemed



"My mudder's dead . . . I never had a daddy," she said

THE CAMP ROBBER

Gold gleams in a little girl's hair and in the heart of an old man at the end of the trail

By Zane Grey
Illustrated by
GRATTAN CONDON

THE boys of the Selwyn Ranch were home from the spring roundup. It had been an early and wet spring, therefore a very muddy event. One by one they fed their horses, and hanging up their equipment, slouched a weary and jingling way toward the bunkhouse, exceedingly cheerful, however, because the hard, dirty job was ended.

Slab Jacobs, the tall, flat-framed foreman, reached their quarters first, and he found the door open.

"Hey, Nevers," he yelled, looking back at the nearest cowboy, who was whistling *Home Sweet Home*. "You left this hyar door open."

"Hope to die I never did," shouted Nevers, indignantly.

Jacobs had been scared before he pushed the door wide and looked in. Disaster of this kind had befallen once before, when the trusting range riders had left the door unlocked. The inside of the bunkhouse was in a worse mess than Jacob's wildest fears had conjured up. The boys of the Selwyn outfit had taken pride in the cleanliness and neatness of their well-appointed and lighted quarters.

"Thunder an' blue blazes!" ejaculated Slab, as he stepped in to survey the disorder.

Nevers halted at the door. "Slab, you ain't got no eyes. This heah lock has been busted."

"Wal, that saves your life. What do you make of it?"

After surveying the deranged beds, the contents of handbags and packs that were strewn all over the floor, the pile of books, papers, letters and magazines scattered about, and the tangled mass of cowboy paraphernalia

on the big table, Nevers let out a loud yell of pain. "Thet low-down bunch of cowpunchers have played a trick on us."

"What bunch?"

"Why, who else but that Clay Flat outfit? They're gettin' even for what we did at the dance."

"We didn't do nothin'."

"Wal, some of us did."

Heavy footfalls and jangle of spurs outside preceded the entrance of little Charlie Stone, almost hidden under his huge sombrero and the armload he carried. But manifestly he could see, for he dropped his burden, and shoving back his sombrero to reveal a dirty, boyish face, he burst out:

"Some of you fellars was drunk before we rid off on the roundup."

"Looks like it, by golly," said Slab. "But I happened to know none of us was."

Charlie poked his head out of the door and called: "Cyclone has struck this heah bunkhouse."

Presently the remaining cowboys entered, to stand staring beside their comrades at the scene of confusion.

Brick Williams' brick-colored face took on a deeper

hue, and he indulged in some characteristic profanity.

"I knowed my gurl would sure get her picture an' letters back," groaned Seth Stanley, a young blond giant.

"What the deuce!" exclaimed Hoof Manchester, the last of the bunch to come in.

"Boys, it ain't no joke," announced Slab Jacobs, impressively. "No cowboy trick. The lock was busted. Shore as the Lord made little apples we been robbed."

With that commenced a scramble, punctuated by an infinite variety of cowboy speech, as each individual tore around and searched for his possessions.

Slab found his long-accumulated roll of greenbacks under his mattress, but not where he had left it. The intruder had merely changed its position. Brick's fine gold watch that had been his father's and was so priceless a treasure that he seldom risked wearing it, lay in his bed. Nevers was the dude of the outfit, and his showy adornments were intact. What little money he possessed, which was in gold coin, clinked in his pocket. Seth Stanley's guns, which were all he owned of any value, lay on the table. Charley Stone made a bee line for his silver-mounted Mexican spurs, and acclaimed their presence by a glad shout. Manchester found his diamond stickpin, of which he was inordinately proud.

"Aw!" he breathed aloud, and his relief was shared by all.

"Wal, we ain't been robbed after all," spoke up Charley. "Seth, did you find your gurl's picture an' letters?"

"By golly, I forgot to look. I was so worried about them guns," replied Seth, rummaging [Turn to page 72]

Paradise Poachers

By Beatrice Grimshaw

ILLUSTRATED BY
MEAD SCHAEFFER

JOANNET FIELD, captured on the tangled banks of the Sepik River by ferocious head hunters, is aided to escape by Bulupu, the chieftain of the tribe. He is slaughtered by a rival band of cannibals, and Joannet, unnoticed by them, is left on the lonely river bank unprotected against the manifold dangers and horrors of the New Guinea jungle. She finds after a long search, the canoe of the chieftain, and courageously attempts to reach the Sepik home of Hardy, Never Never.

Conclusion

THREE o'clock passed, four and five o'clock came. It was near six. Upon a lovely day of a thousand days, the sun was soon to set. The river was gold like glass, light was transfused as if the landscape, by some strange miracle, had been turned to colored crystal. It was impossible to believe that all this enchanted loveliness, this brilliant life, was doomed, in one brief hour, to black extinction—as impossible as it might have been to believe that the vivid flame of the personality calling itself Gladys Starkey, was doomed, some day, to flicker in the socket, and flash out . . .

The launch was anchored a little way from shore. Gladys, in the late afternoon light, paced up and down the deck, waiting for the promised blue birds.

Jim lay where he had lain all afternoon, since she had told the boys to carry him to his cabin and pull the curtain over the door. It would not do for the river folk to see him in that state. Possible risks did not trouble her. If they had to make a get-away, she knew just enough to start the engine, and after that, one could trust to the river current to take one somewhere, even if the engine didn't go very long. She posted a boy in the bow, with instructions to cut the cable if she blew on her whistle.

She was sure that the crew was armed, and that their rifles were loaded. To some she served out the sawed-off shotguns that had once or twice proved useful. And in the midst of this work, she noticed, for the first time, that the four boys who had accompanied her to the village were not back.

That made her think. For the first time, she was a little sorry that she had acted on impulse and urged her husband to give way, where little urging was needed. She had been too obsessed by her shining visions. Now, she knew her folly. The non-return of the

boys in that place, meant one of two things—either that they had been captured and detained—which was bad enough—or that they had some connection with the people of the village, and had been thrown in their lot with them—which was worse. She did not know much about the boys. They had been picked up on the way, from a plantation that was closing; quite possibly they were Sepik boys—there had been a lot of recruiting lately—not incredibly, they might be boys from the very town off which the Gladys was lying. If that was so—

But it might not be; and even if it was, she and her crew were surely a match for the lot. If Jim had been available, he wouldn't have done much except give advice. He had always plenty of that. Not that he could not, and did not fight on occasion. But he always seemed to be keeping you back, telling you why things could not be done.

"The difference," thought the woman vaingloriously, "between a destructive and a constructive mind. Mine's constructive. I see further."

She tramped the deck; stared out under shading hand at the unmoving cane-brake; the palms beyond that marked the place of the village. Was nobody ever coming? One could always tell when they were, for the giant canes were semaphores that sent out waving messages at every touch, and the main track to the village, narrow and overgrown, led right through them.

AT the same moment, some way to the right, the canoes of the village were creeping one by one along a narrow, secret waterway used only for emergencies; kept hidden by a mass of cane drawn across



*They walked
as in a dream*

the mouth. It was artificial, like many of the secret boat canals of the river country; where streams did not serve they were turned aside, trained into trenches cut by the labor of hundreds of men. No work was too heavy for the warriors of the Sepik, provided it served the turn of helping them to out-manoeuvre a foe.

Gladys knew about them, of course, though she had not laid to heart the lesson they taught. Jim could have told her . . . but he had been put out of action, as surely as a spiked gun.

So, in all innocence, she watched the track she knew led to the village, along which she and the boys had already passed that day; while, to the right, the canoes crept closer and closer. The Sepik men could not have calculated the nearest point of view better if they had studied perspective all their lives. They knew exactly when the launch would command sight of the canoes, and chose their time accordingly, to check the main body, and send out two or three separate canoes—baited.

Mrs. Starkey might have seen them slip out of the guarded entrance, if she had been properly alert. As it was, she did not observe them till they were almost under the counter of the boat; and then she thought they had come down from upstream.

The paddlers were rather numerous for crafts so small. The men were a great deal painted. But then, you could not travel against the current, without hard work, unless you had many hands to lighten the toil. And it was dancing time on that part of the river, as witnessed nights of thunderous, rest-destructive drumming. Savages always painted themselves up for dancing . . .

Gladys saw that they were nervous, and she knew that it was not good to see the New Guinea savage thus. She had something like a qualm for a moment; then she remembered that most of the men had probably never seen a white woman, and that they took her much as a civilized man would take a ghost appearing in broad daylight. Spreading out all her plumes like the bird of paradise that was her quarry, she marched to the side of the launch, and demanded to be told where her boatmen were. She repeated their names, saying with every name—"Where?"

Nobody answered. Twenty or thirty pairs of eyes, very black and very white, made formidable by splashes of red paint underneath, looked up at her from the canoes. Then somebody spoke a single sharp word. There was a scramble in the canoes. Gladys's men jumped forward, shotguns in hand; she herself, mechanically, swung the butt of her rifle to her shoulder, though she saw that no harm was meant. [Turn to page 85]

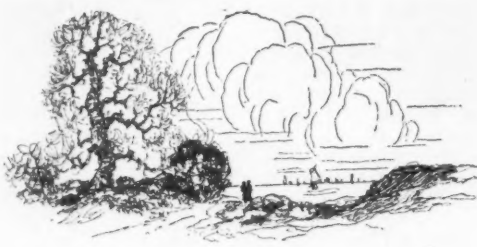


*There on the bunk sprawled
the sodden, grotesque thing that
was Jim Starkey*

GOOD OLD UNCLE HOMER

Every family enjoys a bachelor uncle who thinks he knows more than mother about bringing up the baby

By Nunnally Johnson



HAD Myra Conklin been observant enough to note the faintly maniacal glint that came into her brother's eyes when he grasped the purpose of her hurried call, she might have been inclined to give the matter a second thought. For she knew Homer. At any rate, certainly, she would have spoken to Muriel too, purely as a precaution against those foibles of fate which no man or woman can ever foresee precisely. But she was pressed for time, and it was all so trivial and annoying.

"I just got the wire," she explained rapidly, "and I haven't time to get Carrie. And I couldn't leave her with Hester. But she won't be the slightest trouble, I know. Just let her play around by herself during the afternoon and get her to bed by seven or seven-thirty."

"It's all right, perfectly all right," Homer assured her, blinking nervously behind his glasses. "You needn't bother—"

"I just have to go. It's the only train I can get, and we'll be back early tomorrow afternoon. Hester's bringing her over, and don't give her any candy. She can have some fresh vegetables for dinner, and Hester will bring the formula over. Give her a tablespoonful before you put her to bed."

"You don't need to bother at all, Myra—"

"Tell Muriel, will you? I haven't got a minute or I'd speak to her, but she won't be any trouble at all, and Max wired it was absolutely necessary I be there

to sign the deed. So explain to Muriel, and we'll pick her up on the way from the station tomorrow afternoon."

She left, and Homer stood gazing thoughtfully after her, the suggestion of a faint interest stirring in his breast. He was a very sober and earnest young man, just rounding twenty-seven, and it had always been felt in the family that his mind was not quite as fluid as it might have been. In no sense, however, should this be regarded as a reflection, for he read at least ninety times as many volumes as all of the other members of the family did together, including the in-laws, and there was positively no end to the number of well-considered theories he had worked out.

In his own words, he tried only to keep abreast of the times. It was characteristic of his thoroughness in this commendable endeavor that of late, for instance, he'd been so occupied with the newest books on the *dernier cri* in moral attitudes, on various and amazing forms of sensible marriage, on changing conditions in woman's relations to man, and on the just and intelligent union of male and female, which he bought as preparation for a possible marriage some day, that he really had no time to call on any girls.

"You've just got to face the fact," he would inform Muriel, who was his sister and widowed and apparently indifferent to the newer orders, "that conditions today are not what they were. In the past few years psychologists and psychoanalysts have completely revolutionized human relationship. Intelligence rules instead of chance and ignorance. You take children—"

"Not me," Muriel replied firmly. "Some may take children, but not me. Once yes; now no."

She was ten years older than her brother, for whom she kept house, and privately, and sometimes not so privately, he set her down as a Bourbon, as one of those stubborn conservatives who might stay the inevitable tide of a civilized attitude momentarily, but in the end would be left crushed and humiliated in the wake of a movement far too righteous and overwhelming to be halted long by mental pygmies.

Presently, then, when Myra had turned the corner, he sauntered back to the kitchen, where Muriel was about one of her endless domestic duties. He did not speak immediately; he was afraid his voice would betray this vague excitement he felt.

"In what way," she asked casually, "are we being allowed to lift a burden from our little sister's shoulders this time?"

"Why," he replied, a little uncertain, as he frequently was, at Muriel's manner, "she's sending Eunice over to spend the night."

Muriel turned from the stove in frank astonishment. "What for?" she demanded.

"Max wired her to come to Pittsburgh right away. She's got to be there to sign that deed in the morning."

"And where is Carrie?"

"She said she didn't have time to find her."

For a moment she stared at him, and then, shaking her head slowly, turned back to the stove. "Well!" she said.

No further conversation seeming likely, he strolled back to the living room, and idly got seven books from a shelf. All but one he stacked on a side table; the other he skimmed through, as one might to refresh the memory at the approach of a test. Then, this done, he got up and returned to the kitchen.

"You know, Muriel," he said earnestly, "I don't think we ought to regard this as any laughing matter."

"Am I laughing?" she asked in some surprise.

"I don't mean that. I mean that the care of a child in its formative years, even for a very little while, is a grave and important thing. I don't think most people realize that. And what's more, I think that it's just about a crime the way Myra is bringing Eunice up."

His sister regarded him with mild curiosity. "Out of the depths of what rich maternal experience," she asked politely, "do these profound observations on the care and training of children arise?"

He colored slightly. "All right," he said, "but you'll see, if she keeps on. You haven't read Schloegl, I suppose."

"Dr. Holt," she confessed, "is about as far as I've got."

"Well, if you'd read Schloegl, you'd be able to see what I mean. Take spankings, for instance. I suppose you still believe in spanking children."

"The broad and calloused palm of my hand," she confessed again, "has been laid on more than one."

"That's it!" he exclaimed. "Force! Violence! Break the

Illustrated by
GEORGE BREHM



Eunice, aghast at what she'd done,
gazed at him in white terror

child's will! Great heavens, woman, but do you realize that you would be striking a delicate and sensitive personality just in the dangerous stage of formation? You'd be surprised, I'll bet, to know that Schloegl has traced a homicidal mania directly to spanking in childhood."

"I say," Muriel asked, "but who would this genius, Herr Schloegl, be?"

"Ludwig Schloegl is the greatest living authority on the rational rearing of children, but of course you wouldn't know that," he explained with as much irony as his manner permitted. "Schloegl has studied the effects of spanking on hundreds of children, and if you would read his book, *The Rationality of the Child Intelligence*, you'd realize that it is positively criminal to spank a child during the formative period."

"What would you do in one of these juvenile crises," she asked, "debate the matter coolly, clearly and logically with the cunning little rascal?"

"Precisely—and not in baby talk, either. That's another thing Myra does, and I wouldn't be at all surprised, after what Schloegl says about the mental effects of baby talk, if Eunice grew up to be a moron."

"I wouldn't be surprised anyway," Muriel said. "But what, if you permit me to ask, is the significance of these illuminating remarks to me on the psychology of the child mind?"

"Only that we, anyway, must see that Eunice is treated in a rational manner. It's only a day, I know, but I don't mind telling you I was surprised myself at the apparently trivial things Schloegl says can leave a definite and lasting impression on the child mind. He tells about a chap who murdered a man in England named Baker. Everybody thought it was because Baker had run away with his wife, but Schloegl got hold of him and psychoanalyzed him and showed conclusively that in the man's mind was a definite subconscious phobia against men named Baker, because when he was a small child his mother had whipped him furiously for stealing buns. Now you may think that is nonsense—"

"May is not the word," Muriel admitted. "I do think it nonsense."

"Well, Schloegl says so, and Schloegl's an authority. All I ask is, let us treat Eunice as a rational, reasoning intelligence, a very delicately adjusted intelligence in fact, and I'm sure that if we take the trouble to penetrate to this child's mind we'll be astonished to find a reason which is sane and normal—"

"Well, I'll tell you, Homer," Muriel interrupted. "Somehow I just don't feel in the mood for penetrating Eunice's mind. So I'll tell you what I'm going to do: because you're my little brother, and you've read so many books, including Schloegl himself, I'm going to do a big-hearted thing. I'm going to relinquish all claim to taking care of this delightful child. All I'll suggest is that you don't forget to give her that dash-blamed formula before she goes to bed, if ever she does."

"You think it's a joke," he replied quickly, "but I don't mind saying I'm glad. Nobody around here seems to have the slightest interest in searching this child's mind, and I'll be glad to, if only to be of help to the poor child herself. I'll—"

The doorbell rang.

"That would be Hester," Muriel said, "bringing the guinea pig."

Fifteen minutes later Muriel walked quietly to the door of the living room and looked in. Vague smatterings of conversation had been coming steadily from there, and she knew from Homer's voice that he was making a noble effort to show his guest that they were just two mental equals talking, and that if she could just accept the fact that there was no superiority or inferiority between them, they could have some dandy discussions.

Eunice, a wide-eyed child of five, dainty now in a fresh pink frock, sat on a foot stool on the far side of the fireplace, looking gravely at her host, who was seated opposite, a steady, melting smile on his face, all of his attention overwhelmingly hers.

The effort to stabilize the relationship on the same intellectual plane appeared to be flagging, however, and Homer's smile seemed a little more set than it should have been. In fact, at that moment he was reflecting that the child was extremely unresponsive, even a bit dim-witted apparently, which was an unexpected de-

velopment, for he had always thought of her as a trifle offensive in manner—the result, no doubt, of ignorant training. He'd had a notion to engage her in something of a literary discussion, and thus draw her out, but the chances of success in that direction were, he saw, quite remote.

"I'll tell you," Muriel heard him say to her genially, "you take your book and I'll take mine and we'll both read. We'll just play that we're two people in a library."

"What's a libwawy?"

He smiled; now they might be getting on. "Why, a library, dear, is a collection of books in a big building. Understand?"

She shook her head.

"Why, Eunice, you've seen the Public Library at Forty-second Street and Fifth Avenue—that big white building."

"No."

"Of course you've seen it," he contradicted her amiably. "Don't tell Uncle Homer you haven't seen it, because he's seen you see it—that is, I mean, he was there when you saw it. Right behind Bryant Park."

She looked at him blankly.

"Look, dear," he insisted, a little impatiently, "you've been in Bryant Park and Uncle Homer knows it, because Uncle Homer was with mother when she took you there. So don't try to tell Uncle Homer you don't know where Bryant Park is."

She shook her head again. "No-o-o," she said, in a calm, quaintly hesitant voice.

"Nonsense, dear. You're absent-minded. First of all, now, you know where Fifth Avenue is—"

"No."

"Why, Eunice, you don't remember that broad street, where—er—where Cartier's is, and Finchley's, and Dobbs'—"

She was still shaking her head, and he sat back and glared at her. If she didn't know where Fifth Avenue was, then he didn't see how they were going to get any further.

"But certainly, dear, you know where Forty-second street is, where the Times Building is, and Stern's—"

It was clear to Muriel that he was now thoroughly nettled, and his face a little flushed with resentment at the child's refusal to remember even so memorable a thing as Fifth Avenue. She stepped into the room.

"Eunice, let me ask you a question."



"Eunice, don't cry. What"—he paused dramatically—"What would you say to taking a ride?"

"Hello, Aunt Muwiel."

"You remember the big stone lions."

"Oh, yes!" Eunice's eyes lighted.

"That," Muriel said, glancing at her brother, "is the building Uncle Homer is trying to make you remember."

She walked out then, followed by the furious glare which Homer had transferred to her from the child.

"I know," Eunice said to him. "What about it, Unca Homer?"

"Nothing," he said shortly. "Nothing at all. You just read your book like Uncle Homer tells you."

He retired then behind his copy of Schloegl, annoyed at himself, at Muriel, and at Eunice. There hadn't been much logic or rationalism in their discussion so far, but the child seemed a bit thick for logic. She probably had no mind by now, the way Myra treated her. He wasn't actually reading, and presently he became uncomfortably conscious that neither was Eunice; instead, she was staring at him.

He tried to ignore it, but there is always something uncanny in the round, clear, direct, unwavering glance of a child, something baffling to the adult mind, and it made Homer nervous. He shifted his position and held the book before his eyes, but he knew she was still looking silently at the top of his head, at his hands, at whatever might be viewed past the inadequate screen, and his ears grew hot and red.

The truth was, in this instance, Eunice was reflecting over this entirely new and novel attitude she faced. In some way she sensed that there was something vulnerable about it, that she might profit through it, and she was trying to make up her mind what to ask for.

"Unca Homer," she said presently.

He lowered his book and regarded her warily.

"Unca Homer, tan I have a ticken?"

"A chicken?" He was relieved, pleased even, for now certainly, he felt, she promised to unfold her mind. "Why, I suppose—well, I don't [Turn to page 119]"

*A scene
from one
of Miss
Bonstelle's
numerous
productions*



The Star Lady

The career of Jessie Bonstelle, actress, director, creator of innumerable Broadway stars - As told to Helen Christine Bennett

IN introducing Miss Jessie Bonstelle in the first article of this series, Helen Christine Bennett said: "Here is a true blue troupier who has trodden the stage of the American theater from coast to coast. Here is a fine actress dedicated to the highest ideals of her art, endeared to the hearts of hundreds of thousands of American playgoers."

Early in her own dramatic career Miss Bonstelle became a producer and manager, first in the East—in Northampton, Massachusetts, with Bertram Harrison; in Rochester, New York; and finally in Detroit where she established the Bonstelle Playhouse. Believing that America is ready for the real civic theater, owned and supported by the people, the citizens of Detroit, on July first of this year, completed a drive for two hundred thousand dollars, thus converting the Playhouse into the Detroit Civic Theater Foun-

"I honestly feel that whatever success I have had I owe to Jessie Bonstelle, who took the Lyon as a cub and with her lovable understanding and fine knowledge of the drama, taught him, with her other pupils, what he knows." —Ben Lyon

dation. On Broadway today are over forty of the younger actors and actresses who freely acknowledge their indebtedness to "Bonnie." As Miss Winifred Lenihan

of the New York Theater Guild has written: "Miss Bonstelle's stock company for years has been one of the finest schools for young actors. Her work seems to me the most worth while job in the theater today."

WHEN we stopped last month we were hovering over the train which was carrying Katherine Cornell and me to Buffalo. By the alchemy that permits a writer to brush aside walls and lower herself through ceilings, I invite you to enter the train with me. There we sat, I, much troubled for Kit was as blue as only Kit can be. She was a live, alert girl with a frank, eager, questioning face, and moods innumerable. You never knew where you would find Kit, but wherever she was, there you went with her. When she was buoyant you sat with her on little pink-tinted clouds and gloried in a wonderful



James Rennie, film celebrity



Mary Morris, Broadway actress



John Cromwell, producer



Winifred Lenihan, Guild actress



Ivah Wills Coburn



Catherine Calhoun Doucet

universe. When she was melancholy you went down into the dankest and darkest and slimiest of Sloughs of Despond. When she was uproarious you rocked with laughter. On this trip to Buffalo she was down, down, down. Thought of her father's disapproval had her by the throat. We arrived and rehearsal began. The play was *Cheating the Cheaters* and Kit was suffering agonies of self-consciousness so that she was awkward and ungainly. And she knew it. As soon as rehearsal was over she came to me and began to belabor herself.

"Bonnie, wasn't I awful?" she asked. "Did you ever see anyone so terrible? I can't act; I can't read; I can't do anything! Oh, what must the other members of the cast think of me?"

Right there I saw that this girl had to have unusual handling and I took drastic action.

"Oh, run along," I answered. "I hardly noticed what you did. The part isn't at all important. As for the company, I doubt if they thought about you at all. Don't you realize that they have parts of their own to worry about? Probably they never noticed you."

As Kit was in earnest and not talking for effect, she took this at its face value. At the next rehearsal she paid attention to the other actors, saw that they were having their troubles, forgot her own, and gave quite a nice portrayal of her part. For two years Kit played with me and rose to be leading woman. She served her apprenticeship by essaying many rôles, a boy of fourteen, a little deaf old lady of seventy, a gossip old maid from New England, a voluble Italian woman, a gushing ingénue. Then I was called to New York to stage *The Widow's Might* for Grace George. I took Kit with me to try her out in the second light comedy part. Miss George said that Kit should read the part and that she would listen from a back seat in the house. It was a rotten rehearsal as far as Kit went. To hear her you would have thought she had never spoken a line on any stage. She mumbled her words; she was, as she knew, terrible. After it was over Miss George came to me.

"Well, of course, Miss Cornell will not do at all," she said. "She has a little note of pathos" (poor Kit) "and she may have possibilities as an emotional actress. But she hasn't a grain of comedy in her."

Miss George, as our most exquisite comedienne, should have known, but I have always fought for my girls and I tried to tell her what Kit had done for me. She shook her head doubtfully. I went to find Kit. They told me that she had handed back the part and disappeared. It was two hours after that that I got news by phoning one of her school friends.

Kit, she said, had walked to Fifth Avenue sprinkling the pavement with her hot tears. Then she had taken a bus to her friend's.

"Kit says to tell you, Miss Bonnie," the girl reported, "that she is not an actress and never will be. And she knows we have a big car in Washington, D. C. which we want here, and she just went off and said she would hop a train and drive it back."

Kit did just that, breaking all the speed laws on her return. Miss George and I were distressed about the matter and we decided that Kit should try a part in Mr. Brady's company which was playing *The Man Who Came Back*. This was to go on tour and Laura Walker did not want to leave New York. When Kit came back I urged her to try it. She finally agreed. While at her third rehearsal word came that Miss Walker was ill.

This was just before the matinee. That afternoon Kit went on in the part. She did so well that she played

the remainder of the season in New York. Later I put on *The Ruined Lady* for Miss George for a tryout just before going to my summer engagements at Buffalo and Detroit. I cast Kit for a light comedy part and she was fine at rehearsal until she learned that Miss George was coming to our opening at Poughkeepsie when she immediately got panicky.

"Oh Bonnie," she said, "Miss George doesn't think I can play comedy. I can never play the part before her."

"Nonsense," I retorted. "Don't take criticism personally. What applied to you then may not apply now."

Kit gave a delightful performance and both Miss George and Mr. Brady were enchanted. In the fall just before Kit sailed with me for the production of *Little Women* in London, Katherine and I met Miss George in a tea room where we were lunching. Miss George came to us and held out her hand most cordially.

"Miss Cornell," she said, "I made a statement about you that was all wrong. I said that you could not play comedy, but after seeing your performance in *The Ruined Lady* I take it all back and I am so glad that you are going to play Jo in London. I wish you every success and I know that you have



Robert Adams, one of the Lauries

hankies to "leave" occasions well knowing that she would send on everything they asked. Among her friends her pet name is "Gracious." Her art needs no words. There is no question as to her rank on the stage today. Having accomplished this detour with Grace, and an atrocious pun, I am going back to Katherine Cornell via the flight of *Little Women*.

Through all the years since the first production of the play in 1911 there had been talk of sending it to England. This is always an honor and when because of the World War our venture was indefinitely postponed, my disappointment was acute. But when the Armistice was signed, seven years after our first night, Mr. Brady asked

me to go to England and select and rehearse a company of English actors. I asked that Katherine might go with me. As usual, Katherine did not want to go and insisted she could not play Jo, and her father and Marian de Forest and I had to bully her into getting aboard ship.

"Bonnie, how did you ever stand me?" she asked when she visited the Playhouse last spring. "I remember that I whined and moped all the way across. I didn't like the idea of being the only American in an English cast. Every time you tried to cheer me up I would gloomily prophesy:

"I'm going to ruin this for you!" I admit that Kit was not inspiring company, but as you may have guessed I loved her dearly and I knew that recognition in England meant going ahead for her. Arrangements had been made for an opening in Manchester, and I was to select the cast through the office of and with the cooperation of Mr. William Holles. There were so many English actors [Turn to page 125]



The dramatizer of "Little Women"

Anthony Holles, English player, who was another Laurie

a big future before you."

And Kit's heart and mine sang a little duet of triumphant happiness.

As Grace George has thus naturally taken her part in this tale, I want to ask Katherine to step aside for a few moments. Sometimes I think there is no one upon the stage who has been more greatly misjudged

GATE MARKED PRIVATE

by Ethel M. Dell

Illustrated by JOSEPH SIMONT



PRETTY Rosemary and her aunt Bobby, whom she exactly resembles, live on a tiny rented English farm, but an aura of better days hangs about them. The aunt works hard to support her niece and her own older sister. The big farm next them is owned by Silas Hickory, whom, because he is apparently only a farmer, Rosemary hates for daring to be in love with her aunt. To drive him away she shows him the picture of a handsome officer in an old album and tells him this is the man her aunt has loved for years. Because of her rudeness to Silas she and Bobby quarrel, so much so that Rosemary decides defiantly to go to a forbidden party with the son of a neighbor. It is a fancy dress ball, and she goes in a wedding gown she found in the attic of the farm. At the dance she meets a man who seems to recognize her, and whom she recognizes as the handsome officer in the album. He tells her that she is without doubt really her supposed aunt's daughter, and there must have been some secret love affair which was the reason for Bobby sending him away long ago. He asks her to go away with him since she feels after so terrible a revelation she can never go back home again. Bobby has a serious breakdown when she learns the news of the runaway, and only Silas' determined love keeps her grasp on life. Rosemary meantime is in Italy, unhappy, with Dick Dynamo who treats her as if she were his ward. Also in Italy, coming nearer daily, is a boy from home, known as the Old Bean, who loves her.

Part IV

ROSEMARY wandering on in the sunshine, watching the sea so vividly blue that it seemed it could not be real, came slowly to the deeper understanding that had been coming to her since this morning at the wayside cross. So far she had thought only of herself, she realized with shame. In her wild dash for freedom, nothing else had mattered. She had suffered, but her action had caused far greater suffering to Aunt Bobby, the beloved, who had sacrificed everything for her! It was harder in that moment to think of Aunt Bobby's pain than her own, but she found herself compelled to think. And this, though she knew it not, was the first definite upward step she had ever taken. Self-reproach followed swiftly and overwhelmingly, and presently she was stumbling blindly among the rocks, heedless of direction, conscious only of the one lacerating thought that Aunt Bobby—her beloved, her darling—had suffered and was still suffering through her.

Later—how much later she did not know—she suddenly knew that the message for which she had been subconsciously waiting ever since the morning had come to her, and she must obey. It was the only thing that she had said she could not do—the only thing that made her shrink with a scorching sense of shame; but it had been laid upon her, and she would not turn aside. She lifted her face to the sky that had begun to turn golden.

"I will do it," she said, and her voice was clear and steadfast. "I will go back."

The relief of having made that decision was greater than anything she had ever known. And though she knew not how it was to be accomplished, the will to accomplish was hers.

Her companion would probably be angry, but she faced that possibility without a falter. Whatever he did or said, she would not be deterred.

She had wandered much further than she had realized, and already the chill of sunset was in the air. The sun was sinking rapidly toward the horizon. The shore looked deeply black.

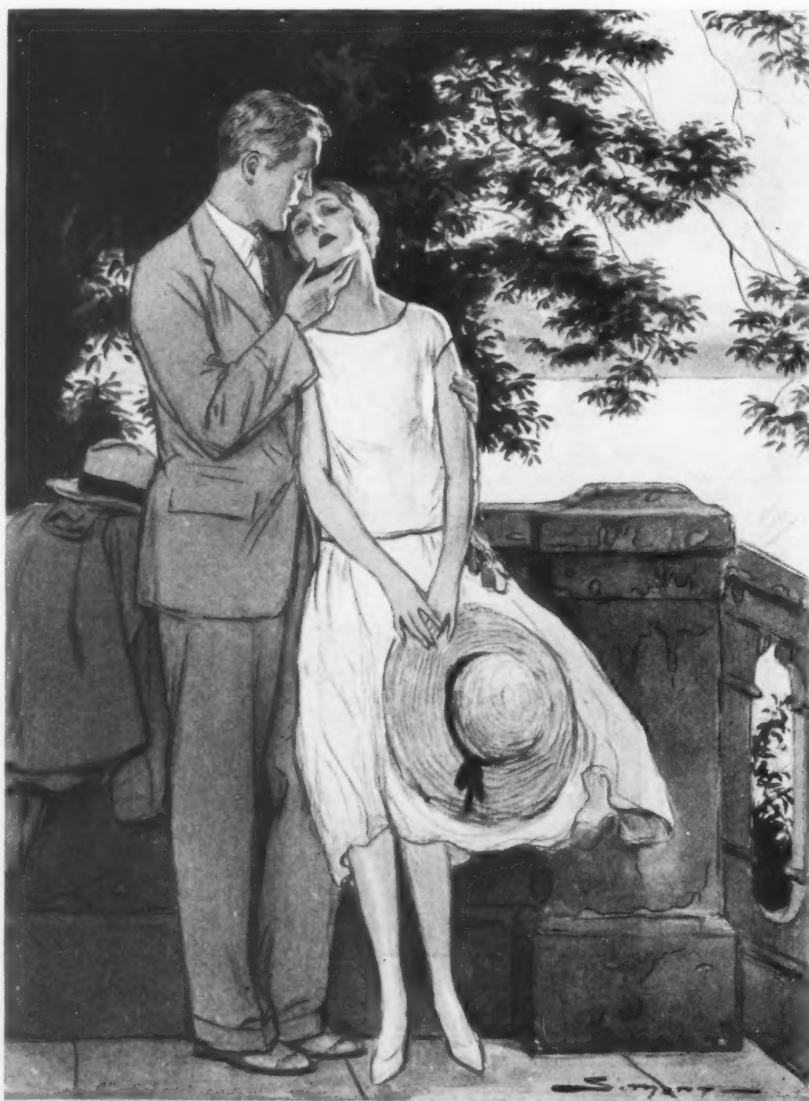
She quickened her steps. It

would be dark before she reached the hotel. She had never been out alone so late during their travels.

The way back seemed endless, the curve of the shore interminable. The sun dipped lower and sank. A cold wind swept up from the west and Rosemary had the sudden scared feeling of a lost child. What if return were made impossible for her? What if she were condemned to wander forever in a world from which all the sunshine had been withdrawn? But away in the distance ahead of her, a star began to shine, and she took courage again.

The gloom became darkness as she drew near the steps to the hotel garden, and broke into a run over the last few yards, while the wind was wailing eerily along the beach.

Midway up the steps she stopped, with caught breath and wildly throbbing heart. There at the gate above her, dimly discernible, stood a figure.



"No one shall ever touch a hair of your precious head"

It was not Dick Dynamo; of that she was practically certain. Yet she had the impression that it was someone who was waiting for her. Who could it be?

She mounted step by step until she reached the last. And still the figure above her stood quite motionless, waiting for her.

"Are you wanting anything?" she said. "Are you waiting for me?"

She spoke in English intuitively. And at once a voice replied in English—a calm, deliberate voice that sent all the blood to her heart in a rush.

"Yes, I was waiting for you," it said. "I came to take you home."

"Good gracious!" gasped Rosemary, and nearly fell backward in her astonishment. "It's the Old Bean!"

A big hand came out and grasped her, pulling her safely through the gate. "Yes, it's me," said the Old Bean superfluously and somewhat grimly. "And now we'll go back."

She stood before him speechlessly, and they remained facing one another while the wind swept the shore below and an incongruous scent of roses wafted down from the garden above.

It was so like the Old Bean, she thought later, not to ask her what she was doing in that strange place, merely to announce his intention of taking her back. It dawned on her, as she stood there, that he probably meant to carry out that intention with her consent or without it, so uncompromising was his attitude. He was not an imaginative person, and she hoped that he had not fully realized her discomfiture. She made a determined effort to cover it.

"How clever of you to find me!" she said.

"It was rather," said the Old Bean. "I've had a considerable hunt."

"Where are you staying?" she asked.

"I'm putting up at this place," he said with a nod towards the hotel. "Got here last night."

"But why didn't we meet before?" she asked puzzled.

"I kept out of your way," he explained. "I wanted to find out something."

Somehow that pierced her; she felt herself tingle all over. "What did you want to find out?" she demanded.

He did not answer, and she found his silence unbearable.

"I suppose you wanted to know if I'm still respectable or not!" she flung at him, standing fiercely upright as one braced for attack.

"No," said the Old Bean quietly. "I just wanted to know if you were married yet."

She caught her breath; it was like a stab through the heart. "I'm not then!" she declared with a kind of fiery vehemence that seemed to consume her altogether. "So now you know!"

"Thank you," said the Old Bean courteously. "I am glad to know."

"Why?" she stormed, finding his calmness intolerable. "Why are you glad? What business is it of yours?"

She was quivering from head to foot as she asked the question.

And then to her utter amazement, he broke in upon her turmoil with a quiet remark that completely altered the trend of her thoughts.

"If you ask me," he said, "I should say it wasn't anyone's business but mine. But you may think otherwise."

"How can you possibly pretend it is your business?" she said. "You are only a friend after all."

"Yes, exactly that," said the Old Bean, with absolute simplicity. "And that's why I've come to take you home."

"Oh!" said Rosemary, "but I was coming in any case. I mean, I'd decided to go back."

He accepted [Turn to page 96]

THE ARMY'S ON THE MOVE

*Tramp, tramp, tramp, the boys are marching
—but not leaving their girls behind them*

By Mary Peyton

I WAS leaving my home. The only home on the big round globe I could really call my own. How deeply rooted in it I was, though we had occupied these government quarters in an army post only a scant year and a half! In following the flag of our country for seventeen years, however, where else had I lived in one place longer than eighteen months? But now again the army, or my particular part of it, was on the move, and again I was being uprooted.

And loath I was to go! It was a dear home, one to cherish. Even though a Lieutenant husband "ranked" the sunless side of the double-quarters, the aged furnace smoked outrageously, and in the other half of the house Captain M—'s temperamental wife often selected three o'clock of a morning to compose weird musical phrases on a cracked piano. Even though a harassed Quartermaster had never got round to kalsomining the bizarre walls of a former occupant's whimsey; mahogany in dining room, Turkish red in living room, shrimp-pink, robin's-egg blue and mustard yellow, respectively, in the bedrooms. (I shall always believe that this very house determined the Quartermaster Department to do away decisively with all individual notions as to color, and henceforward make every wall in every army post a uniform *cafe au lait*.)

Small, dark, sooty, poorly arranged was that house, yet I loved it.

"I wouldn't live in the army for anything on earth!" a woman in civil life stated with fervor not long ago. "Give up my permanent home, my garden that Grandmother planted as a bride? Give up my *things*? Never! My dear, I don't see how you stand it, I really don't."

But, I tried to explain, the moment quarters were assigned us, that moment we were at home. As much so as the Colonial mansion on the James River is home to one whose ancestor was given the original land-grant in 1645. If we do not always stay long enough to enjoy the flower and fruit of seeds we have planted, have we not the fun of sowing them and often the thrill of the first pale shoots? Moreover, we plant not only for ourselves, but also for that part of our great, closely-bound army family who moves in after us.

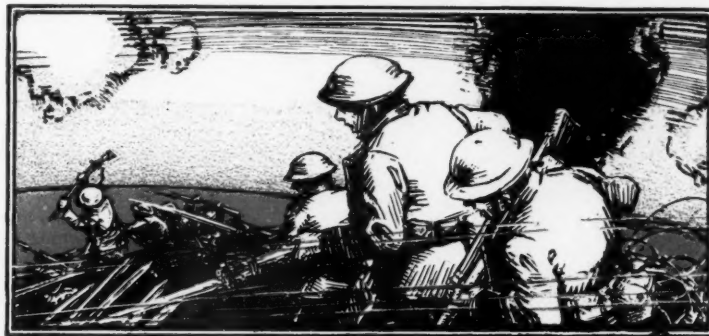
As for possessions of our own, those "things" my friend from civil life could not bear to give up accumulating and treasuring, we too have them. Not grand ones often, nor many, on account of limited pay and the demolition of frequent and lengthy moves. But a Nagasaki incense burner may exhale fascinating memories from its bronze lotus petals, the cup of carved bamboo hold an exotic echo of Samar, and a crude Eskimo basket carry recollections of a strange Fourth of July in Nome when snow-flakes filled the air.

But now—with one particular move in mind—all our Lares and Penates are packed and down on the wharf being loaded. This June day, sparkling with sunshine and excitement, our battalion of the regiment will be on its way to station in Alaska. Reluctantly we must leave one of the most desirable posts in the service, with its bordering blue Puget Sound, snow-

capped Olympics, and magnificent forests of redwood and madrone, wild syringa and rose and spiraea. We must say good-by to close friends, the hardest wrench of all, nor appreciably mitigated by the possibility of serving together again in years to come.

A heart-twisting day . . . But when the Reveille gun exploded into a tremendous "Boom-m-m!" and the buglers blared shrilly, "You can't get 'em up, you can't get 'em up," I jumped out of my army cot like a seasoned fireman to the clang of his alarm. The army's on the move! And though I had gone through the business of changing station many, many times as an army wife, somehow it had never lost its own peculiar thrill. And like an actor who has played the same part seven-hundred and seventy times, I, too, arose to mine.

We were to sail at noon. That meant hustling every moment till we left. Breakfast cooked on the old army coal range whose drafts went wrong at every party, coffee drunk from broken cups, eggs oversalted perhaps with tears that wouldn't stay put—there was that friend down the "line" who might get well, and might not, and one could not wait behind to see . . .



TEN YEARS AFTER

BY JOSEPH AUSLANDER

*In Flanders and in France the poppies bloom
Blood-bright; and from the crimson pits where hell
Roared his red laughter golden bees resume
Their dark industrial bass; and like a bell
Of silver flame the lark shakes heaven down;
Wheels turn; the harvests burst the bins apart;
The dead men have their sleep and their renown;
And peace broods with her hand upon her heart.*

*We strap wings to our shoulders, plot the poles,
Lift living voices from the air, explore,
Build, break, rebuild, drive bargains, sell our souls,
Call in our loans and calculate the war . . .
Ten years ago we gave the heart's red stuff;
Ten years ago we could not give enough.*

Here were soldiers to bundle last night's blankets into the bedding-roll, to be unrolled next on a foreign shore. Every bit of trash must be swept out the house, every corner clean, or the Colonel might dispatch after us a severe, meaningful official letter. And here was the brisk, business-like sergeant to check up property. Good Heavens! What *had* become of one poker, stove and one bucket, G. I. signed for on memorandum receipt? Always something to pay for, every move!

Friends running in at the last moment. Every one talking.

"Mrs. Jones put her baby to sleep in an empty packing-box last night, and she says the darling never peeped. With her other five distributed about the post, she didn't like to ask for the loan of a crib, and anyway they were probably all full. Poor woman, she says she's positively gone addle-pated, trying to move with all that gang of youngsters."

"Heard about little Bobby Brown? Measles, my dear. No, of course, they won't let Mrs. Brown take him on the transport. And all their things are packed and on board. And Captain Brown hasn't a single day's leave coming to him, so he has to go on. But we'll take Mrs. Brown and Bobby in . . ."

Another's laughing voice—with a catch in it: "You clumsy! Here, let me mend that for you. It may be a long time before—"

And now a husband rushes in, anxious-browed, but with a flicker of excitement in his soldier's eyes. "Ready? Well, for Pete's sake! No, not even *one* minute to gather a few last flowers—never mind, you can raise some more where we're going . . . Cats in the crates? You'd think our battalion was a traveling menagerie—Stone kid's taking his billy-goat and pet squirrel. But of all things, carrying a bunch of cats to Alaska!"

Yes, of all things, for Patricia, the orange Persian, has forgotten she is a thoroughbred, and so have all three of her kittens. Such yowls! Such frantic clawings! Toby, the little mongrel dog, dressed up in new collar and leash for the move, is the one who acts with gentility.

The conduct of Polly, the aged parrot, is just fair.

All ready, now. Before the day of automobiles, a Dougherty wagon is at the door and we climb in. Countless equipages of this kind, we recall, have transported countless army families across plains, over mountains, through deep rivers, in days gone by.

A soldier driver cracks his whip at the four sleek mules. We're off! But oh! the little dear house left up on the hill, that friend standing on the side walk, waving, laughing through tears.

At last, the dock. A transport alongside, swarming with soldiers. We watch household goods being loaded. There goes some of our stuff, our books that it took forever to pack because one just *had*, every move, to open favorite volumes and enjoy them all over again.—The regimental band starts a lively tune.

A piano-case, belonging to Mrs. H—who practices conscientiously three hours every day, hangs from a crane in mid-air. Undoubtedly, its net-sling has a huge hole in one corner. Horrors, the hole is spreading! But before anyone can reach the donkey-engine to stop the massacre, the sling parts, and the [Turn to page 92]



Lord Grey,
astute diplomat

WHAT'S GOING ON IN THE WORLD

THE WORLD EVENT OF THE MONTH

Peace Perhaps

By LORD GREY
First Viscount of Fallodon, K. G.

THERE are times in human affairs when a benign influence and times when a sinister influence seems to be at work. Before the war it was a sinister influence, an ominous clash of arms seemed to be in the air; one crisis in international affairs followed another; the respite that came after each was always broken by some unforeseen and untoward event. Europe oscillated to the catastrophe of the Great War.

The war ended, but the peace was singularly unfortunate. I write not of its merits or its demerits, but of its misfortune.

One of the objects of the Peace Conference was to secure France against the potential future power of Germany. The Treaty of Versailles was by the admissions of its authors not adequate for this purpose. There were added therefore the Franco-American and Franco-British Treaties to guarantee France. These two treaties came to naught and with their disappearance the bottom seemed to be knocked out of French security.

The great ideal of the Peace was future world peace. This took the form of the League of Nations. Men hoped that the Covenant would succeed; they also doubted whether it would achieve that ideal, which had so often been advocated and never yet attained. While hopes and doubts about the success of the League of Nations were thus in balance, the United States decided not to become a member of the League. It seemed as if this blow must be fatal. The United States would have been materially the most powerful and politically the most stable influence in the Council of the League. Without this influence would the League ever have sufficient authority in action or stability in international council?

Up to this point it seemed as if the efforts of those who were framing the peace after the war were to be wrecked by misfortune and failure as certainly as the efforts made to maintain peace before the war. Up to this point all was going wrong. Then a change set in; another and a benign influence seemed to be at work. We did not know exactly how or when it began; but gradually we became aware that things were moving in a favorable direction.

At first it was doubtful whether great ministers of state would attend to represent their countries on the Council and in the Assembly of the League. Presently it was seen not only that the highest official persons were going to Geneva, but it was felt to be a matter of course that they would go, so important had the League become.

There was however more than this. It became apparent that at Geneva the various Ministers for Foreign Affairs could meet and talk freely with each other; could meet on impartial ground without the reserves between themselves and without arousing outside the sensitiveness and the suspicions that were the accompaniments of such meetings in old days. This was an indirect, but very valuable outcome of the League. It impressed us all the more favorably because it was something that had not been directly foreseen or

planned. Then we were presented with the accomplished facts of the Treaty of Locarno and of Germany's entry into the Council of the League. Here indeed was a quick change from the aspect which international affairs had presented during the occupation of the Ruhr!

This made some of us ask ourselves, whether after all the failure of the Franco-American and Franco-British Treaties of Protection had really been a misfortune. In making these Treaties, were not the victors of 1918 following the precedent set by the victors after 1870? Were they not making [Turn to page 108]

The Aftermath of the Armistice

By COL. EDWARD M. HOUSE

AS time recedes it becomes less easy to realize the turmoil the world was in ten years ago. It may well be that the future historian will consider 1918 the most eventful year of the twentieth century. It was then that the fortunes of all the belligerent na-

tions involved in the Great War were in the balance. A wrong turn here or there would have overthrown the equilibrium of the warring states, and precipitated the disaster which lurked in many directions.

When the tide turned, Bulgaria was the first to give way, and then Imperial Germany sued for an armistice on the basis of the Fourteen and subsequent Points.

But in the making of the Treaty of Versailles another story must be told. Small nations as well as large were insistent upon their rights to a share of the spoils. Races suppressed for centuries laid claim to nationalization under the promise of self-determination.

The long, and in many ways disastrous, years since 1918 have proved the necessity for the League. Crippled as it is by the shortsighted policy of the Nation upon whose insistence it was created, it moves steadily onward to its ultimate goal, the substitution of conferences, compromises and arbitration for war. It was the League that indirectly led to the Locarno Pact, the pact that has made the longest step forward toward peace excepting the League itself.

And now comes the United States with its proposal for a multilateral treaty renouncing war as a means of settling international disputes. If this treaty is negotiated and finally ratified by the Senate, much will be forgiven the United States for the long delay in offering a helping hand toward the abolition of war.

With the League of Nations functioning as it is, with the Locarno Pact and with the prospect of the multilateral treaty renouncing war, the outlook today is more promising for world peace than ever before.

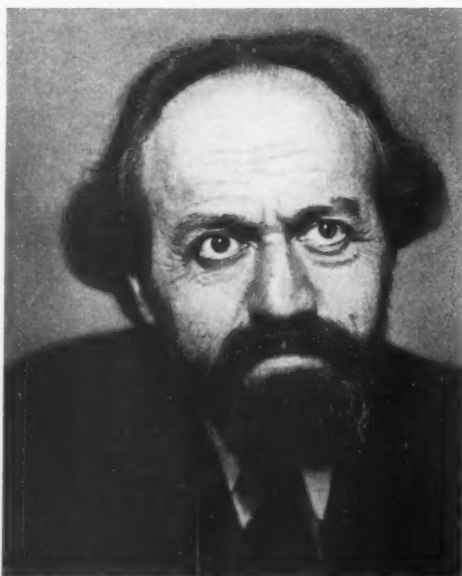
THE MUSICAL EVENT OF THE MONTH

Wanted: American Composers - Reward Offered

REVIEWED BY DEEMS TAYLOR

ONE interesting phenomenon of the present American musical scene has been the sudden outbreak of competitions offering substantial money prizes for original musical works. We seem to have decided, all of a sudden, that the traditional threadbare composer starving in his garret was an anachronism; that, since a century of neglect and financial hardship had failed to develop a native school of musical geniuses, we would see what could be accomplished by giving the struggling American Mozart a chance to cease struggling and pay his room rent.

Not that prize-giving is altogether a novelty with us. For years the National Federation of Musical Clubs has been holding biennial competitions for American works. As long ago as 1910 the Metropolitan Opera Company awarded \$10,000 for an American opera; and a host of smaller prizes are offered and awarded every year by various musical societies and foundations. But the present epoch, in which two competitions



Courtesy of Musical America

Ernest Bloch, composer

offer prizes aggregating \$45,000 is a record-breaker.

One of these, which has already been widely discussed, was the international competition held by the Columbia Phonograph Company, in which the civilized world was divided into ten zones, the winner in each zone receiving a prize of \$1,000 and the best of the ten prize-winners receiving an additional grand prize of \$10,000. As originally announced, the prizes were offered for the best ending of Schubert's "Unfinished" Symphony, but the comments of the musical world were so pointedly unkind that the sponsors beat a strategic retreat and invited works "in the spirit of Franz Schubert." Thus amended, the competition evoked a wide response and has been, presumably, an immense success. Seventy-one compositions were entered in the American zone alone; 60 in the German, 62 in the Austrian, and 58 in the British. The grand prize was awarded to Kurt Atterburg, conductor of the Stockholm Orchestra, for his symphony in C major.

Nearly three years ago the magazine *Musical America* announced a competition for a symphony or orchestral work of corresponding dimensions by an American composer, the first prize being \$3,000. Time passed, the magazine changed hands, and the judges, all of them orchestral conductors, were scattered over the four corners of the country. The new owners, administering their unruly legacy, finally managed to convene their jury by telegraph and cable, and announced the prize-winner early last summer: Ernest Bloch, of San Francisco, born in Switzerland and since several years an American citizen. Mr. Bloch's work, a symphonic poem entitled *America*, has a program based on passages from Walt Whitman. It will be played this winter by the New York Philharmonic and other orchestras.

The latest of these competitions has just been announced by the Victor Talking Machine Company, who offer a prize of \$25,000 for an orchestral work of the symphonic type. An interesting break with tradition, however, is the fact that the company also offers prizes of \$10,000 and \$5,000 for the best concert compositions "within the playing scope of the American dance, jazz, or popular concert orchestra." Except for Walter Damrosch's courageous act in commissioning George Gershwin to write a jazz concerto for the New York Symphony Orchestra, this is the only other instance, to my knowledge, of a musical organization's taking official notice of the merits of America's most distinctive school of musical composition.

THE PLAY OF THE MONTH

Strange Interlude

REVIEWED BY
STARK YOUNG

THERE are many reasons why the most complete success of the season, in the larger sense that includes both the artistic and financial, has been Eugene O'Neill's *Strange Interlude*; some of these reasons are clear enough.

In the first place *Strange Interlude* has a deep and complex appeal. It illustrates once again what has been true of Eugene O'Neill from his very earliest work: his quality is fundamentally poetic. The impression you get from his writing is sometimes brutal, and has passed very often with the critic and the public for violent realism; but it is easy to see, if you look closely, that this effect at its roughest is only a lyric use of realistic detail. *Strange Interlude* rests first of all on intensity and vividness of emotion. We get a deep sense of the writer himself. Beneath Eugene O'Neill's work at its most moving moments there is a sense of personal impulse and poignancy that binds many people to him and makes them his champions, even at times against their better judgments. This strong poignancy constantly appears in *Strange Interlude*. The degree to which his dramatic material arouses his humanity of feeling, and the excitement he feels over his themes,



Thomas Meighan, Marie Prevost and Louis Wolheim

color the entire drama with a poetic glow and draws a kind of passionate attention from the audiences that crowd to see his play.

In its story, its technique, the mere length of time required to play it, *Strange Interlude* is novel; and this element of novelty is promoted by the dramatist with a true showman's instinct. The story depicts the life of a woman whose lover died in the Great War. She has not married him nor given herself to him before he went away, so that now she might possess him forever in her soul and body, and might have his child beside her. Her life begins in the world of other men.



Bishop
McConnell

The plot is too complex for any brief telling; we can only say that in Nina's relations to the four men in her life are bound up the complexities of all life and all women. The plot winds in and out, through birth and death and change, till the end, when Nina and the friend remain, weary, longing only for peace and companionship.

Strange Interlude is an experience of rare intellectual and lyric excitement, of great variety in its characters and motives, of great technical courage, and of the will to make of our theater something more significant and alive.



Judith Anderson as Nina

DIRECTED BY LEWIS MILESTONE
REVIEWED BY ROBERT E. SHERWOOD

THE process of "de-bunking," which goes on at such a terrific rate in our current novels, short stories, essays and plays, is almost never seen on the screen. The makers of movies, apparently, are anxious to avoid any journalistic exposures of current forms

of hypocrisy, on the grounds, of course, that such exposures would undoubtedly offend a few of the millions upon whom the silent drama depends for its patronage. A film producer can't afford to offend anyone.

When Bartlett Cormack's play, *The Racket*, was announced for production on the screen, many of us jumped to the conclusion that it would be radically revised in the course of adaptation. For here was a play that spoke right out, fearlessly and violently, on the subject of corrupt politics in an Amer- [Turn to page 124]

THE SERMON OF THE MONTH

The Next Step For The Church

BY BISHOP FRANCIS J. MCCONNELL

REVIEWED BY
REV. JOSEPH FORT NEWTON, LIT. D.

BISHOP McConnell, who was recently transferred from the Pittsburgh to the New York area of the Methodist Church, has a place all his own in American religious life. He is one of the prophetic leaders of Christian thought in America.

"The next step for the Church," states Bishop McConnell, "is to make a definite place for the moral prophet. There never will be a great number of prophets in the church at any one time. Few souls are made for prophecy. All the more reason, then, why we should deliberately make room for the genuine prophet when he appears. A prophet is a moral genius, and genius has a way of reporting itself present, and of making itself heard. The only question is whether the prophets will get their hearing inside or outside of the Church."

"Some of us," Bishop McConnell continues frankly, "would like to see the prophets take in hand a fresh protest against the smug adjustment of the Church to the standards of the world. It is all very well to talk of erasing the line between the sacred and the secular; but wearing our Sunday clothes every day comes at last to wearing our everyday clothes on Sunday. The prophet will have nothing to do with the pragmatic idea that practical success is a test of truth. He knows that many things are successful practically and rotten morally. Just now we hear much about self-expression for the purpose of self-realization. We need the stinging irony of the prophet, who wants to know which self it is we are expressing."

Here are plain and wise words by a Bishop who is also a prophet, and they need to be heard and heeded from end to end of the land, by people of all religious communions. Such thinking makes us thank God for a prophet who is also a great and beloved Bishop.

THE FILM OF THE MONTH

The Racket



Thrills of a Lifetime in Twelve New Books

IT is not difficult for any reader to choose a dozen thrillers from the fall list. But the question of a book's exciting quality is an individual one. Thus a simple account of the operation of a machine gun might thrill a lad whose head is bent on military matters, and never draw a flicker of interest from a hotel proprietor near Cicero, Illinois. Yet some things are safe for excitement. All books of the sea contain thrills, perhaps because the sea is the one domain that man has not yet subjected to push-button control. Old books of the sea are infallibly exciting.



Stephen Benét

One such volume has been resurrected after a hundred years of obscurity. It is Captain Theodore Canot's *Adventures of an African Slaver*. The title itself carries every implication of excitement. A slave-ship, a dark continent, a nefarious practice, a sea-change and, above all, a sea-fight leap out to greet the reader's expectant eye. Captain Canot writes, through translation by Malcolm Cowley, in dripping sentences. "The Dane miscalculated the range of our guns," he says, "and his grape fell short of my schooner, while our snarling sixes made sad havoc with his bulwarks and his rigging." Captain Canot gives in painstaking detail all the business incident to the capture and sale of negroes. His work is probably the most hideous yet devised by man and his book unquestionably one of the thrillers of all time.

Captain Canot is only a prelude to the excitement of a book following directly upon the consequences of the African slave trade, a book called *John Brown's Body*. This latter work is a long story of the War of Secession done into verse by Stephen Vincent Benét. It is a tale of thrilling incidents, but the quality of many poetic passages in it engenders an excitement and an emotional thralldom incomparable when mere books of adventure are considered. Captain Canot's grievous trade in men, and his harrowing narrative of his ventures, led to the gun-shattered terrain of Virginia. Mr. Benét has contrived a masterpiece in his narration of the struggles brought about by the grandchildren of the Slaver's victims. For sheer poetic excitement, for emotional stress, and for narrative interest, *John Brown's Body* is a book apart from the season's crop.

THE quality of interest a reader brings to a book may determine his satisfaction more than the author's own devices to appease a thirst excitement. Thus a woman named Estelline Bennett, whose father was a magistrate in old Deadwood in the Black Hills, sets down her childhood memories of America's most violent scene and the reader has only to furnish her picture with action to find himself disputing with gamblers for the favors of dancehall prima donnas. *Old Deadwood Days* profits by a woman's delineation of it. The overheard conversation that a child half comprehends, concerning the latest sudden death in Deadwood is better fare

than the same incident supplied by a grinning biographer of his fellow men.

Restraint is the chief characteristic of Llewelyn Powys, who writes a biography of *Henry Hudson*. Once again the sea is the field of action and the little Dutchman who sought a northwest passage three hundred years before Captain Sir George Hubert Wilkins flew from Point Barrow to Spitzbergen is given his first American reckoning. Once again the reader is harrowed, this time freezing slowly in the little yawl with the immortal Hudson, as the Half Moon mutineers drop the mainsail hull down upon the horizon, while captain and reader are left to perish with their dreams upon the shores of Hudson Bay.

Blair Niles condemns us to a suffering in a warmer climate. She has done a biography of an unknown convict sentenced to life imprisonment in the Penal Colony in French Guiana. The book is called *Condemned to Devil's Island*. It brings us up with a shock. This is no last century's thrill being injected into our marrows. Mrs. Niles is a contemporary, an American woman who made an expedition to Devil's Island and on the ground selected her material to tell the story of convicts there dispassionately, apprais-



Blair Niles

ingly. The book has a dramatic quality given to few works by travelers.

We grow lugubrious. It is better to turn to a writer who never fails to entertain and cheer, though invariably with murderous material. Mr. Edmund Pearson, the nonpareil of all crime writers, is represented in a volume with the unassuming title, *Five Murders*. Somehow, Mr. Pearson in administering strict justice to his victims, gives us a sense of innocent merriment and moral well-being that enables us to attend the executions with down-right goodwill. It matters little that we forget Mrs. Small, who was stuffed in the stove. It is Frederick Small, who stuffed her, that cajoles our tastes. We follow Mr. Pearson from the first introduction until the last sinner has spoken to his friends and has mounted the scaffold. He shuns the tricks of the novelist and is content with facts.

Mr. John Biggs, Jr., is more or less new to the scenes of crime, but he has attracted the attention of all with his thriller, *Seven Days Whipping*, a story of psychological crime that has its roots deep in Stevenson. Mr. Biggs has a power of conjuring sheer terror that will keep us all awake. His hero, a superior court

judge, is subjected to an astonishing series of adventures in the town of Wilmington, Delaware, during which he kills an Indian that may be said not to have existed until the judge killed him. Those who take their murders with a grain of superstition will be saturated with excitement in *Seven Days Whipping*.

There is always good red meat in pirates. Usually those aids to sleeplessness are found wandering in the Carribean. Mr. George Whycherley shifts the field in *Buccaneers of the Pacific*, and supplies monographs of his heroes in a scholarly manner, making the volume a requisite for connoisseurs of sea poltroonery. There are two score illustrations in the volume, chiefly made up from old prints. The gentlemen themselves range from noble Sir Francis Drake to the rogue who marooned Robinson Crusoe.

AND lest you should believe romance dead there is a novel going the rounds called *Perishable Goods* by an Englishman named Dornford Yates that actually imprisons a beautiful lady in a remote castle in Austria. The novel is told in the first person—the "I" happens to be hopelessly in love with the imprisoned girl. A new twist of the girl-and-castle story lies in the fact that a woman named Rose is the head of a gang of international villains causing all the trouble.

It is curious how sometimes the story of a really tough man fails to radiate that toughness. Mr. George Creel has recently done a biography, *Sam Houston, Colossus in Buckskin* that fails to impart to this extraordinary man the glamour that certainly surrounded him. Here was a man that pulled an arrow from his breast and yet returned to hand-to-hand conflict in battle; who knew all the sorrows of love and war, whose name is a synonym for Texan courage, and yet Mr. Creel makes a political tract of his life. It is difficult to replenish his biography with imagination.

For imagination, one can always fall back upon James Stephens. A volume of his stories under the title *Etched In Moonlight* contains all his charm and all his capacity for taking infinite pains to stir the reader, the title story being a masterpiece of witchery and terror.

There is great plenty among the thrillers this season, and by far the most natural account of thrilling days is in Mr. Arthur Walden's autobiography of *A Dog-Puncher on the Yukon*. Mr. Walden has won many a dog derby since he first began carrying Alaskan mail in 1896 and his straightforward and unassuming account of his adventures is filled with spectacular color

and keen observation on life. In 1896, two years before the big rush to the Klondike, Mr. Walden went into the Yukon region, working as a dog-team freighter from Chilkoot Pass to the Yukon, to Circle City and to Dawson, and later to all the boom towns brought into existence by the gold strike. Wherever he went he took with him a cool, human philosophy which he has transferred to his book. [Turn to page 124]



Edmund Pearson



John Biggs, Jr.



The most delicious vegetable soup you ever tasted!

FIFTEEN of the finest vegetables that grow, all blended in this one appetizing, tempting, substantial soup! Every hot, invigorating spoonful adding to your contentment and revealing to your taste the skill of master soup-chefs!

Baby lima beans of the most enticing flavor. Dainty little peas, sweet and nourishing. Sweet corn which is the aristocrat of the fields. Ruddy, luscious tomatoes, sun-ripened on the vines. Chantenay carrots, white potatoes and sweet potatoes, specially selected to meet the Campbell's standard of quality. Snow-white celery. Choice turnips and cabbage.

Okra, sweet red peppers, parsley fresh every day from our own farms, a touch of onion and leek to heighten the flavor. Fine pearl barley and alphabet macaroni. Strength-giving broth. All of these—and more—are in every plateful of Campbell's Vegetable Soup, for it takes thirty-two different ingredients to make the best vegetable soup!

This soup, with its ideal combination of vegetables, cereals, broth and condiments is the wholesome kind of food from which good health and bodily vigor are built. Usually in the home kitchen, the water in which vegetables are boiled is thrown away. Yet that water has absorbed mineral salts valuable in building bone and muscle and tissue. In the making of soup, these salts are retained in abundant strength and, of course, they are especially rich in Campbell's



Vegetable Soup, with its fifteen different vegetables. How often do you serve vegetable soup on your table? Do you fully realize what a useful dish it is?

For luncheon or supper, Campbell's Vegetable Soup is an ideal dish—so filling that often you will want very little else—so welcome to the appetite—so easily served that you are grateful for the time and trouble it saves you. At dinner it provides a generous portion of the needed nourishment, again making your task that much simpler.

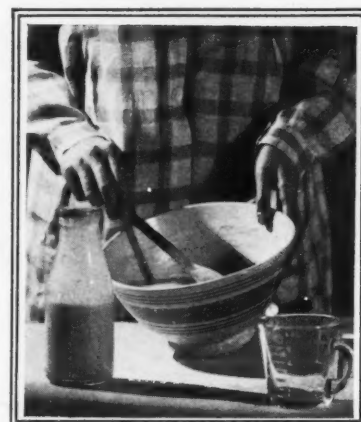
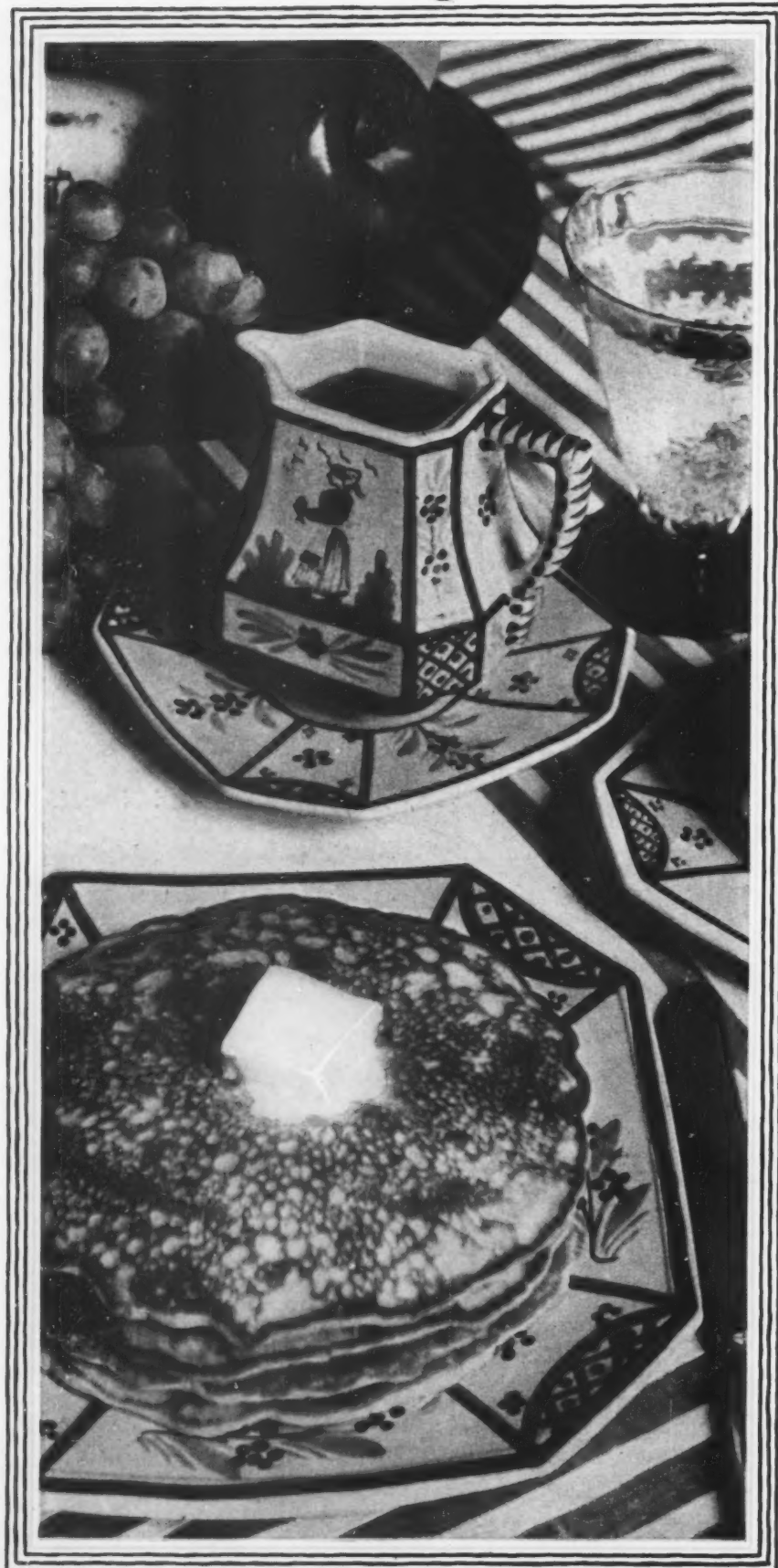
And the children! What a problem they often present to the mother so anxious that their food shall give the most benefit! Let them eat often, and freely, this most healthful of foods. Campbell's Vegetable Soup contains, in a form easily digested and readily assimilated, nutrient elements which active young bodies require.

Campbell's kitchens offer to your table no less than twenty-one different kinds of soup—each the masterpiece of its kind. Read the full list on the Campbell's label. Then make your selections and go to your grocer. He has, or will gladly get for you, any Campbell's Soups you select. 12 cents a can.

And think of the convenience! All you have to do is add an equal quantity of water, bring to a boil and allow to simmer for a few minutes. Then the soup—hot, savory, delicious—is all ready for your table.

WITH THE MEAL OR AS A MEAL SOUP BELONGS IN THE DAILY DIET

A "knack" of mixing flours for unusual lightness in pancakes



SO EASY NOW to follow this old plantation recipe

LIGHTER, daintier pancakes—made by mixing four different flours! Fluffy plantation pancakes that literally melt in the mouth!

This old southern recipe has come as a welcome discovery to many women. It is a secret from the South before the Civil War—a special way of combining wheat flour with rice, rye, and corn flours.

Years ago the fame of these tender, fragrant pancakes with their wonderful flavor, spread far and wide among the plantations along the Mississippi River. But in those days only Aunt Jemima's master and his guests could have them. She would not reveal her recipe to a soul.

Today millions of good cooks are making those same pancakes, so unusually light and fluffy.

All ingredients ready-mixed

All of Aunt Jemima's ingredients—her four flours together with sugar, salt, milk and baking powder come *ready-mixed* just as she proportioned them, in Aunt Jemima Pancake Flour. So easy now! Just add a cup of milk (or water) to every cup of Aunt Jemima Pancake Flour—and stir.

A new tempting tenderness—a new wholesome lightness in the pancakes you give your family! And a matchless plantation flavor! Try Aunt Jemima's four flours—her entire recipe *ready-mixed* in Aunt Jemima Pancake Flour. Grocers have it.

We are often asked, "Are these stories of Aunt Jemima and her recipe really true?" They are based on documents found in the files of the earliest owners of the recipe. To what extent they are a mixture of truth, fiction and tradition, we do not know. The Aunt Jemima Mills Branch, Quaker Oats Company, Chicago and Peterborough, Canada



FREE—a chance to test this famous recipe

To get a free trial size package of Aunt Jemima Pancake Flour together with a recipe booklet giving many delightful suggestions for serving pancakes and waffles, just mail coupon

The Aunt Jemima Mills Branch, Quaker Oats Company, Dept. D-25, St. Joseph, Missouri.
Gentlemen: Please send free trial package Aunt Jemima Pancake Flour and recipe booklet.

Name.....
Address.....

*Training in
poise as well
as in music
cannot begin
too early*



Photo by Anne Shriver

What Music For The Pre-School Child?

MUSIC for children of pre-school age is for the most part either neglected or unwisely chosen. Modern public and private schools offer older children instruction which is planned to enhance their enjoyment of music, and, if possible, to equip them to make it themselves; yet the impressions of early years are so vital and so lasting, that the period of infancy is none too soon to lay the foundations of musical expression. According to some psychologists the melodies learned by a child before he is five years old are carried in his sub-conscious memory for his entire life. How important that these melodies be beautiful!

It is not the parents alone who have neglected the study of pre-school music. Educational authorities have written much and expounded many theories on the pre-school guidance of children, but little has been said about the musical side of this training. The Speyer School of Teachers College, Columbia University is carefully studying the responses of very small children to music, and the Nursery School of the Bureau of Educational Experiments, New York, has published a preliminary report of its experiments with children of from one and a half to three years of age. As yet it is difficult to judge the results of such experiments, and those who have conducted them admit that their value is uncertain. We may think a child is excited or soothed by various types of music, and we may later find totally different effects caused by the same pieces, played to the same child, under seemingly identical conditions. Music may stimulate social activities in a group of small children, and, again, a social feeling established before the music is played may preclude any attention to the piece.

To Encourage Musical Taste

The purposes in providing systematic musical training for children before they are of school age should be clearly understood. With the exception of children of unusual musical talent, with whom we are not concerned in this article, the object is not to start them on their careers as musicians; it need not even be planned to make them "musical." The aim should be to encourage a child's innate and his cultivated musical expression to develop self-control, to strengthen the bond between parents and child, and to pave the way for providing him with a life of many interests, and thereby increase his chances of happiness.

It is commonly believed that a home where there is music has improved opportunities for being a happy home. If this be true, the child may be prepared to fit into this environment

*Music in the home paves the way
for greater happiness*

BY JOHN TASKER HOWARD

Lecturer and composer, formerly editor of
"The Musician" and other musical publications

before he leaves the cradle, before nursery rhymes, folk-songs, and rhythmic expression are offered him.

In the past music lessons have more often than not represented drudgery; piano, violin or singing lessons were not particularly enjoyable because they were concerned more with mastering the difficulties of performance, than with music itself. Modern methods approach the subject from more pleasant viewpoints, but much remains for the parent in preparing the way for the teacher. The preparation must begin with cradle days.

If the child may be encouraged not only to sing the songs that are taught him, but to chant little improvised melodies of his own, if he may feel the creative joy of interpreting music with marches or impromptu "dancing" if, to quote a modern teacher, he may learn how to

listen so that later "he may listen to learn," music will then become a meaningful part of his existence, and he will taste the delights of musical expression

before he even begins his formal studies. Then there will be fewer parents disappointed because their children lose interest in music lessons.

Among the authorities now who are studying pre-school music we find two types. One of these groups looks at the matter from a purely musical angle, and should its recommendations be followed in full, the musical development of the child would probably be undertaken at the expense of his general training. The other group consists of educators who seek to use music as a powerful force in the child's mental and spiritual development. The suggestions of this faction would seem better fitted to serve the needs of the average parent, while those of the specialized music educators may obviously be used to advantage by parents of gifted children and who are themselves musically cultured, and seek to take advantage of whatever ability the child may have inherited, or will absorb in his environment.

One Teacher's Way

One of the pioneers in the study of pre-school music is Rose Ella Cunningham, a music teacher of Lexington, Massachusetts, who has prepared a course in music for mothers, as yet unpublished (though available in typewritten form). The avowed purpose of these ten lessons is to bring to children, through their mothers, the nearest possible approach to a musical inheritance.

The author presents rhythm as the first musical element, and the first two lessons are devoted to rhythmic breathing, bodily movements, motions of the hands and fingers, rhythmic bouncing of a ball, and finally games with bells, castanets and drums.

Melody is not introduced until the third lesson, on the theory that melody is dependent upon rhythm. She suggests the mother's giving the cooing baby one tone to imitate. If the child ventures to sing in answer, the mother re-echoes his tone clearly and truly. A second and third tone may be added later, and conversational melodies developed. Miss Cunningham, recommends old nursery rhymes at as early an age as possible, with continuation of the spontaneous conversational singing.

The remaining lessons discuss such subjects as sound, touch, sight and first acquaintance with the piano. The preliminaries to piano lessons may be used to especial advantage by a mother who is herself a musician. [Turn to page 70]



Wide World Photo

Lillian Kersten, six-year-old Minneapolis girl composes, sings and plays



Part of an inexpensive new home treatment line in smoky pink glass



Perfumes—of Arab and everywhere—in new and charming containers



Bath luxuries are now necessities—these come in a lovely blue

GIVE GIFTS FOR BEAUTY

ONCE they were sheer luxury, these jars and bottles and powder boxes which contain things to make women lovely. But now there's hardly a woman, from seventeen to seventy, who doesn't use at least one beauty aid regularly. Most of us can make use of several, and no matter how complete our dressing table may be, we can always find room for one more.

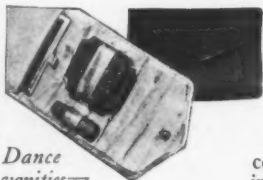
Do you remember the good old days when you were given one bottle of perfume at Christmas time? It was expensive, so it had to last. And last it did—sometimes well along toward the next Christmas. But nowadays we know that even perfume is to be used freely, not hoarded. And many women have learned that two or three kinds in smaller bottles are more congenial than one large bottle of a single odor. A perfume, like some flowers, loses its charm after you've sensed its fragrance for a long time. If you're giving perfume and have no idea of the scent preferred buy two or three odors and give a perfume set. Then, out of this group, one can choose a fragrance for daytime use, for evening, and for that occasional change in type when one wants to be "different." There are doubtless still women who mix their perfumes, but this scheme is frowned on by perfume experts. If you could see the exquisite care and the skill it takes to blend one perfume you'd either take it as it is and enjoy it, or, if it didn't quite suit your type, you'd leave it for someone else.

Bottles and containers for this year's Christmas are especially handsome. Some of them have a crystal clear simplicity; others come in exotic shapes and forms to make a glowing spot of color on your dressing table. But, let me warn you, in spite of alluring dress, perfumes should never be bought for the container. Better buy only the container, one of these graceful atomizers for dressing table or purse, than an extract that is unsuitable, just because it is in a gorgeous bottle. Besides the liquids there are the solid perfumes in little composition boxes, so convenient and unspillable; and there are also sets of sachets, which are always a joy to have.

As for compacts, their name is legion and their infinite variety seems inexhaustible. If you know the dominant color note in the recipient's wardrobe, choose a compact in color—they come in almost every shade imaginable. Or give colored sets, one for each ensemble. Hardly anyone can

BY HILDEGARDE FILLMORE

McCALL'S BEAUTY EDITOR



Dance vanities—silver, gold and colors

resist the delight of carrying a matching compact. But, as with perfumes, don't spend all your thought on the case. Remember that the powder, rouge, and lip rouge, if included, must suit the complexion. If you're in doubt,

consult the salesgirl, describing the coloring of the person to whom you're giving the make-up. In the neutral colored cases, gold, silver, black, or various metal combinations, there is also an embarrassment of riches. Leather, too, is featured, in at least one marvelously complete compact that contains eye make-up as well. Another delicate treasure is shaped like a little book and reminds one of the medieval missals many of the grand ladies used to carry.

Of late there has been a renaissance of glass which has found its way to our beauty shelves. All the needs of beauty may be ranged in colored glass jars and bottles, uniformly labeled and harmonizing with the color scheme in boudoir or bathroom. Or you may find the useful treatment sets put out by the great

salons—they're sure to be accepted gratefully by older women who want to keep looking smart and lovely. One house has encased its preparations in modernistic bottles of glass which resemble rose quartz. They are inexpensive and make charming gifts. Full directions go with these treatment sets.

For hands of beauty give a complete manicure kit. Very young girls who are just beginning to be hand conscious especially appreciate these. It makes the process of manicuring simple and pleasant. These are also inexpensive, though one may, of course, buy such things as files, buffer, cream jars and other articles to match the most expensive toilet outfit imaginable.

For traveling by the beauty way there are fitted cases costing from a few dollars to several hundreds. Somewhere between the two price extremes are really nice ones with all the needs for overnight, week-end or longer periods. They come in painted tin, leather rolls and mirror-lined leather cases, in colors of the mode.



New double compacts fit the palm

In the utilitarian class are included such things as brushes, combs, exercisers, reducing records, sun lamps and other useful health and beauty equipment. So few of us possess two good hair brushes that it's nearly always safe to give them; long, soft bristles for soft hair, shorter bristles for short hair, slightly stiffer bristles for coarser hair.

Bath salts in every sort of container, glass figures that children (or adults with a whimsical streak) will love, and bath powder, filmy as a fragrant cloud, smooth lotions for the body, and for softening water, skin fresheners, toilet waters, concentrated bath tablets and bath soaps are always appreciated gifts for the bathroom shelf.

There is no limit to the gifts, to the range of prices, or to the possibilities of making combinations to suit each taste. At Christmas time many firms put out special assortments in new containers and cases.

Note: Preparations and accessories for beauty care and good grooming are now available as attractive gifts for everyone. If you inclose a two-cent stamp, we shall be glad to send you a list of gift suggestions for every member of the family. Address—The Service Editor, McCall's Magazine, 236 West 37th Street, New York City.



More aids to daintiness—varied body powders and a milk of almonds

IN WINTER . . .

How gratefully your skin responds

to the gentle touch of the New Complete Woodbury Facial

DOES your skin lose its lovely, soft smoothness in Winter? Does it chap? Does it feel rough and "gratey" to the fingertips? Then you will want to begin at once to give it the care it needs—the soothing, caressing protection of the new Complete Woodbury Facial.

After the very first treatment, you will be delighted at the improvement in your complexion. So radiant . . . so clear . . . "A skin you love to touch!"

The new Complete Woodbury Facial is the natural way to care for the skin. It penetrates and cleanses the millions of tiny pores, so that the natural oils can work their way through to the outer surface of your skin, keeping it soft and pliable . . . gloriously smooth even in Winter!

And the new Complete Woodbury Facial is so immediately effective because it combines the use of Woodbury's Creams with Woodbury's Facial Soap—each one formulated to work in harmony with the others.

Woodbury's Cold Cream—soothing and caressing—to soften and dissolve the dust particles that lurk deep down in the pores. Woodbury's Facial Soap, with its bland, foamy lather to wash away every vestige of soiled cream from the pore-depths. And Woodbury's

Your drug store or toilet goods counter can supply you with the new Complete Woodbury Facial. Or, let us send you a trial set, containing enough of the soap and creams for seven generous treatments, also one of the new Tressettes, an ingenious band that holds your hair back while you are creaming your face. Give yourself a Woodbury Facial every day for a week, and then—

Soft, smooth, fragrant . . . a-blush with natural color . . . Such is the skin cared for in this simple, new way



1. *Wring a cloth from hot water and hold it against the face to thoroughly open the pores. Then massage Woodbury's Cold Cream well into the skin with an upward and outward motion, covering the face and neck thoroughly with the cream. Notice how gently it penetrates into the pores and softens and loosens the embedded dirt and dust particles.*

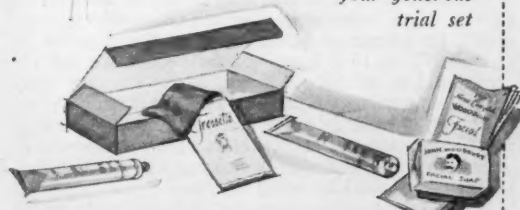
2. *With a soft cloth or cleansing tissue remove the surplus cream, always with an upward motion. Now, wash the face and neck with warm water and Woodbury's Facial Soap, working the creamy lather well into the skin so that it will dissolve and wash out the soiled cream which otherwise would remain in the pores. Rinse thoroughly with warm water, then a dash of cold water or a piece of ice wrapped in one thickness of cloth.*

3. *And now the final step. With the tips of your fingers, apply lightly Woodbury's Facial Cream which tones the skin by supplying just the right amount of natural moisture without loading or clogging the pores. This finishing cream is greaseless and gives that soft, velvety texture so much desired.*

Facial Cream—greaseless and refreshing—to tone up the skin.

Just three simple steps, but you can readily understand why this home-given Facial is so truly professional in its results.

Just mail the coupon for your generous trial set



The Andrew Jergens Company
1521 Alfred St., Cincinnati, Ohio
For the enclosed 25c (stamps or coin) please send me the Seven Day Trial Set of the new Complete Woodbury Facial, a Tressette, and your booklet, "A Skin You Love to Touch."
If you live in Canada, address The Andrew Jergens Co., Ltd., 1521 Sherbrooke St., Perth, Ont.

Name _____
Street _____
City _____ State _____



HOUSE HEATING SYSTEMS

Insulation, generation and circulation of heat determine the temperature of the home

BY ELIZABETH HALLAM BOHN

WEATHER indications for tomorrow—fair and much colder with high, northwest winds. Station XYZ signing off. Good night." Mr. Young-husband whistles at this prediction and descends his brand-new cellar stairs to put the heater to bed. He plans to eat his breakfast tomorrow basking as usual in the genial glow of his ultra-modern hearth fire—the adequate radiators.

When the new house was built, this man listened eagerly to both architect and heating engineer. On the advice of the former, roof and walls were thoroughly insulated to keep the precious heat from seeping through. Windows were made tight with weather stripping. The chimney was run up through the house for greater insulation, instead of placing it on the outside wall. And the heater was given a flue all to itself instead of connecting in the laundry stove as well. For this new home owner learned that the most expensive heating plant would not, could not heat the house with maximum efficiency if the chimney draft was wrong or its connection poor or if heat was galloping out through walls and cracks as fast as it was generated.

With an open mind he considered the relative merits of steam, hot water and warm air—and followed the recommendations of the heating expert as to which system was best adapted to the individual house. Cheerfully the mortgage figure was stretched to include the nine and a half percent which should be apportioned from the total cost of the house, to this largest of all its single items. The man and his wife were far-sighted in their planning; they realized that not only is physical comfort essential in this high-pressure age of mental activity but that the value of property too was enhanced by dependable heat.

Steam, Hot-Water or Warm Air

Choosing a heating system for a house opens doors into many of the marvelous achievements of American industry. And as in other mechanical appliances, the integrity of the manufacturer—the ability to command effective service and get a new part ten years hence—is a deciding factor in the final satisfaction to be gained from the initial outlay.

But homes are often far, far from the heating engineer's ideal of a Utopian setting for his product. Big rambling houses, homes on windy hill tops, summer-built homes adapted to winter use, the home bought "as is" and basely revealing unexpected defects at the approach of bitter weather—each is a heating problem all its own. Both technical and financial considerations must be taken into account. Many substantial homes clamor for steam (or its offshoot the vacuum vapor system, where a pump in the cellar maintains a vacuum in the pipes). For other houses is recommended the installed hot water system, with two sets of pipes circulating water instead of steam through much larger radiators. This system has the virtue of keeping the heat much longer with a failing fire. Its operation is made more economical by the addition of an automatic circulator which, by pressure, increases the circulation about five times. If a warm air furnace is to be installed, an eye must be kept to the prevailing winds and the furnace located on the windward side of the cellar. Lowest in initial cost, it is also flexible and practically "fool proof," and is the quickest of all to respond to a demand for heat. It brings in fresh air from outside, warms it and circulates it immediately through registers. The "one pipe" furnace, ideal for long-summer homes and compact houses, will dispense cheer at the touching off of a few

sticks of kindling and rolled up newspapers.

Whichever type of heater is decided on, it must be large enough so that in the coldest weather the old-time expedient of "forcing the fire" will not gnaw unduly into the fuel allowance in the family budget. If the system includes radiators, the engineer will explain the magic formula by which he arrives at the amount of radiation required. The cubic feet of air in the room, the exposed wall surface, the area of glass, their relation to each other plus this and times that, for steam or for hot water—his technical mathematics are reduced for the householder to the simple result—a warm house.

Zero air warmed to seventy degrees contains less than one tenth of the moisture it is capable of holding in suspension, unless moisture is added artificially. So to get the average out-door condition of about forty-five percent, the ideal for nose and throat comfort, ingenious devices have been constructed to stand behind the radiator or a moisture container in the furnace itself will furnish the health giving humidity as the air circulates.

With the installation of the chosen system, the technician who puts it into the house takes his departure. After explaining the dampers and operation, his responsibility is ended. It is now for the owner to make the most of his equipment. Perhaps he is putting in an oil burner or using gas—natural or manufactured—for his fuel. In this case, he turns it on in the fall and forgets it. Or if a thermostat has been included, his responsibility, with any fuel, is greatly lessened for this ingenious device automatically controls the fire by opening and closing the drafts. Perhaps his choice settled on one of the self-feeding heaters which burn the smaller sizes of coal, needing attention only once a day. Or on the electric servant which feeds small coal with one hand while removing ashes with the other. In the soft coal districts, a simple device for the admission of auxiliary air over the fire, will allow him to burn even the cheapest grades of soft coal without smoke.

Persistence and System

On the persistence and system with which the household stoker carries out his furnace routine, once he has mastered the principle of a good anthracite fire, depends the coziness of the morning breakfast and the warmth of his reception when he arrives home at night. Be it a stove, furnace or boiler, a penny-wise fire, low in the fire pot or a mountain of ashes—soaking up the heat and "burning out the grate"—under the fire bed, will defeat the best of fuels and installation. At least three times a day in extreme weather and twice in moderate, should the pilgrimage be made to see that the fire is clean and full. If it burns too fast, a smaller size of coal mixed in will slow it down. If too slow, the next larger may correct the trouble. The manufacturer's instructions in regard to the yearly care of the heater and the location and manipulation of the dampers and indicators will initiate the novice into the guild of fire keepers. In general his creed will be—

Early in the morning, open the drafts and add a small amount of coal before shaking. When it burns freely,

shake out the ashes and put on only enough coal to cover the fire. Remove the ashes from the ash pit. When the coal has kindled, fill up the fire pot. At night before banking, gently shake again. For coal cannot burn without air. Choked with ashes underneath or with too heavy a blanket of coal on top, the fire soon becomes discouraged. Draft below the fire speeds it up and above the fire slows it down.

If the heater is kept in perfect mechanical condition and the radiating surfaces are free from soot and dust, this simple routine will get the maximum of heat from the coal burned.

Oil Burners

With the increased demand for comfort and efficiency in the home it was only natural that liquid fuel, already successfully tried out by the sea dogs of the great navies and luxurious ocean liners should eventually be commandeered for the benefit of the up-to-date householder. As numerous as the makes of automobiles are these burners for the home. And since the purchase is to be a permanent investment, much time and thought will go into the matter of its selection. Behind mechanical perfection must stand human reliability—a manufacturer of financial vitality and unquestioned integrity—so that the burner will not become an orphan while its usefulness remains. A reliable dealer will suggest one of the makes which have passed the Underwriters' rigid tests of performance. Comes an engineer to the house. He carefully inspects the boiler, chimney draft and radiation, makes a suggestion or two about conditioning the heating plant and assumes full charge of installing the device which is to take the place of the furnace man. It goes right into the present boiler and makes it run itself.

If it is to be installed in a new house, one of the modern heating plants—steam or hot water boiler or hot air furnace—which are especially designed for oil burning, will use to even greater advantage the intense and concentrated heat of liquid fuel. Most of these heaters can burn coal too, if desired. A clean, slender feed pipe brings the oil to the firing line from the storage tank either in the yard or, as some householders prefer, set in a far corner of the cellar.

When the engineer installs the burner, he regulates the delicate balance of broken up oil and pressure fed air which, united by an electric spark, forms the yellow flame. If the storage tank has been filled—with the grade of oil recommended for the particular burner installed—the burner is now ready to be lighted. The almost-human thermostat upstairs assumes the duties of furnace man, on its job day and night. It shuts off the burner when the temperature goes above the point set as a maximum, thus preventing the burning of oil (and money) when heat is not needed. When the thermometer drops, it turns on the heat again. Sometimes this is done eighteen or twenty times a day, such regulation effecting a real saving of fuel. And it is set to automatically lower the temperature at night for more comfortable sleep. A second mechanical "watchman" in the cellar guards it against mishap and the most ingenious safety devices protect every step of the burner's functioning.

The oil burning household now turns on its heater in the fall and shuts it off in the spring. The owner fills the storage tank with oil, he also assumes the responsibility for the water in the boiler and the lubricant in the motor and his duties end (for the dealer attends to servicing should any be necessary.)



St. Moritz, society's winter playground in the Swiss Alps, crowns the world like a glittering jewel.

AN AMERICAN-BORN MARQUISE *animates Europe's most brilliant Winter Playground*

EVERY season at St. Moritz, a piquant and striking personality is the Marquise de Polignac. Her sparkling charm and verve make her an acclaimed favorite in this colony of cosmopolitans who, in a setting of snow-clad Alps, seek their pleasure under azure skies and ardent sun.

Madame de Polignac, an indefatigable sports-woman, spends her day in chic sports attire, skating, skiing, "bobbing" in the sun-drenched snow. And at night she turns into an *elegante* of the sophisticated world, and dances till morning in *grande toilette*.

Fascinating though it is, this life of sports by day and formal functions by night, makes terrific demands upon a woman's skin. The contradictory delights of blazing sun, sweeping winds and exhilarating cold coarsen the skin—burn it black. Yet the Marquise de Polignac

manages to keep the texture of her complexion clear, fine, smooth.

When asked how she achieves this perfection, she replied:—"The cold, dry air would draw and chap my skin unless I carefully protected it and kept it soft and supple. For myself I prefer Pond's Two Creams. They give swift, dependable results."

BUT it is not only at St. Moritz that the Marquise finds Pond's indispensable. "When I motor in the Midi, or the Basses Pyrenées, Pond's serve me equally well," she continued. "In these warmer countries I also use Pond's Skin Freshener to tone and liven up my skin."

"And when I am in Paris these three guardians keep my skin smooth and firm and white. In fact," she concluded, with a flashing smile, "I have got the Pond's habit completely."

And this is how Madame de Polignac uses her invaluable Pond's:

First—for thoroughly cleansing she spreads Pond's Cold Cream over face and neck twice a day and when retiring. *Second*—with Pond's new fairy weight Cleansing Tissues she re-

The Marquise de Polignac, the former Miss Nina Crosby of the popular Newport set, married into an aristocratic French family of equal prominence today as in the time of Marie Antoinette. Here she is ready for a day's skiing wearing a chic Vionnet costume, hatless. Madame de Polignac adores the dry invigorating mountain air full on her face. But although her skin is thoroughly tanned she keeps its texture fine and smooth, using Pond's Two Creams for their "swift, dependable results."

moves the cream, carrying the dust with it.

Third—she dashes on the Freshener—Pond's tonic which leaves the face feeling gorgeously fresh. *Fourth*—she lightly applies Pond's Vanishing Cream before she powders—a film of perfection like the frosted bloom of untouched grapes.

Follow yourself, Pond's four steps to beauty. They will keep your skin exquisite—fresh, clear, fine.

MAIL COUPON WITH 10c—For a generous trial package of Pond's 4 delightful preparations.

POND'S EXTRACT CO., Dept. L
111 Hudson St., New York City

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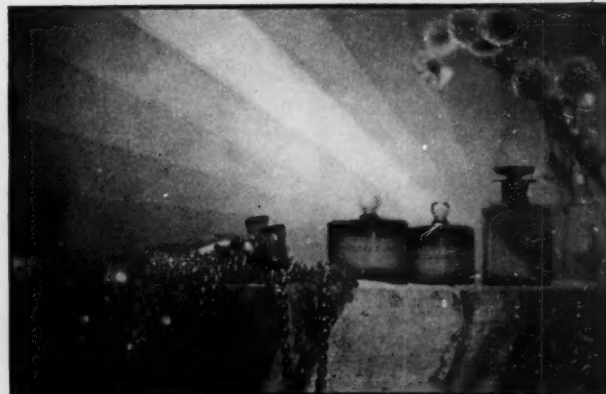
City State

Copyright 1928, Pond's Extract Co.



Madame de Polignac who spends two months of the winter season at St. Moritz, the popular winter resort of fashionable Europe, dances as gracefully as she skis. Her lithe, slim figure moves through the ballroom with distinctive charm. With her sincere grey eyes, her well poised head and her clear, sun-tanned skin she is a striking example of a fine type perfected.

On her dressing table the Marquise keeps Pond's Two Creams and Skin Freshener in choice green jars. You can buy Pond's in the familiar containers at all department and drug stores.



Speak up!

ALMOST every other person you meet today is grumbling about something connected with government and almost every other man or woman you meet neglected to vote on last Presidential Election Day.

Often you hear them say, "What's the use of voting? My vote won't change the result." Many of the men and women who should have cast their ballots in 1924 must have talked like that, for only 52 percent of them voted.

America has faced many crises. She has made laws, amended laws, abolished laws. She has kept step with changing world conditions. But many old problems remain unsolved. New ones will arise. Your government will be as sound and wise as you and other Americans make it. You have great responsibility and great power. It is your duty to exercise that power. And the way to exercise it is through your vote. Do not neglect it.

By failing to vote, you offer encouragement to the political plunderer and other unscrupulous persons who are eager to profit by the opportunity you give them. Only by voting can the majority of Americans holding like opinions dictate their wishes and save themselves from the danger of being governed by a minority holding opposite opinions.

Your next President will not be a despot or a dictator. He will not make or unmake laws, but he has

great power and influence and will go into office bound to use them to bring about the kind of government wanted by those who elected him.

Once in four years you are called upon to vote for a President and thereby help to solve great problems. Let no private affairs prevent you from doing your duty to your country on Election Day.

Be a good citizen. Go to the polls on November 6th and vote.

When about one-half of the voters neglect their duty the country is governed not by a majority of the people—but merely by a majority of the minority.

In 1928 America needs every possible vote so that the will of the real majority may be known. No one else can speak for you on Election Day. Speak for yourself. Vote.

HALEY FISKE, President.



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NEW YORK

Biggest in the World, More Assets, More Policyholders, More Insurance in force, More new Insurance each year



Women and Radio In Politics

BY STUART HAWKINS

One of the first "reviewers" of broadcast programs, and in charge of a daily criticism department on a New York newspaper

seated in the comfort of the home, far from the red fire and synthetic excitement of

DURING the past nine months something of more than ordinary import has been happening in this joyous land of democracy and loudspeakers, and the radio folk are walking with expanded chests in consequence. The almost-completed political campaign has been unique in the annals of practical democracy, and the civic usefulness of radio broadcasting is said to have been established in something approaching its prophesied eminence. The broadcasters, accustomed to receiving the shallow mirations of frivolous pleasure-hunters and the caustic abjurations of serious intellectuals, are rejoicing in the realization that they have become important agents of national improvement.

Early last June, while the politicians were still in their pre-nomination agonies, Mr. M. H. Aylesworth of the National Broadcasting Company gave a hint of radio's growing self-esteem when he spoke before the General Federation of Women's Clubs.

"In the forthcoming campaign," he declared, "the influence of radio is going to be felt. The day of the fire-eating spell-binder has drawn to a close. This year's campaign orator will be appealing to an audience which,

the public gathering, will be able carefully to weigh and maturely to judge his every statement. This is a condition devoutly to be wished for, loose words, high-sounding phrases, and mere clap-trap have dominated our political life too long. Radio is certain to introduce a sanity in our judgments which can but redound to the national welfare. Radio, in short, will elect our next president."

A Forecast

It is still too early to determine the degree in which Mr. Aylesworth's optimism has been proven reliable by the 1928 political season. As head of the country's largest organization of broadcasters, he may easily have erred on the side of natural over-enthusiasm; and there are students of human nature who would shake their heads pessimistically and amend his statement to read, "Theoretically, radio should be of assistance in introducing a sanity in judgment which can but redound to the national welfare." The effectiveness of radio in politics, they would explain, is directly dependent upon the amount of public intelligence

(Continued on page 68)

Plan Your Christmas Book List Now!

A GOOD book—the always welcome gift for child and grown-up. McCall's Home Service Department has prepared two leaflets to help you with your selections. These are "Better Books of Today," which lists eighty-six titles of the most popular fiction, non-fiction and editions of poetry, and "Your Child's Own Library" which is a guide to reading for children of all ages. Send four cents for the two leaflets to

The SERVICE EDITOR, McCall's Magazine
236 West 37th Street, New York City



An eye-filling, mouth-watering sight is a crown roast of lamb, stuffed with rice, pineapple and raisins, and garnished with cinnamon apples. Mint jelly is often served with it.

Photo by Waida

BRING ON THE ROAST!

Flavor and appearance depend on careful cooking and suitable accompaniments

THERE is no doubt that the success of the Thanksgiving dinner depends largely upon the roast. But this is true of any holiday or company dinner, and as the next few months will make many demands on you for entertaining, let us discuss what types of meat are suitable for these occasions and how they should be cooked for best flavor and looks.

Necessarily the choicer cuts of meats are the more expensive ones. But as a few months ago we covered the subject of the cheaper cuts rather thoroughly we can now, with a clear conscience, turn our attention to the luxurious roasts.

You will not need a recipe for every type of roast if you know the general principle of roasting and a few simple rules in regard to it. In the first place, only the more tender cuts of meat, and only young poultry, should be roasted. The comparatively short cooking process and the intense heat—without liquid—will not soften the fibres of the tougher cuts as will braising, steaming or boiling. Roasting has the advantage, however, of keeping in all the juices and the rich flavors characteristic of these choicer cuts.

To prepare roasts such as lamb, beef, veal or pork for the oven they should first be wiped with a damp cloth, sprinkled with salt and pepper and dredged lightly with flour. In the case of poultry it should be thoroughly washed inside and out, then stuffed and sewed or fastened together with skewers. To protect the skin from burning and the meat from drying out while roasting, some extra fat should be rubbed over the breast and back

sufficiently fat to make its own liquid in the pan "lard it" with salt

pork as suggested above for poultry.

The time and temperature for roasting are important. Time depends upon the quantity or weight of the roast, but temperature remains fairly constant. That is, all roasts should be started in a very hot oven (450° to 500°F.) to sear the surface. The extreme heat hardens the outer tissues and prevents the escape of the meat juices. After searing for 10 or 15 minutes, reduce the heat to a moderate oven (350° F.) and continue cooking for the required length of time.

A roast without its gravy or hot sauce is as incomplete as apple pie without cheese. Each roast has its own particular sauce which is best suited to serve with it. In the chart on this page you will find a choice of gravies and accompaniments for every roast.

Crown Roast of Lamb

A crown of lamb is prepared from two loins containing about eight ribs each. Have the butcher cut about 3½ to 4 pounds of rib and shape into a "crown." This

is done by trimming off the fat and skin between the ribs as for "Frenched" chops, then skewering the two sections together to form a circle.

Season meat with salt and pepper and put a small piece of fat salt pork on top of each bone to keep them from burning. Fill center with Crown Roast Stuffing. (See below.) Most butchers fill the center with ground-up meat which may be

[Turn to page 48]

BY SARAH FIELD SPLINT

Director, McCall's Department of Cookery and Household Management

bone, the upper surface of the drumsticks and wings. One way to do this is to make a paste of equal parts butter (or other fat) and flour and spread this over the parts to be protected. Or thin slices of fat salt pork may be fastened over these parts with small skewers or toothpicks. The melting fat running over the surface of the fowl acts as a "self-baster."

A trivet or wire rack placed in the bottom of the roasting pan is a protection against the meat or poultry burning on the bottom, especially when no water is used. And right here let me emphasize that *no water should be used*, that is if you want an attractive brown roast, crisp on the outside. In case the meat is not

THE CHOICE OF GRAVIES AND ACCOMPANIMENTS FOR THE ROAST IS IMPORTANT

Roast	Accompaniment	Hot Sauce or Gravy
With Goose	serve Apple or Gooseberry Sauce	and Brown Gravy or Mushroom Sauce
" Duck	" Sliced Orange or Currant Jelly	" Brown Gravy or Orange Sauce
" Turkey or Chicken	" Cranberry Sauce or Jellied Cranberries	" Giblet Gravy or Chestnut Gravy
" Squab	" Currant Jelly	" Brown Sauce or Sauce Béchamel
" Venison	" Currant or Wild Plum Jelly	" Special Venison Sauce
" Pork	" Fried Apples or Apple Sauce	" Brown Gravy or Hot Apple Sauce with Raisins
" Ham	" Fried Pineapple	" Barbecue Gravy or Raisin Sauce
" Veal	" Glaced Tart Apples	" Brown Gravy
" Roast Beef	" Yorkshire Pudding	" Natural Meat Juices or Brown Gravy
" Fillet of Beef	" A Tart Conserve (plum or currant)	" Mushroom or Horseradish Sauce
" Lamb	" Mint or Crabapple Jelly	" Brown Gravy or Hot Mint Sauce

SWIFT



How delectably it blends with other foods—that rich, distinctive flavor of Premium Bacon! How many tempting combinations it suggests! Described on this page is such a dish, one that will delight your family. In it pineapple and sweet potatoes combine to accent the savory goodness of Premium.

Swift's Premium Hams and Bacon

Premium Bacon may be bought in either of two convenient ways. In the pound and half-pound carton, thinly sliced, free from rind, all ready to use. Or, in order to have a bountiful supply always on hand, in the whole piece, in the original parchment wrapper. The name Swift is on the side in dots down the length of the slab as shown at the right—a new protective branding.



*From the South Seas:
this new combination of
sweet potato, pineapple, bacon*

Parboil sweet potatoes (yams preferred) in salted water until tender. Peel, cut in halves and wrap each half with a slice of Premium Bacon. Place slices of pineapple in shallow baking dish, sprinkle with brown sugar. On each pineapple slice place half potato wrapped in bacon. Bake in moderate oven (375° F) 45 minutes.

Swift & Company

"Men-folks certainly like Coconut"

WHAT good-things-to-eat do husbands choose when they lunch or dine away from home?

Successful restaurateurs say that "men-folks" certainly do have an eye for good desserts. "And usually," adds one wise chef, "the favorites are the more substantial kind, with a husky something-to-eat quality, like *pies* and *cakes*!"

Of coconut cakes and pies in particular, Miss Jean Carson, to whose tea-room, the Vanity Fair, in New York, men flock as much as women, says:

"On coconut days, dessert orders come first. No one wants to take a chance of missing his piece of coconut cake or pie. Often the waitresses save pieces for regular patrons."

For fresh flavor—for sun-ripe tropic sweetness—

Its sun-rich Tropic Sweetness makes the most popular desserts

Franklin Baker's Coconut is outstanding. Only choice nuts are selected. Sealed deep and cool in their own tough brown husks, they are hurried to New York. The creamy meat, still succulent with sweet juices, is immediately taken out, shredded and

packed moist and fresh—every bit of rare flavor retained. The creamy, juicy shreds you scatter over your cakes, pies or puddings are as fresh and fragrant of the sunny tropics as if you yourself had just scooped the Coconut out of the shell!

Coconut Chocolate Cake

2 cups sifted Swans Down Cake Flour, 3 teaspoons baking powder, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon soda, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup butter or other shortening, 1 cup sugar, 2 egg yolks, well beaten, 3 squares Baker's Unsweetened Chocolate, melted, $\frac{3}{4}$ cups Baker's Coconut, Southern-Style, $1\frac{1}{4}$ cups milk, 1 teaspoon vanilla, 2 egg whites, stiffly beaten.

Sift flour once, measure, add baking powder and soda and sift together three times. Cream butter thoroughly, add sugar gradually, and cream together until light and fluffy. Add egg yolks, chocolate, and coconut, then flour alternately with milk, a small amount at a time. Beat after each addition until smooth. Add vanilla. Fold in egg whites. Bake in two greased 9-inch layer pans in slow oven (325° F.) 25 to 30 minutes. Double recipe to make three 10-inch layers. When cool, spread Coconut Butter Frosting between layers and on top of cake.



Coconut Butter Frosting

$\frac{1}{2}$ cup butter, 2 cups confectioners' sugar, 4 tablespoons cream, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon vanilla, $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups Baker's Coconut, Southern-Style. Cream butter, add sugar gradually, and cream together until light and fluffy. Thin with cream as mixture becomes stiff. Add vanilla. When frosting is of consistency of whipped cream spread on cake. Sprinkle with coconut. Makes enough frosting to cover tops and sides of two 9-inch layers.

FRANKLIN
BAKER'S
COCONUT

BAKER'S SOUTHERN-STYLE,
the new moist-packed kind in tins
—as soft and delicious as if you
scooped it from the shell yourself.



Franklin Baker Co., Inc., Hoboken, N. J.

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Print name and address — Mark x for choice.

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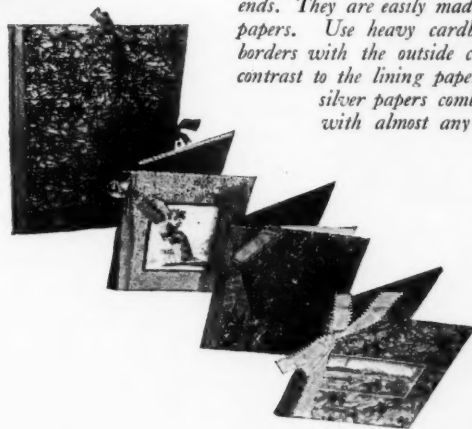


BAKER'S PREMIUM SHRED,
in triple-sealed, stay-fresh packages,
the familiar kind improved to keep
its tenderness and sun-sweet flavor.

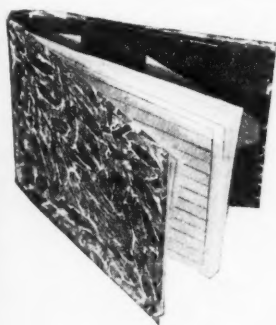
Home Made Christmas Gifts Of Paper



A decorative waste basket will brighten up a corner of the living room or bed room. You can take any tin or cardboard receptacle, cover it with these colored American papers, apply a print if desired, and the finished product is useful as well as attractive.



A score card, covered with attractive papers is a smart gift for the bridge playing house. The same idea is adaptable to telephone pads and note books for the desk.



A small Japanese print is applied to this box. Silver paper frames the print and lines the box, while a marble effect red paper is used for the lid and sides.

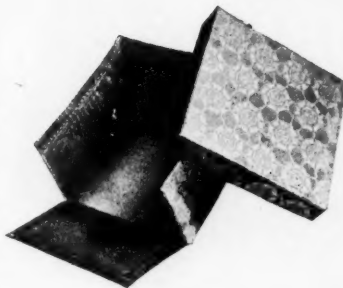


A box for cards or a cigarette box make welcome gifts for the small apartment or the man's room. Severe colors with an amusing print and heavy tassel give it contrasting dignity.

Tools that are easy to buy and easy to use in making these paper novelties for the home. Paste, a roller to smooth the paper in place, a brush to use with the paste and another brush to apply lacquer, if the job calls for it. A punch is needed when ribbon must be tied through, a pencil, ruler, scissors, and sharp knife facilitate the work and give it a professional finish.



This square box, with separate cover and folding side, was, before its transformation, a pastry container. Covered with decorative papers it makes a convenient holder for handkerchiefs or for tea napkins and other small linen pieces.



Portfolios large and small, for writing paper, pictures or any other odds and ends. They are easily made with colored papers. Use heavy cardboard for the borders with the outside cover papers in contrast to the lining paper. Gold and silver papers combine excellently with almost any bright colors.

Praise-winning dishes at every-day meals!

IT'S EASY WITH HAWAIIAN PINEAPPLE

The many new dishes you make with this luscious fruit fairly flicker with interest, color and "eat-me-up" goodness.

Just try some of the splendid luncheon and dinner suggestions in our free recipe book. You'll be astonished at their simplicity, yet they make the sort of distinctive dishes that diners simply can't resist.

For your convenience in making hundreds of dishes quickly and without waste, the same top quality of Hawaiian Pineapple is packed in two forms — Crushed and Sliced — each in various sizes of cans. You will find it cheaper very often to order by the dozen.

PINEAPPLE FRITTERS

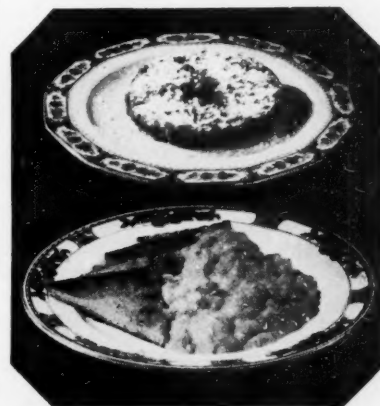
Time for combining ingredients: 10 minutes
Time for cooking: 10 minutes

Mix and sift 1½ cups flour, 3 teaspoons baking powder, ½ teaspoon salt and 1 tablespoon sugar. Add gradually ¾ cup juice drained from Canned Hawaiian Pineapple and 1 egg well-beaten. Stir slices of Hawaiian Pineapple into the batter. Drop one by one into hot fat—about 360° Fahrenheit. Drain on brown paper and roll in powdered sugar.

PINEAPPLE WELSH RAREBIT

Time for combining ingredients: 10 minutes
Time for cooking: 5 minutes

Beat one egg. Add ½ cup cream, ½ teaspoon Worcestershire, ½ teaspoon soda, salt, pepper and paprika. Melt 1 tablespoon butter, add ½ pound grated American cheese. Stir until cheese is melted. Combine ingredients. Add 2 cups drained Crushed Hawaiian Pineapple. Serve on toast.



HAWAIIAN PINEAPPLE



Sliced **Crushed**

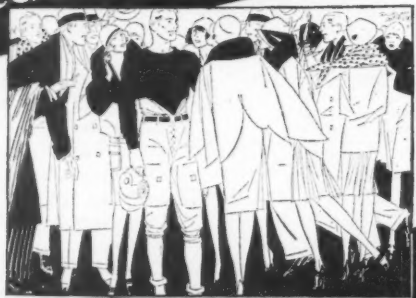
—For serving right from the can and for quick desserts and salads.

—For sundaes, ices, pies, cake filling, salads & hundreds of made-up dishes.

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SEND ME YOUR FREE BOOK

Name _____
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To the mothers
of America's
future football stars



... a training table
suggestion
from famous coaches

YOUR boy is in training. Perhaps not for the college football team, but for the more important game of life. And you are his trainer. In selecting his diet, follow the rule which a dozen famous coaches have laid down for their teams: *No caffeine*. Postum instead! Read what three of them say:

"Postum holds an important place in the training diet of my teams. And not merely because it is my favorite mealtime drink. Steady nerves are a first requirement in football, and Postum is one hot drink that does not irritate the nerves. It never interferes with sound sleep."

JOHN F. MEEHAN,
Head Coach, New York University.

"I don't think there's any drink for athletes that compares with Postum. It has been my own mealtime drink for years, and it has a regular place in the training diet of my teams."

JESS B. HAWLEY,
Head Coach, Dartmouth College.

"Three times a day for fifteen years, Postum has been served at the training table of my football teams, and I think it has had much to do with the condition of my men."

H. J. STEGEMAN,
Director of Athletics, University of Georgia.

Instant Postum made with hot (not boiled) milk combines the wholesomeness of roasted wheat and bran with the body-building nourishment of milk. It is prepared in a moment. And it has a smooth, rich flavor that every boy likes — even those who dislike milk alone.

Try it on your table for a month and see the results! Your grocer has Instant Postum—or send the coupon for one week's free supply.

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Postum is one of the Post Health Products, which include also Grape-Nuts, Post Toasties, Post's Bran Flakes and Post's Bran Chocolate. Your grocer sells Postum in two forms. Instant Postum, made in the cup by adding boiling water, is one of the easiest drinks in the world to prepare. Postum Cereal is also easy to make, but should be boiled 20 minutes.

MAIL THE COUPON NOW!

POSTUM COMPANY, Inc., Battle Creek, Mich.
I want to make a thirty-day test of Postum. Please send me, without cost or obligation, one week's supply of
INSTANT POSTUM
(prepared instantly in the cup)

Name _____

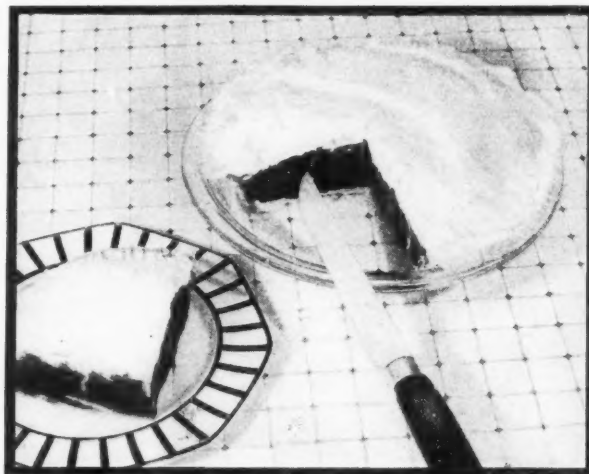
Street _____

City _____

State _____

In Canada, address CANADIAN POSTUM COMPANY, Ltd.,
812 Metropolitan Bldg., Toronto 2, Ontario.

WHO CAN'T



IT is an accomplishment to be able to make fine pastry, and many a homemaker has tried in vain to make this favorite national dessert. But with a little science plus a little practise there is no reason why you should not be among those who "can make a cherry pie" to suit the most fastidious taste.

Here are the most important points to remember: Use pastry flour. Use a shortening of good quality. Have all ingredients cold. Work shortening into flour as quickly as possible. Add only enough ice-cold water to hold ingredients together. Handle dough quickly and as little as possible. Chill pastry before rolling. Use very little flour on board when rolling out pastry. Bake all pastry in a hot oven to start. For filled pies reduce heat after first 10 or 15 minutes. Brush over the lower crust of juicy fruit pies with slightly beaten egg white before putting in the filling. This prevents a soggy undercrust.

The essential ingredients for making pastry are three in number: flour, shortening and water. Besides these salt is added and sometimes baking-powder. For a light tender pastry it is best to use pastry flour. This may be bought in packages or by the pound. Always sift it before measuring.

Use a good quality shortening. Some women prefer a combination of two kinds, butter and another fat. But no matter what you use, remember that the flakiness of your crust depends to a

great extent upon the shortening and how it is added. It should be cold and hard when worked into the flour so that it will not melt during the mixing, but will break up into very tiny pieces. A soft shortening has the same effect as too much water on the pastry, making it difficult to handle and often causing it to be tough and rubbery when baked.

The shortening for plain pastry may be all cut into the flour at once, or part of it may be cut in and the rest folded in. If you have trouble in making flaky pastry, try both methods; one or the other will surely give you good results.) For the second method, roll the pastry into a rectangle, dot it over with small bits of fat, and fold. Make three folds of the pastry, turn half way round and roll it out again into the same form. When you begin to roll the folded pastry, pat it lightly with the rolling pin at first, as this is less likely to break the air bubbles.

Remember that the lightness of all pastry depends upon the amount of air enclosed, and the expansion of that air during baking. Therefore, every



With a knife, fork or pastry blender, cut shortening into flour, as shown at the left, until the mixture looks like a coarse-grained cereal. Work quickly and lightly. Above. Be miserly with water using the least amount that will hold the ingredients together. Too much liquid invariably makes a tough crust. Add gradually working quickly and with a light touch.

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MAKE PIE?

*Modern methods are sure.
A little practice
will put your masterpiece
on your own table
this Thanksgiving*

BY LILIAN M. GUNN

Department of Foods and Cookery, Teacher's College, Columbia University

Photos by Robert Waida - - - Equipment by courtesy of Lewis and Conger

effort should be made to work air *into* the pastry and *keep* it there.

The old method of working shortening into the flour with the hands is still a favorite with some homemakers. Those who use this method must work quickly, using just the finger tips so that the heat of the hands will not melt the fat. The more satisfactory way, however, is to cut it in with knives, or to work it in with a fork or a pastry blender made for this special purpose.

After the shortening has been combined with the flour the next step is to add water—as little as possible. Add it slowly, using a knife as mixer, until the ingredients will just hold together. Then allow the pastry to chill (in the refrigerator, or other cold place) before you roll it out for baking.

There is a *hot* water pastry which some women consider an easy and satisfactory method, a recipe for which I am giving a little further on.

Well chilled pastry should roll out easily on a slightly floured board. Use a light, quick touch with the rolling

pin. You will find a revolving rolling pin more satisfactory than the stationary kind.

To make pie shells and tart shells for cooked fillings—such as chocolate, lemon or butterscotch—roll out the dough to the required thickness, and allow it to “rest” for a few minutes. (This helps to prevent the pastry from shrinking during baking.) The pastry may then be cut and laid over inverted pans, or it may be used to line the inside of the pans. In either case, ease the pastry in gently, (see photograph); do not stretch it. Then prick the bottom and sides with a fork to allow steam to escape in the oven.

In making a berry pie, brush over the undercrust with the slightly beaten white of egg before putting in the filling. The egg cooks and forms a coating over the pastry thus preventing the fruit juices from soaking into the lower crust. For double-crust pies, moisten the edge of the undercrust with cold water. Then put on the upper crust, trim edges even with lower and press down firmly with a fork, or pinch together with fingers. This

makes a neat edge and also keeps the filling from “leaking” out.

The baking of pastry is almost as important as the handling. The oven should be hot enough to make it rise quickly, then the heat should be reduced for the remainder of the time. When baking a double crust pie always make holes in the upper crust to al-

[Turn to page 70]



Above. The pastry shrinks in baking, so do not stretch it tightly over the sides and edges of the pan; ease it gently. Handle quickly and lightly. Then trim and crimp the edge.

Right. Tart shells may be baked either on the inside or the outside of the tins. Cut pastry an inch larger than the top of the pan. Fancy shapes make delightful tarts for festive menus.



**make room!
make room!**



WO-YEAR-OLD Betsy nibbles her breakfast. Ten little upper teeth and ten little lower teeth meet with a sharp little click. Two-year-old Betsy has “perfect occlusion”, as the dentists say. Perfect bite.

Chew, Betsy, chew! Make room for those ever-so-much-bigger second teeth that will be coming along in a few years' time. You want “perfect occlusion” of those teeth, too. But you won't get it if your little jaws don't develop properly. Give them exercise, Betsy! Chew!

Look around you, Betsy, at all the big boys and girls who are wearing “bands” on their second teeth. They'll have to go to the dentist every week or so for years—getting those crowded, crooked teeth straightened. They don't enjoy it very much, and it's costing their parents a lot of money. Take no such chances, Betsy. Eat plenty of *crisp* foods. Chew!

Mothers: One of the best known dental authorities of today writes: “Short jaws, allowing insufficient room for the permanent teeth, are one of the principal causes of irregularities. They can be corrected by giving the child, as soon as possible, food which needs to be thoroughly masticated. One of the most important means of preventing malocclusion is stimulation of

bone growth and tooth development through mastication of hard foods.”

Ask your dentist for a list of foods beneficial to children's teeth. Almost certainly, Grape-Nuts will rank high on that list. These golden kernels—nut-like in flavor—are deliciously, irresistibly *crisp*. They tempt children to chew *thoroughly*—giving to teeth and gums the vigorous exercise so often lacking in this day of soft, over-refined foods.

Your dentist will tell you, too, that the splendid nourishment Grape-Nuts contains helps to *build* sound teeth, and makes important contributions to the health of the whole body. Grape-Nuts supplies phosphorus for teeth and bones; proteins for muscle and body-building; iron for the blood; dextrins, maltose and other carbohydrates for heat and energy; and the essential vitamin-B, a builder of appetite. Eaten with milk or cream, Grape-Nuts is an admirably balanced ration.

Will you try this famous food tomorrow morning? It is ready-to-serve—prepared by a special baking process that makes it one of the easiest foods in the world to digest... Your grocer sells it, of course. Perhaps you will wish to accept the following offer.

Two servings of Grape-Nuts and a booklet on children's teeth—free!

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G-McC-11-28

MAIL THIS COUPON NOW!

POSTUM COMPANY, Incorporated, Battle Creek, Mich.
Please send me, free, two trial packages of Grape-Nuts, together with the booklet, “Long Life to Your Children's Teeth.”

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812 Metropolitan Bldg., Toronto 2, Ontario



Grape-Nuts is one of the Post Health Products, which include also Instant Postum, Postum Cereal, Post Toasties, Post's Bran Flakes, and Post's Bran Chocolate.





Five leading Philadelphia hospitals confirm the warning of doctors

Harsh toilet papers are dangerous

WHEN surgeons at five of Philadelphia's largest hospitals warn against unsafe toilet papers, you can be sure their words are supported by actual cases.

From their day to day experience they have learned that inferior toilet papers are only too frequently a menace in even the best homes.

At this moment, if you are in the habit of buying "just any" toilet paper you are taking chances with the health and comfort of your family.

In the words of these noted surgeons: "It is a fundamental principle to avoid the use of a coarse toilet paper."

Two tissues that satisfy hospital standards

Three qualities are essential, doctors agree: complete absorbency, special softness and chemical purity.

Naturally, you cannot make laboratory tests yourself to determine the safety of your toilet paper. But you can buy today two tissues scientists have tested and physicians have

approved—ScotTissue and Waldorf.

Scott tissues are pre-eminently absorbent. The ordinary smooth-finished toilet paper, crumpled into a ball, will float in water many minutes. ScotTissue and Waldorf sink almost at once.

Ordinary toilet paper makes sharp, unpleasant and sometimes dangerous creases, no matter how thin it may be. ScotTissue and Waldorf are as soft and gentle as a silk handkerchief.

ScotTissue and Waldorf are neither alkaline nor acid. Every roll is pure. Each sheet tears evenly, economically. These tissues have all the qualities which make them especially suitable to be used by children and elderly people where gentle cleansing is most necessary.

Don't ask again for just toilet paper. Demand ScotTissue or Waldorf. Careful housewives are buying 107,000,000 rolls this year. Scott Paper Company, Chester, Pa.

3 for
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Waldorf—a bland, soft, inexpensive tissue. Any home can afford it.

ScotTissue—in rolls of 1000 sheets. Preferred by many women for its whiteness and cloth-like softness.

Fit standard built-in fixtures. These prices for United States only.

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BRING ON THE ROAST

[Continued from page 42]

mixed with bread crumbs and seasonings and used as a stuffing; but this stuffing recipe is especially delicious. Place meat in roasting pan and cook in quick oven (450° F.) for 15 minutes then reduce heat to moderate oven (350° F.) for one hour. Baste occasionally. Remove pork from bones before serving and top bones with paper frills.

Mashed Potato Stuffing

2 cups mashed potato	1 tablespoon onion juice
1 cup bread crumbs, soft	Pinch of powdered sage
¼ cup melted butter	1 teaspoon salt
	½ teaspoon pepper

Mix all ingredients thoroughly.

Roast Beef

Wipe the meat with a clean damp cloth. Do not wash it. Place on a rack in roasting pan and rub over with salt and dredge with flour. Place in a very hot oven (500° F.) for 15 minutes. Reduce heat to moderate oven (350° F.) and cook, allowing 15 to 20 minutes to a pound for standing roast and 20 to 25 minutes for a rolled roast, if a medium-rare roast is desired. Baste frequently if uncovered roaster is used. Do not add water to the roast. Serve with Yorkshire pudding.

Yorkshire Pudding

5 tablespoons flour	1 teaspoon baking-powder
½ teaspoon salt	¼ cup drippings and fat
2 eggs	
2 cups milk	

Sift flour and salt into mixing bowl. Hollow a well in center of flour and break eggs into it. Add 1 cup milk, a little at a time, beating for about ten minutes. Stir in second cup of milk, cover the bowl and let batter stand for two hours. When ready to bake pudding, pour into baking pan as much of the drippings from roasting meat as can be spared from the gravy—enough to make a thick coating on the bottom of the pan. Heat. Beat batter once again, add baking-powder and pour into baking pan. Bake 10 minutes to brown bottom in hot oven (450° F.) then reduce heat to moderate oven (350° F.) and continue baking for 20 minutes longer. Brown the top under the broiler flame if necessary.

Larded Fillet of Beef

Wipe fillet, remove fat and any tough tissues. Place on rack in small roasting pan. Lay narrow strips of fat salt pork across the top about half an inch apart. (If you have a larding needle, insert the fat through the fillet with it.) Sprinkle with salt, pepper and dredge with flour. Place small pieces of fat in bottom of pan and bake in hot oven (450° F.) for 5 minutes, then reduce to moderate oven (300° F.) for 20 to 25 minutes longer. Baste frequently. Serve with a mushroom or horse-radish sauce.

Roast Squab

Squabs are young pigeons about four weeks old. Their flesh is very tender and they require a short cooking. Singe, dress and clean like chicken. Stuff with well seasoned bread stuffing or mushroom stuffing and sew up opening. Fasten a strip of bacon or salt pork across the breast. Place on rack in roasting pan. Cook in a hot oven (450° F.) for 5 minutes, then reduce to a moderate oven (350° F.) for about 20 minutes longer. Baste frequently. Serve one squab to each person.

Note: If you would like a Time and Temperature Chart for roasting; also recipes for hot sauces and gravies as suggested in the box on page 42, write to us enclosing a two-cent stamp.

Crown Roast Stuffing

1 onion	2 teaspoon salt
1 carrot	½ teaspoon pepper
½ cup celery	1 teaspoon paprika
2 sprigs parsley	¼ teaspoon cloves
2 tablespoons olive oil	1 cup drained, crushed pineapple
1 cup rice, cooked	½ cup raisins
2 cups bread crumbs	

Chop onion, carrot, celery and parsley and fry gently in oil until onions are golden brown. Add rice, salt, pepper, paprika and cloves and cook 2 minutes longer. To this mixture add pineapple, raisins and bread crumbs and blend together well.

Roast Duck

Singe, dress, wash and wipe a roasting duck. Stuff with Celery and Olive Stuffing or Chestnut Stuffing (recipes given below) and tie securely in shape with wings and legs close to the body. Sprinkle with salt and pepper and cover breast with two very thin slices of fat salt pork. Place in a quick oven (450° F.) for 15 minutes. Reduce heat to moderate oven (350° F.) and cook until done, allowing about 15 minutes per pound. Baste often, adding a little water if necessary. (Half orange juice and water may be used for basting.)

Celery and Olive Stuffing

3 cups soft bread crumbs	¼ teaspoon pepper
1 cup chopped celery	¼ teaspoon paprika
½ cup chopped olives	Few drops onion juice
1 teaspoon salt	3 tablespoons butter
	½ cup hot water

Mix bread crumbs, celery, olives, salt, pepper, paprika and onion juice together. Moisten with butter, melted in hot water, and mix thoroughly.

Chestnut Stuffing

3 cups soft bread crumbs	3 tablespoons butter
1 teaspoon salt	¼ cup hot milk
¼ teaspoon pepper	2 cups boiled chestnuts

Mix bread crumbs, salt and pepper. Moisten with butter melted in the hot milk. Chop chestnuts rather fine and add to bread crumb mixture. Mix together thoroughly.

Roast Goose

Singe, dress, wash and clean a goose thoroughly. Wipe dry. Reserve the neck, gizzard and liver (simmering in just enough water to cover) to make the gravy. Sprinkle goose inside and outside with salt, pepper and powdered sage. Stuff with Mashed Potato Stuffing (recipe given below) and tie securely in shape, with wings and legs close to body. Rub the cut surface of an onion over the skin. Lay two or three thin strips of fat salt pork over breast. Place in a quick oven (450° F.) for 15 minutes. Reduce heat to 350° F. and cook till done giving about 20 minutes to the pound. Baste often, adding a little hot water if necessary. The bird should be a golden brown.



NORTH
SOUTH
EAST and
WEST

—to homes of good taste the HEATROLA has brought new harmony, new health, new luxurious warmth * * * it is so obviously the thing to have * * * this modern, whole-house heater

IT is so good to look at! The graceful, cabinet-like Estate Heatrola with its air of honest quality, its simple, clean-cut lines, its softly gleaming finish of rich mahogany!

Women approve it at first sight . . . naturally. And when frost frescoes the window-panes and icy blasts shriek shrilly through stark trees, their approval changes to enthusiasm!

For then the handsome Heatrola demonstrates the magic of modern home-heating methods. No more shut-off rooms. The whole house, upstairs and down, is fairly flooded with genial, *breathable* warmth . . . the balmy, moistened warmth of tropic isles . . . so good to the nose and throat . . . so healthful.

No more drafty floors and chilly hallways. Let the children play on the floors. Put plants on the window-sills of those used-to-be-frigid north rooms. For Heatrola warmth is *circulated* . . . there is always the same even temperature in every room.

Put away the smudgy stove polish. Stop worrying about smoke and ashes and dust. The Heatrola is *clean*. And you can *keep* it clean with a dust-cloth . . . like any other furniture!

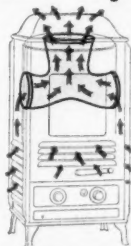
Your husband will tell you

Beauty, cleanliness, healthfulness . . . these are things about Heatrola that appeal to women. It remains for the man of the house to discover its *hidden* virtues.

Your husband will be quick to note the substantial perfection of Heatrola construction. He will like the ball-bearing grate that even a child can shake . . . the one-piece, air-tight ash-box . . . the smoke curtain and fuel chute . . . the easily-filled vapor tank that keeps the air *healthfully* moist . . . *but, most of all, he'll approve the Intensi-Fire Air Duct—for this exclusive Heatrola feature will actually cut fuel bills nearly in half!*

Make sure it's a genuine Heatrola

It seems that as soon as anything makes a name for itself by sheer merit, imitators take advantage of that Good Name. So remember, please, there is only *one* Heatrola—Estate builds it.



The exclusive Intensi-Fire Air Duct—the heart of Heatrola's double air-circulating system. This ingenious device greatly increases Heatrola's heating capacity by capturing and utilizing heat that in ordinary heaters goes to waste up the flue.



Instead of an ornate "parlor" stove—this touch of modern beauty.
Instead of dry "spotty" heat—balmy, luxurious warmth in every room.

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For homes of from three to four rooms, small apartments and stores, there is the new Estate Heatrola Junior—possessing, of course, all the important features of design which have made Heatrola famous. Near you is an authorized Heatrola dealer. He is prepared to tell you all you want to know about the Heatrola. See him—take advantage of the new low Heatrola prices, and the very liberal terms of payment.

Or, if you prefer, mail the coupon direct to The Estate Stove Company, Dept. 7-B,

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The gas Heatrola is a true Heatrola, with the Intensi-Fire Air Duct, the Vapor Tank, and other exclusive features. Handsomely finished in everlasting vitreous enamel. Your Heatrola dealer or gas company will be glad to demonstrate.



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Gentlemen: Please send me free booklet, "The Story of Estate Heatrola," also complete information regarding
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There is only One Heatrola—Estate builds it

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THUS... IN A
TWINKLING
she becomes enchanting—
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IMPOSSIBLE that he had ever considered her colorless—ordinaire. Tonight—she is enchanting... mysterious!

Such is the allure of the beguiling Djer-Kiss parfum... created by Monsieur Kerkoff to evoke love and romance and moon-lit moods. A mere hint... and mademoiselle is irresistible—magnétique!

Wisely she insists upon Djer-Kiss for her every toiletry. A single harmonizing fragrance. Fascinating. Unforgettable!

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Parfum Djer-Kiss enchanting—magnétique! \$2.00

Djer-Kiss Toilet Water—the same alluring fragrance—for bath, hair, kerchiefs... \$2.00



Child Health

HEART DISEASES IN CHILDREN

BY CHARLES GILMORE KERLEY, M. D.

Author of: Short Talks With Young Mothers, Etc.

A CHILD may be born with what is known as "heart disease." In the structural formation of the heart, if nature failed to produce a normal organ, defects are present which prevent the normal passage of blood through the organ and we have the condition, "congenital heart disease," symptoms of which are manifested in different ways. The so called "blue baby" typifies the condition and means defective heart construction. Cases of this sort are comparatively rare and children so afflicted rarely reach maturity; although I have known a few to pass through adolescence into adult life and live for years with but little inconvenience.

What interests us particularly in this communication is the acquired type of heart disease that develops in children usually before the tenth year and is one of the frequent and much dreaded ailments in the young. It is dangerous in its immediate possibilities as to the life of the individual and because so few cases are entirely cured the remote result is chronic heart disease and is of such a nature that the child is damaged for life.

Acquired heart disease in children means that there has been or is an inflammation of the lining of the heart cavities and valves and the condition is known as endocarditis. The valves become thickened, contracted, scarred and fail to perform their function and what is known as a "leak" occurs. The blood is hampered in its passage or there is a failure of the valves to close completely at the proper time.

The action of a normal heart is accompanied by certain sounds which may be interpreted by what is known as auscultation. In the diseased organ the normal sounds are replaced in whole or in part by abnormal sounds which are known as "murmurs." Heart disease thus means that through agencies from without, the heart has been attacked and injured, damaged for life, its functions are interfered with and there results a weakened organ to which the future life of the individual must in a measure be adjusted.

On account of the frequency of heart disease in children and its baneful effects, different types of so-called cardiac societies have been formed for treatment and protection of those afflicted. Cardiac clinics have been established in different cities, societies for the study of heart disease in children have been established and homes

for the care and protection of children with heart disease organized in different cities of the country, all of which emphasize the importance of the ailment as influencing child life.

Children with heart disease should be under constant medical supervision as supplied by the family physician, the clinic, the hospital or the cardiac home. While it is true that few of these cases are actually cured much may be done in the way of preventing further damage. If the child has had an attack of endocarditis with a damaged heart resulting he is quite liable to further attacks if the source of the trouble is not removed.

Further the child with the damaged heart should have his activities regulated by the physician—violent exercise such as basket ball, wrestling, competitive running, speed contests or stressful efforts are to be forbidden. In short, children with heart disease are not to be permitted to indulge in physical competition of any nature. This does not mean the so-called cardiac child may not indulge in healthful exercise. Each case, however, is a law unto himself and general directions may not be laid down. His activities must depend upon the nature of the case. If there is unnecessary curtailment of activities they rebel, disobey and much harm is done.

Who among children are the potential cardiacs? Who among them stand in danger of contracting disease of the heart?

Endocarditis referred to above is due to a bacterial infection immediate or to bacterial products and the source of the infection in a vast majority of cases is in diseased teeth, diseased tonsils, the presence of adenoids and infected sinuses. Every child so afflicted is a potential cardiac. It is of course true that thousands of children who have diseased teeth, tonsils and adenoids do not develop heart disease for the reason that their protective barriers against this kind of an infection are sufficient to spare the organ. On the other hand there are many who possess poor resistance. Their protective barriers are easily pushed aside and we have a transference of the focal infection to the heart, the joints and the muscles. Children of so-called rheumatic inheritance possess poor resistance.

Growing pains and joint and muscle soreness in a child mean that he is in immediate danger of developing heart disease and needs medical examination and advice at once.



Elizabeth Purdy and Alma Lawrence, young Chicago equestriennes whose good health is maintained by consistent exercise and proper hot breakfasts usually including Quaker Oats

NEW MORNINGS for OLD

Now thousands, largely on expert advice, are banishing listless mornings by the simple expedient of breakfasts that "stand by" them

THOUSANDS are learning the secret of active, energetic mornings in this way. The dull, listless mornings that handicap so many, can largely be overcome.

A week's trial will convince you . . . a week of well-balanced breakfasts that "stand by" you through your all-important forenoon hours.

Quaker Oats starts by being admittedly the most

delicious breakfast. And deliciousness is scientifically adjudged most important to digestion and nutrition.

In the first place, Quaker Oats contains 16% protein—the element that rebuilds lost body tissue—that builds muscle. The element, according to leading dietary thought, that acts to insure greater mental activity.

Quaker Oats provides some 50% more of this element than wheat; 60% more than wheat flour, over twice as much as rice, 100% more than cornmeal. Consider what this means.

16% protein—plus—an excellent food "balance" and unique deliciousness

Besides its rich protein element, Quaker Oats is rich in minerals, and abundant in Vitamin B. 65% is carbohydrate. It retains, too, the roughage to lessen the need for laxatives. The oat is admittedly the best balanced cereal that grows.

Served hot and savory, Quaker Oats supplies the most delicious of all breakfasts—a creamy richness that no other cereal known can boast.



Frank Wickhorst, former Navy football captain now coaching the Iowa University team, insists on hot Quaker Oats breakfasts at the training table.

THE QUAKER OATS COMPANY



The telephone girl is "on the job" every minute. Mabel Gans and Edna Brown know well the value of hot breakfasts in their work

In four morning hours 70% of the world's work falls

70% of your day's most important work is done between 8:30 a.m. and 12:30 p.m. — in four short hours — according to nation-wide commercial, financial and scholastic investigations.

That is why the world's dietetic urge now is to watch your breakfast; to start days with food that "stands by" you through the morning and thus protect the most important hours of your day.



**Quick Quaker—
the world's fastest hot
breakfast**

Your grocer has two kinds of Quaker Oats—Quaker Oats as you have always known them and Quick Quaker, which cooks in 2½ to 5 minutes—faster than toast—and makes the richest breakfast now the quickest.



It was HER choice, and he approved it

AS THEY planned the home, he left the choice of flooring to her. Natural it was that he should, for it is the home-maker who must give daily attention to this important part of the home furnishings. So she read and studied and observed the experiences of other housewives.

Beauty Came First

Beauty of grain and beauty of finish came first in her demands. All that she anticipated she found in Southern Pine flooring, which combined all the advantages of good flooring so well that it became her final choice. She had found, too, that with a minimum of daily effort she could easily preserve this beauty!

A Permanent Floor

With its beauty, Southern Pine pledged long usage. She learned that in many of those old homes still in a fine state of preservation Southern Pine* had been used throughout—not only as flooring but in places exposed to centuries of weather and wear—and still it served sturdily and satisfactorily!

A Book of Information

You can understand better her choice of Southern Pine after reading the interesting booklet, "Beauty Plus Service in Floors." It is free and will be mailed without obligation. Please use the coupon below.

SOUTHERN PINE ASSOCIATION
NEW ORLEANS, LOUISIANA

* This flooring is obtainable in either Short Leaf Southern Pine or Long Leaf Southern Pine. Both are equally beautiful in finish, grain and texture. For floors subject to unusual wear, the Long Leaf specie has an added quality of extreme strength and durability.

SOUTHERN PINE ASSOCIATION, New Orleans, La. McCNo.2

Gentlemen: Please send me your free booklet, "Beauty Plus Service in Floors."

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New Books For Children

REVIEWED BY MARION VAN RENSSELAER KING

ALICE in *Jungle-land*, by Mary Hastings Bradley. Drawings by Alice; Appleton Co. \$2.00.

This book by the well-known writer of travel books is one of the most fascinating books recently published. Five-year-old Alice went with her parents and Mr. Akeley on an expedition for the New York Museum in search of gorillas. They went into the very heart of Africa where very few white women and no children had ever gone, and it is with Alice's adventures that the book deals.

They killed wild elephants, African elephants unlike their Indian cousins, being too dangerous to capture. Alice saw cannibals and made friends with them, because "they had never seen a white little girl before and Alice was very strange to them, with her blue eyes and long yellow curls. They used to crowd round her, and in camp would wait hours before her tent to see her having her curls brushed."

Alice even visited the tomb of King Mutesa, the most powerful and wicked tyrant that ever ruled. Alice had adventures experienced by no other child in the world.

Little Black Eyes, by Karlene Kent. Illustrated by Carroll Snell; The Macmillan Co., \$2.00.

This book about a little Japanese girl, Chiyo, is told by one who knows intimately the country of which she writes. Chiyo is very lovable and to us very quaint in her ideas, but you will see that when "foreigners from the West" came to visit at her home Chiyo found it very hard not to laugh at their "queer ways." But as a good little Japanese girl is always very polite the young Americans never knew that their hats, tight fitting shoes, short

CHILDREN'S BOOK WEEK

"CHILDREN'S book week is an educational movement which engages the attention of all who are seeking to encourage a love of books among boys and girls." This year Book Week is November 11th to 17th. If you want any posters or suggestions for year-round reading promotion, write to the National Association of Book Publishers, 25 West 33rd Street, New York City.

skirts, and hand-shaking were all very difficult for Chiyo to comprehend, and not a little shocking to a well reared Japanese.

Chiyo's life was completely absorbing to her, and she found pleasure in every little detail of her existence—at the theater in Yokohama, in school, on the Birthday of All Little Girls, and

on many another memorable occasion. To be allowed to carry her brother's lunch basket on his grass-hopper hunt was Paradise for her.

Carroll Snell has illustrated the book colorfully and charmingly. The combination of the story and the plates make the book fascinating and they give one a perfect picture of Japanese life. You will hate to have to close the book and say *say-on-ar-a* to Chiyo-San.

A Patriot Lad Of Old Cape Cod, by Russell Gordon Carter. Illustrated by Henry Pitz; The Penn Publishing Company, \$1.50.

This volume is the fifth of a series of Patriot Lad books, each dealing with a particular locality during the Revolutionary period. Many youngsters who know "The Cape" only as a summer resort will, after reading this exciting narrative, find a new thrill in the very names of Woods Hole, Falmouth, Martha's Vineyard, etc., where the British naval power made itself seen, heard and felt. It was a zone exposed to the enemy and, under the difficult transportation conditions then prevailing, remote from the protection of the Continental Army. Between the Tories ashore and the British tars afloat, these near-amphibians of "The Cape" may well be said to have been 'twixt wind and weather and to have sorely required the courageous ingenuity of the two young heroes, whose exploits are set forth.



CLOTHES IDEAS FROM ABROAD

By Mae Martin



Last Fall when I was in France, I admired the dress which the daughter of our hostess was wearing, and she confessed it was three years old, originally rose-beige, now dyed a rich, deep shade of red!

The French are eternally surprising you with thrifty little tricks like that—tricks which it pays to imitate.

Most of us have dresses, which, if allowed to remain their original color, are discarded or seldom worn. Redyed, they become favorites again.

Just get a package or two of true, fadeless Diamond Dyes, and try your hand at tinting or dyeing. You'll be amazed to see how easy it is to use Diamond Dyes, and you'll be delighted by the results. Diamond Dyes never disappoint you. The "know-how" is in the dyes. They are real dyes, like those used when the cloth was made. They never give things that redyed look or take the life out of cloth like makeshift, inferior dyes. Crisp, bright new colors appear like magic, right over the old, faded ones. Simple directions in each package of Diamond Dyes enable you to secure more than sixty tints and shades with them, including everything that's fashionable this season. Sales of over twenty million packages a year show how women depend on them.



FREE My big new book "Color Craft" with hundreds of real dollar-saving hints for renewing clothes, draperies, etc. Just mail the coupon for it, NOW.

MAE MARTIN
c/o Diamond Dyes
Burlington, Vermont

Please send "Color Craft" FREE.

Name _____

Address _____

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Canadian Address: Windsor, Ontario



*Like having the world for your garden—
your pick of the best that is grown*
JUST BE SURE YOU SAY DEL MONTE

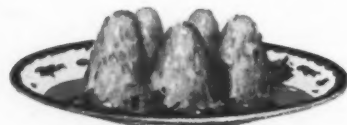


*Peaches—
and a hundred other varieties*
—for that fresh touch that chases dullness out of everyday meals

In sunny orchards such as this, DEL MONTE Peaches are picked when fully-ripe, sweet and juicy—and in nearby modern canneries sealed for your year-round enjoyment. Is it any wonder they are such a universal favorite—so delicious alone or in easy made-up desserts or salads? Here are only the best of California Peaches—packed, for convenient service, Halved or Sliced!

DEL MONTE BERRIES

Think, for instance, of serving berries like these—not next June, but *today!* Berries, from America's most famous "berry-patch"! Berries, picked early in the morning, fresh and dewy-cool! Berries, canned with pure cane sugar in their own rich juice! And best of all, they're ready to serve. No sorting—no stemming—no washing to do. A wonderful treat for any meal.

**TOMATO SAUCE**

Or for variety in cooking! Not a catsup, not a chili sauce—but a cooking sauce, a special blend of red-ripe tomatoes and spices for *kitchen* use. Makes leftovers into new foods, adds zest to gravies, and improves macaroni, stews, economical meat cuts and fish. Just a cup to the can—but a world of flavor in each.

200 Easy Dishes—The DEL MONTE cook book collection, made up of several special recipe folders and "The DEL MONTE Fruit Book," is full of new cooking suggestions. May we send you copies? It is free. Just address Dept. 624, California Packing Corporation, San Francisco, California.

**PICKLES**

And pickles, in cans or in glass as you wish. Gherkins, Sweet or Sour; Sweet Mixed; Sour Mixed; Sliced Sweets; Sliced Sours; Dills, Sliced or Whole—a complete assortment from which to choose. Their package keeps them crisp, fresh, and clean—their label guarantees the full, inviting flavor of pickles at their best.

PIMIENTOS

And as one last illustration, just see what a "college education" can do for an ordinary red pepper. They look the same—but what a difference in flavor. DEL MONTE Pimientos are always mild and sweet—their flesh thick and tender. Delicious in meat dishes, as a garnish, or in salads. Try these scarlet strips on your next "blue Monday" and you'll find your menu, if not the day, cheerful and inviting.



IT PAYS TO INSIST IF  YOU WANT THE BEST



What Are Your AUTOMOBILE OPERATING COSTS?

*Fourth in a series of articles on automobiles
for McCall's women readers*

WHILE it does not pay to ignore any unusual sound from the engine of your automobile neither is it wise to be an overtrained "listener." Such people are nuisances to any car repair department. They are perpetually expecting and looking for trouble, their imaginations run rampant, and many of their motor difficulties are of their own invention. Automobiles today have reached such a degree of mechanical efficiency that little more than intelligent, conscientious care is required to keep them in condition.

They are no longer the uncertain propositions they used to be when only the reckless and rich dared buy them. In their early days they were expensive, intricate and unsatisfactory in construction, and were continually being laid up for repairs. Nor was it possible to estimate what a repair job would cost. It was too early in the game for expert mechanics; when anything went wrong with an engine, one man's guess was as good as another's.

Today cars are popularly priced to begin with, and less expensive to maintain. One should be as discriminating, however, in the choice of a repair man for an automobile as in the selection of the family's physician; with the growth of the automobile industry garages and experts of varying ability and integrity have sprung into existence.

Use Authorized Service

If there is an Authorized Service Station anywhere near you, it is much better to have repairs and adjustments made there than in a general garage. Automobile manufacturers do not consider their responsibility at an end when a car leaves the factory. They make an honest effort to put out a mechanically perfect product and they have a genuine interest in its performance. Their economic future depends on the satisfaction their cars give. For that reason they have established innumerable Authorized Service Stations with mechanics thoroughly instructed and trained in their particular make of car; men who know precisely what the motors require and are especially equipped and tooled for the work.

A garage proprietor's viewpoint is somewhat different. The bulk of his profit and his economic future depends on repair work. He cannot afford to equip for every make of car, nor can he hope to employ a corps of me-

BY DOROTHY C. REID

UNQUESTIONABLY one of the greatest savings in operating expenses is, or can be, effected in tires. This will be thoroughly discussed in the next article.

Every woman who drives or is learning to drive is faced with bothersome problems. A special free consultation service on the care and use of cars is offered all readers.

Address your questions to:

The Automobile Editor
McCall's Magazine
236 W. 37th St., New York City

chanics qualified to work on any car manufactured. All mechanics think they are experts, but if one out of five can diagnose engine trouble on all cars, it is a high percentage. Garage mechanics have been known to make business for themselves and their employers by upsetting a delicate motor adjustment. This is not apt to happen in authorized service stations since their chief interest lies in the perfect performance of an automobile at minimum cost to the owner.

One car may have trouble with its clutch, another has brake difficulty, and still another may be bothered with body squeaks, but these vulnerable points are well known to the service station mechanics (or testers). Whether or not you recognize the faults, the service station men do, and moreover they are able to remedy them. Should you take one of these cars to an ordinary garage, mechanics might be days finding the trouble, and charge \$1.50 or \$2. an hour for their time. Then, having found it, they often do not have necessary parts for replacement, nor proper tools to make the repairs. You run the risk of having pirate parts substituted which, of course, cannot possibly give the same satisfaction that regulation parts give, and they cost more in the long run.

One driver had continued annoyance with a slipping clutch. He took his car to a nearby garage at least four different times, and each time it cost him \$3.75. Finally, thoroughly disgusted

with the automobile, he went to the authorized service station.

As soon as the tester heard "clutch" he knew what was wrong. The factory had found, through its various experimental agencies, that an occasional set of disc plates required certain changes; word had been sent to replace the plates where necessary, and with no charge to the customer. The remedy at the other garage had been a generous sprinkling of powder through the clutch, a temporary cure at best, and in this man's case a useless expense.

Regular Attention Important

Taking your automobile to its authorized service station at regular intervals is the best form of insurance you can give it. A periodic check-up often saves many dollars in repairs. Troubles may be detected and remedied in their early stages, and many a possible breakdown is avoided by thus keeping a car fit. Foretell difficulties; never wait for them to catch you on the road unaware, where it will be necessary to call in a roadside mechanic, many of whom are hardly qualified to change a tire. Engineers know just how many miles it is safe for you to drive before valve clearances or steering gears should be adjusted, or the vacuum tank and commutator should be cleaned. The manufacturers' book of instructions, which comes with your car, tells you what to do and when. If you cannot make the recommended adjustments, go to your service station where a fair charge is made for the work.

I recently asked managers in several of these service stations what were some of the contributing causes to current engine trouble, and, in the main, they agreed on two things: *insufficient attention to motor inspection and lack of knowledge on the part of drivers.*

As I stood talking with one of the managers, a woman drove up in a striking-looking, olive-green, special body coupe, which I recognized as the most expensive car that company made. She wore a smartly cut mink coat, and sparkled with showy jewels. Catching sight of the manager, she all but fell out of her car in her haste to get to him and have her say.

"Look here," she said, "this isn't a car you have sold me, it's a lot of junk. The engine pounds like a pile driver. I'm sick of bringing it here and

[Continued on page 56]



How soft food robs the gums of health

NO one who has studied the effect of our diet upon the tissues of the mouth can doubt that here lies the reason of modern gum troubles.

There's no mystery about it. The gum walls, like any other living tissue, need exercise. But these soft foods of today—these tender cuts of meat, these creamed vegetables, entrees, and fluffy puddings—they have no power to give to our gums the stimulation they need to vitalize and sustain them.

Gradually enervated by a life of too much ease, gums grow lazy and flabby. They become tender—they bleed. All too often "pink tooth brush" gives its warning that more serious troubles may be close at hand.

How massage and Ipana keep gums firm and healthy

Fortunately the dental profession offers a simple remedy for this difficulty—an easy, natural way to supply the stimulation so vital to the health of our gums. They recommend massage—a gentle frictionizing of the gum surfaces with the brush while brushing the teeth, or with the finger-tips after each twice daily brushing.

And thousands of dentists order their patients to use Ipana Tooth Paste for both the massage and the regular brushing. By its use you can more quickly raise the laggard circulation of the gums to the healthful activity that offsets the damage done by a too civilized diet.

For Ipana contains ziratol, an antiseptic and hemostatic well known to the profession for its value in toning the gums and in strengthening weak, under-nourished tissue.

The ten-day tube the coupon calls for is gladly sent. But a better plan is to get a full-size tube of Ipana at your druggist's. Use it for a month and then see how it has improved the health of your gums—the brilliance and beauty of your teeth.

IPANA TOOTH PASTE

BRISTOL-MYERS CO., Dept. E-118
73 West Street, New York, N. Y.

Kindly send me a trial tube of IPANA TOOTH PASTE. Enclosed is a two-cent stamp to cover partly the cost of packing and mailing.

Name

Address

City..... State.....

"I was just too late—

pitiful
his
pain!"



Unguentine



"A pan of soup was boiling on the stove. My four-year-old son, always curious, climbed upon a chair to peep into the pan. The chair slipped and the baby and the scalding liquid went down together! The soup drenched the tender little face... I remembered my Unguentine—applied it freely. It was astonishing how quickly the agony stopped. When I located the doctor, he said: 'You couldn't have done a better thing.' No scars were left at all!"

"THE day Sonny scalded himself" . . . "The time my dress caught" . . . "The year our house burned" . . .

Fire has hurt all of us. To some it has already brought disaster. For others tragedy still waits . . . And minor burns—painful little scalds—these come almost as a matter of course to every family.

Physicians say: "Be ready. Even the slightest burn may become infected." Terrible suffering, lifelong scars may be the penalty! You can be prepared. Keep Unguentine always at hand.

Unguentine is the dressing used for burns in hospitals from coast to coast. Spread it liberally on all burns. Almost at once pain is banished. Germs are excluded—normal healing starts at once. The tissues are repaired with marvelous speed. And almost invariably, *no scar is left.*

Use Unguentine on cuts, scratches and bruises, too. In severe cases, apply on gauze and bandage lightly. At your druggist's, 50c. The Norwich Pharmacal Company, Norwich, N.Y. Canada—193 Spadina Ave., Toronto.

"We had just bought a tube of Unguentine on a friend's recommendation. That same day, as I carelessly lifted the lid from the washboiler, a cloud of steam shot out and caught me. My arm was terribly scalded. But I applied the Unguentine at once. Relief was almost instantaneous. The burn healed quickly—without the least scar."

*The surgical dressing
physicians use*

FREE!



—A trusted name

AUTO OPERATING COSTS

[Continued from page 55]

having the same trouble start all over a few days after taking it away. What are you going to do about it?"

"What did you pay for the last gasoline you bought?" asked the manager calmly.

"Twelve cents," was the prompt answer.

"I thought so," said the manager. "Twelve cents, and good gasoline was selling last week for nineteen. You have the best and most expensive car we make, and you run it on gasoline that is poisonous. Of course the engine

knocks, but there is nothing the matter with it except the fuel you feed it."

"I see no reason for paying nineteen cents when you can buy gasoline for twelve. I can't afford to pay more."

"You can't afford not to," said the manager.

"This is not your first car, although it is the first one you have had of our make, and you have had exactly the same trouble with every car you have ever driven. What it costs you to have carbon removed, which accumulates

rapidly with the gas you use, grind valves, clean spark plugs and distributor points and adjust the carburetor, would pay for all the good grade of gasoline you could use. When your car leaves this station, the motor hums like a bird, not a sign of a knock, but it leaves with its tank full of decent fuel. Your trouble begins just as soon as you fill up with more of that twelve cent stuff. If you knew more about an engine or would take advice from those who do, you would never abuse it trying to save a few cents a gallon on gasoline."

Good Lubricants Necessary

Most engine trouble can be directly attributed to abuse on the part of the driver. Probably imperfect lubrication heads this list. With care a motor's life is estimated to be seven or eight years, yet few of them last that long because they are so frequently abused through poor or insufficient lubricants.

All lubricants should be of good quality and of sufficient body for the type of motor and the time of year. Automobile companies provide instructions on this subject which should be followed. Failure to have the crank case filled to the proper marker, or running with dirty oil makes for expensive repair work and shortens the life of an engine.

There is one important point to be remembered about crank case oil—adding fresh, clean oil, does not purify what is already there. When two quarts of clean oil are added to two quarts of dirty oil, the result is four quarts of dirty oil. Gritty lubrication in cylinder

chambers, bearings and pistons, will mean expensive repairs. At required intervals, DRAIN the crank case, flush it with cleansing oil, and replenish with a good quality of lubricant. It is cheaper to buy a gallon of fresh oil than to pay for the damage done by an abrasive mixture too long in the case.

Another common abuse is that of overloading or an uneven distribution of a load. Cars have a carrying capacity of two, four, five or seven passengers. The number of passengers is further amplified by the number of pounds. It

may be quite possible to crowd eight or ten people into a five passenger car, but the resultant strain on engine and springs is more than they were calculated to bear. Such excessive hospitality often takes its toll in the cost of a broken leaf or two in a spring or fractured side walls on tires. If a car is loaded beyond its natural capacity unusual care should be taken to avoid driving any considerable distance. Under such conditions a motor is

racked infinitely more than on a two hundred mile run with a normal load.

Carburetor Adjustment

Drivers frequently do not understand the importance of carburetor adjustment. The average motor car is operated on too rich a mixture, which from the standpoint of gasoline economy is wasteful. In order to obtain the most economical results a carburetor should be adjusted so that you get guaranteed mileage with maximum power on the leanest possible mixture. Find out from your dealer what mileage you should get. Check your monthly fuel bill with the monthly mileage, and if you are not getting results, adjust your carburetor to a leaner mixture. It may not be possible to get quite the guaranteed mileage since driving conditions are different in various parts of the country. People living in congested districts who are continually called upon to stop and shift gears in traffic, cannot get as perfect results as those in the country who may drive for miles without a stop or without shifting. Drivers in mountainous sections will get less mileage.

Automobile manufacturers advise adjusting carburetors twice a year; a leaner mixture in summer than in winter. Carburetors of today operate more economically than did earlier types, but they are not yet perfect, and until they are, it is not possible to get complete combustion in cylinder chambers. Carburetor adjustments, besides reducing the amount of gasoline used, reduces the amount of carbon to be removed from your engine.

The Castle On The Ground

There was a tall, young architect,
Who loved a maiden fair,
And he would draw her grand designs
Of castles in the air.
But since no purchaser would buy
A ground plan of the same,
He couldn't wed the maiden fair,
And wasn't that a shame?

The architect grew desperate
And built the maid demure
A castle of the fanciest
In perfect miniature.
Ten feet of air its towers pierced,
With battlements between,
As by a motor road it stood,
All painted pink and green.

They wed and there live happily,
And all the livelong day,
She sells hot dogs to motorists
Who come along that way,
While he beside the castle gate
Makes profits ere they pass
By letting down the drawbridge pump
And filling tanks with "gas."

Fairfax Downey

The Norwich Pharmacal Co., Dept. M-47
Norwich, N. Y.

Please send me trial tube of Unguentine and booklet,
"What To Do," by M. W. Stofer, M. D.

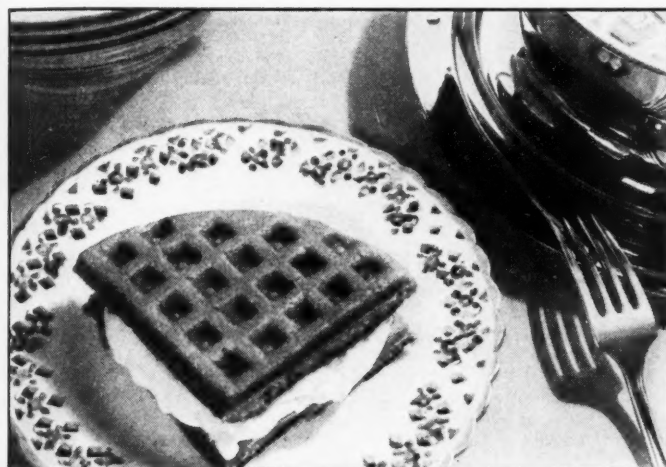
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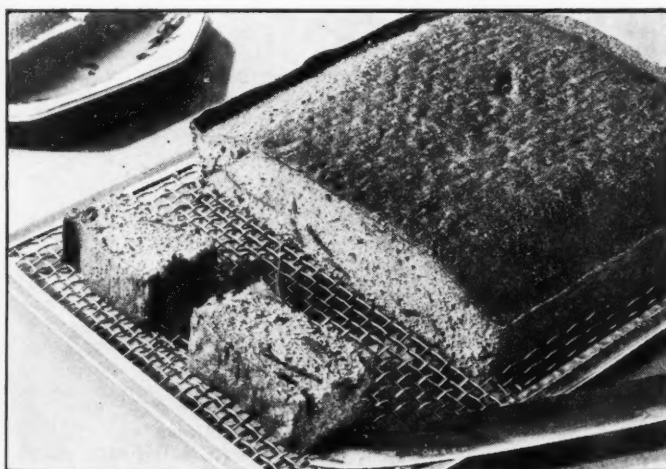
City and State.....



Gingerbread Upsidedown Cake—A brand new recipe for a cake that is fun to make and delicious to eat.



Gingerbread Waffles—A captivating new dessert. Just the thing for luncheon or for Sunday night suppers.



Harvest Apple Cake—That "something substantial" men want in desserts. This is an old New England recipe.

Something NEW to have for DESSERT

GINGERBREAD UPSIDEDOWN CAKE

Melt $1\frac{1}{2}$ tablespoons butter in heavy iron skillet. Add $\frac{1}{2}$ cup Brer Rabbit Molasses, heat to boiling point. Remove from fire. Strain juice from can of sliced pineapple (or apricots) and fit slices into bottom of skillet. Fill spaces between slices with broken nut meats and raisins. Let skillet stand in warm place until following batter is prepared: Sift together $1\frac{3}{4}$ cups flour, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon soda, 1 teaspoon baking powder, 1 teaspoon ginger, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon cloves, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon nutmeg, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt. Cream 3 tablespoons shortening and $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar. Stir in 1 egg, well beaten, and $\frac{1}{2}$ cup Brer Rabbit Molasses. Add dry ingredients, mix thoroughly. Add $\frac{1}{2}$ cup boiling water, beat well, then pour into skillet over slices of fruit. Bake 30-35 minutes in moderate oven (350° F.). Remove from oven and turn out cake on serving plate, fruit side up. Serve warm either plain or with whipped cream.

GINGERBREAD WAFFLES

First sift well 2 cups pastry flour, $1\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoons ginger, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon cinnamon, and $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt. Next, heat to boiling point, but do not boil, 1 cup Brer Rabbit Molasses and $\frac{3}{8}$ cup butter. Remove from stove and beat in $1\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoons soda. Add $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sour milk, 1 beaten egg, then sifted dry ingredients. Bake in waffle iron, watching carefully. Serve hot with whipped cream, sweetened and flavored to taste.

HARVEST APPLE CAKE

Slowly cook $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups thinly sliced apples in $\frac{3}{4}$ cup Brer Rabbit Molasses until tender. Cool. Melt $\frac{3}{8}$ cup shortening in $\frac{1}{2}$ cup hot water. Sift together $2\frac{1}{2}$ cups flour, $\frac{3}{4}$ cup sugar, $1\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoons soda, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon cloves, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon mace or nutmeg, then gradually add hot water and shortening. Stir in molasses and apples. Pour in shallow pan and bake in moderate oven (350° F.) one-half hour. Serve warm.

Molasses is a tantalizingly delicious, natural sweet that is actually good for you . . .

If it's a Brer Rabbit dessert, you can indulge your sweet tooth with a carefree spirit. For dietitians put molasses near the top of the list of foods that should be eaten every day. So you can feel positively virtuous when you eat a spicy square of warm, fragrant gingerbread.

The rich brown goodness of molasses foods strongly appeals to masculine appetites. Women, too! In the smartest New York tea rooms gingerbread with a bit of whipped cream or a luscious caramel icing excites the most delighted comments.

Children love molasses—on cereal, as a spread, over ice cream. And this natural sweet retains all the iron and lime of the sugar cane, so essential in correct feeding. Be sure to keep on hand plenty of molasses cookies to go with each glass of milk.

If you're reducing

It is hard to keep off sweets entirely, isn't it? Molasses will satisfy your craving and, in addition, will give you lime and iron—two health essentials too often neglected in reducing diets. One clever way to avoid eating too concentrated sweets—and at the same time to get more lime and iron—is to sweeten your breakfast cereal with Brer Rabbit Molasses.

In stewed fruits, pudding sauces and fruit pies, Brer Rabbit not only serves to sweeten, but adds a wonderful new flavor—and health value, too.

Good old-fashioned New Orleans Molasses in Two Grades

Brer Rabbit Molasses is the real New Orleans molasses, with that tantalizing old-time flavor you remember from childhood. Brer Rabbit is packed in two grades—Gold Label and Green Label.

For table use and fancy cookery, you may prefer Gold Label, the highest quality light molasses. It is delicious as a spread for pancakes, waffles and biscuits. Green Label, a rich, full-flavored, dark molasses, is usually chosen for gingerbread and other baking purposes.

Both grades are packed by the best modern methods, and are always specially tested to make sure of uniform quality and fine, natural flavor.



94 New Recipes FREE



Just off the press—a new Brer Rabbit cook book. All about molasses cookery. 94 tested recipes. If you are one of the millions who received our last cook book you will want this new one. Mail coupon for FREE copy.

PENICK & FORD, Ltd., Inc., Dept. M-2
New Orleans, Louisiana
Please send my free copy of "94 Brer Rabbit Goodies,"
by Ruth Washburn Jordan.

Name _____

Address _____

ARM & HAMMER BAKING SODA is one of the most effective of all dentifrices . . . It is *Pure* BICARBONATE OF SODA



1 Place a little Arm & Hammer Baking Soda in the palm of the left hand. Use patented box opening.



2 Moisten the tooth brush—either in a glass of water or by holding under the faucet.



3 Pick up Baking Soda on the moistened brush.



4 First, brush the lower teeth, using an upward motion—not a crosswise one.



5 Then, brush the upper teeth, using a downward motion or, if you prefer, a circular motion.



6 Finally, give the inside teeth a thorough brushing, still using the up-and-down motion.

ARM & HAMMER Baking Soda (Bicarbonate of Soda) has practically every property that a good dentifrice should have. It is alkaline in reaction—neutralizes mouth acids, the chief cause of tooth decay. It is free from grit of any kind, yet has a natural "bite" that efficiently removes film without injury to the enamel. It is easy to use and extremely inexpensive.

Dentists are warm in their praise of Baking Soda. They recommend its use three times a day—after every meal. Use it as the illustrations here suggest.

Buy Baking Soda from your grocer. To be sure of the highest quality insist on either Arm & Hammer or Cow Brand. Both are the same and have been made by the same company for over 80 years.

CHURCH & DWIGHT COMPANY, Inc.
80 Maiden Lane, New York

ARM & HAMMER AND COW BRAND BAKING SODA ARE IDENTICAL. BOTH ARE BICARBONATE OF SODA IN ITS PUREST FORM, EXCEEDING THE U. S. P. STANDARDS.

Provides an effective cover—easily opened and closed.



68
uses



Have you tried a Baking Soda Bath? It brings instant relief to tired nerves and muscles. Just dissolve a half-pound of Arm & Hammer Baking Soda in the tub and bathe in your usual way.



Don't Say "Don't" To The Eager Child

MOTHERS of children at the runabout stage have their hands full. What harasses them most of all is the constant need of preventing catastrophes. Little catastrophes or big ones—there is always something impending. These lively little children are all curiosity and inexperience, getting into everything, and the healthier and more vigorous the child is, the bigger the problem. Where will he be next? What will he be playing with as soon as his mother's back is turned? His mischievous fingers are sure to pounce upon the dangerous implement in sight—knife, scissors, what not. He then sits down on, or clasps to his heart, everything which should not be crushed. He puts his fingers in every bowl, pan, cup or jar within reach, and then licks them. We all know him—the adorable little live-wire who drives his mother to distraction.

What shall his mother do about it? What she usually does is to punctuate her whole day with the word "don't." It is "don't do this" and "don't touch that" through all the waking hours. This is a bad habit to get into. It is bad for mother and child alike.

Developed during the days when the children are just beginning to meddle with things, this tendency to be always "don't-ing" persists through all the latter stages of the family's development. Over-zealousness on the part of parents to take a hand in children's affairs is bad at best. Children should be left alone occasionally to make their own experiments—the supervision of their elders being carried on at a distance, as it were. But the nagging which takes the form of perpetually forbidding something is the worst kind of interference.

If the child has a tendency to be disobedient or cantankerous, the suggestion that he mustn't do this or that, rouses the obstreperous side of his nature at once. If the child is naturally obedient, anxious to please or timid, it will make him nervous to be brought up suddenly every few minutes by the sharp "Don't." If a child's mind is filled with the idea of what the mother wants him to accomplish he is more likely to be interested and successful than if he is continually reminded of the pitfalls he is likely to fall into if he is not careful.

Many and many a time his mother

BY ALIDA DE LEEUW

puts ideas into the heads of the children by her everlasting

ing "Don't," which would never have got there if she had left them alone. She is leaving the room for a minute, and she immediately sees passing before her a procession of pictures of what Helen and Jack might possibly do in her absence. She does not visualize the way they might occupy themselves profitably and pleasantly, but she thinks of all the things they might do of which she would disapprove. And then she begins, "Don't . . .", "Don't . . ." If the children are naturally contrary the moment her back is turned they will set about doing one of the things she told them not to do.

Children's minds and hearts are like little plots of ground in which are hidden all kinds of seeds. One never knows what will come up from day to day. It would be an exaggeration to say that fathers and mothers are responsible for all the seedlings that appear above the ground, for many are not of their sowing. But at least they can avoid scattering thorns and thistles to take root and mature.

And one of the most important duties a mother has in bringing up children is to train herself to see opportunities for making positive suggestions whereby difficulties may be avoided. A mother and her tiny child were out walking in the park. They came to a bed of very attractive and vari-colored pansies. The baby ran towards the flowers. The tactful mother foreseeing what would be the next act on the part of her youngster did not do what most mothers would have done under similar circumstances. She did not shout, "Don't touch those flowers," she ran after him, it is true, but not to grab him and jerk him back from his coveted spoil; instead, she put into each of his outstretched hands one of the little toys she was carrying. She then knelt down beside the pansies, touched one or two very lightly with her own fingers and said, "Aren't they pretty, dear?" If more mothers would show the practical common-sense of this one, and use a little of their ingenuity in forestalling those events which seem to them undesirable, there would be fewer nervously exhausted mothers, and fewer would be the clouds that darken at times the sunny days of childhood, the supposedly golden age.

FREE! Send the coupon for booklet

Church & Dwight Co., Inc.
80 Maiden Lane, New York

P-8

Please send me free booklet on Baking Soda as a household remedy—also send me a free set of thirty beautifully colored bird cards.

PLEASE PRINT NAME AND ADDRESS

Name

Street

City

State

Your Savings on Dress Goods

will buy a bag or gloves

—at the J. C. Penney
Co. store nearest you

When you come into a J. C. Penney Company store and actually see these fabrics, feel their fine texture in your own hands, you will marvel at the values!

New customers invariably ask, how can any store offer such really fine quality at such very reasonable prices?

You will find the answer as you get better acquainted with us.

We have grown by giving. Only 25 years ago, we had but one little store in Wyoming. Today, there are over 1,000 J. C. Penney Company department stores all over the United States. This extraordinary growth comes from the principle of giving you always the very utmost for your money.

You save—

Then, too, we are now the largest group of department stores in the world. We purchase in large quantities, at the most advantageous prices.

All savings are passed on to you. You see them in our quality, our values, in everything you buy.

Never a reduction sale—but always extra value, at the J. C. Penney Company store nearest you.



ABOVE

Gay cotton dresses

especially smart this year. The Malabar print, upper left, in blue, green and white; Georgian print, upper right, French blue and white; Rondo print, upper center, white, green and rose; Avenue print, lower left, in Dresden colorings; cheery red polka dot, lower right, and Rondo print in orchid and blue, lower center, are only a few of the lovely patterns we can give you at the amazingly low prices from 19c to 25c a yard.

LEFT

Gloves, of imported skins

with novelty cuffs, for dress occasions, are \$2.98; of soft, durable fabric, with fancy turnover cuffs, pretty and practical for general wear, are priced at 79c-98c.

Umbrellas of silky,

long-wearing gloria, with self-borders and novelty handles. In short, stubby size, smart and easy to carry—\$2.98.

Handbags of fashionable leathers in reptilian effects, in two tones of a single color, in pouch and envelope shapes, range from 98c to \$4.98.



Stockings, pure silk to top, full fashioned, semi-sheer, in the new colors. A remarkable value—\$1.49.

Dainty handkerchiefs, pure white, brightly colored, fancy borders or all-over patterns, priced at 5c, 10c and 15c.

The Golden Rule in all our 1000 stores!

We have proved that the best rule in business is the Golden Rule.

A quarter of a century ago we started selling dry goods according to this age-old principle. By giving a better article for the money, we attracted customers on merit. By taking less profit for ourselves, we have won bigger volume for our stores. Hence we can offer still better values.

The Golden Rule has built our 1,000 J. C. Penney Company stores—the largest group of department stores in the world.

You reap all the benefits of this great purchasing power. For still today we pass on to you these savings. The Golden Rule is still working in our stores. You can see it in the values.

(Signed)

J. C. Penney



Black crepe satin in lustrous quality shown above costs only \$2.49 a yard. The beautiful grade of crepe de chine for day-time dresses and evening frocks; and, in the lower corner, a flat crepe in soft blue, are only \$1.49 a yard.



ABOVE

The new woolsens, of

downy softness, smart patterns and colorings, make ideal sport and tailored frocks. The small pattern above is dull blue threaded with gray. The lower is a leaf-green. Splendid materials at a real saving—from 98c to \$2.98.



For a young girl's frock, or tiny rompers, prints are charming. The check, Hillcrest shirt-ing, in Delft blue and white; the Georgian print, light blue and rose flowers against dark blue, are typical of the savings we can help you make. 23c a yard.

Our enormous
purchasing power
gives you the
Highest Possible
Quality
at lower prices!

J. C. PENNEY COMPANY, INC.

"A good, true,
living
advertisement
for
Eagle
Brand!"



Two little girls, adorable with the charm of healthy, happy childhood! Read the letter a proud young mother writes to the Borden Company.

"Gentlemen:

"We have what ourselves, our friends and our family doctor consider a good, true, living advertisement for Eagle Brand Milk! Both of my little girls have been raised on Eagle Brand since they were a few days old, and I cannot say enough in favor of this milk.

"I am a young mother—these two are my only children. They are only a year apart and Eagle Brand came to me as a godsend. In fact, I believe my Madrienne would not have lived but for Eagle Brand! So when Hazel Claire was born I gave her Eagle Brand as soon as I learned I could not nurse her, because I had such confidence in it.

"Madrienne and Hazel have always been such good babies and I know that it is due to Eagle Brand! I write this in all sincerity and I wish you more and more success in your wonderful work.

Sincerely yours,
MRS. LEN SYLVESTER
St. Vincent, Minn."

THE BORDEN COMPANY, Borden Building 1-McC-11-28
350 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.

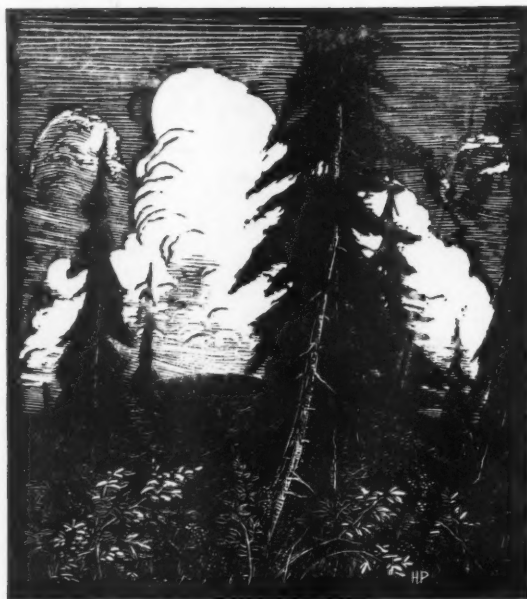
Please send me my free copies of "Baby's Welfare" and "What Other Mothers Say." My baby is . . . months old.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

Please print name and address



CHRISTMAS GREENS THIS YEAR-AND NEXT

Save the mountain crops—spare the
American ash can

BY ETHEL W. EVERETT

GAY with tinsel and ornaments, its highest point tipped with a shining star, the tree which stood last Christmas in millions of homes is now the subject of intense study on the part of forestry conservationists, together with the holly wreath, the laurel roping and the ground pine garland, all of which have become seemingly necessary and important factors in our celebration of the winter holiday season. The conservationists do not wish to take these things away from us—they merely want us to be able to have them always.

Ranging in price from twenty-five cents to thirty-five dollars each, six million Christmas trees moved down upon the New York market (alone) from the region of the Rockies and from the snow-clad New England hills, and as early as mid-December (last winter) began to make the city air mountain fragrant. Lower West Street, Manhattan's great Christmas tree market, looked like a miniature forest, with thousands of cut trees, fir, spruce, pine and cedar, standing in rows, or laid out in orderly piles. This same slaughtering of the greens took place for other cities and towns all over the country at the same time.

Simultaneously with the arrival of the trees, packing boxes filled with holly were appearing in front of florists' establishments. But women, who are the chief purchasers of the holly branches and wreaths, especially for home decoration, have in some localities practically boycotted the use of the American holly. Federated Garden Clubs of America and other organizations have been working hard to that end for several years, broadcasting the plea that the holly was fast disappearing and suggesting the use of substitutes.

Big stores in certain cities reflected this worthy propaganda. The natural holly, ground pine and laurel which in the past had been used so freely to trim interiors and make the enormous wreaths were largely replaced by vivid scarlet poinsettias of velvet and other artificial decorations.

Of course, natural greens are more desirable for use in stores or homes but the wholesale commercial destruction of such greens to meet the rapidly increasing demands has brought about the destruction of much of the nation's supply. Such greens are disappearing. At one time three-fourths of the population, if not actually living on farms was at least distinctly rural. Then, the farm itself, the woodlot or pasture, supplied the Christmas tree, the holly branches and the boughs of spruce or fir for decorating the house and church. Or there was always "the woods," that indefinite country term when with a bobsled, or a sleigh, or the farm horse and cart a pine tree and cut boughs as well as other growing things could be brought in.

Regular Crops a Solution

With the great growth of population, the collecting of Christmas greens became a business, and one that looked like easy money to too many. Trucks have been backed into woods, tons of holly and mountain laurel broken or cut, ground pine ripped up and "Christmas trees" chopped down, often without the knowledge or permission of the owner of the land. So flagrant have been the activities of the offenders, that the owner of many a summer place has returned to find a fat sum has been paid to some nursery concern, removed in his absence, gone to swell the total of trees offered for holiday sale.

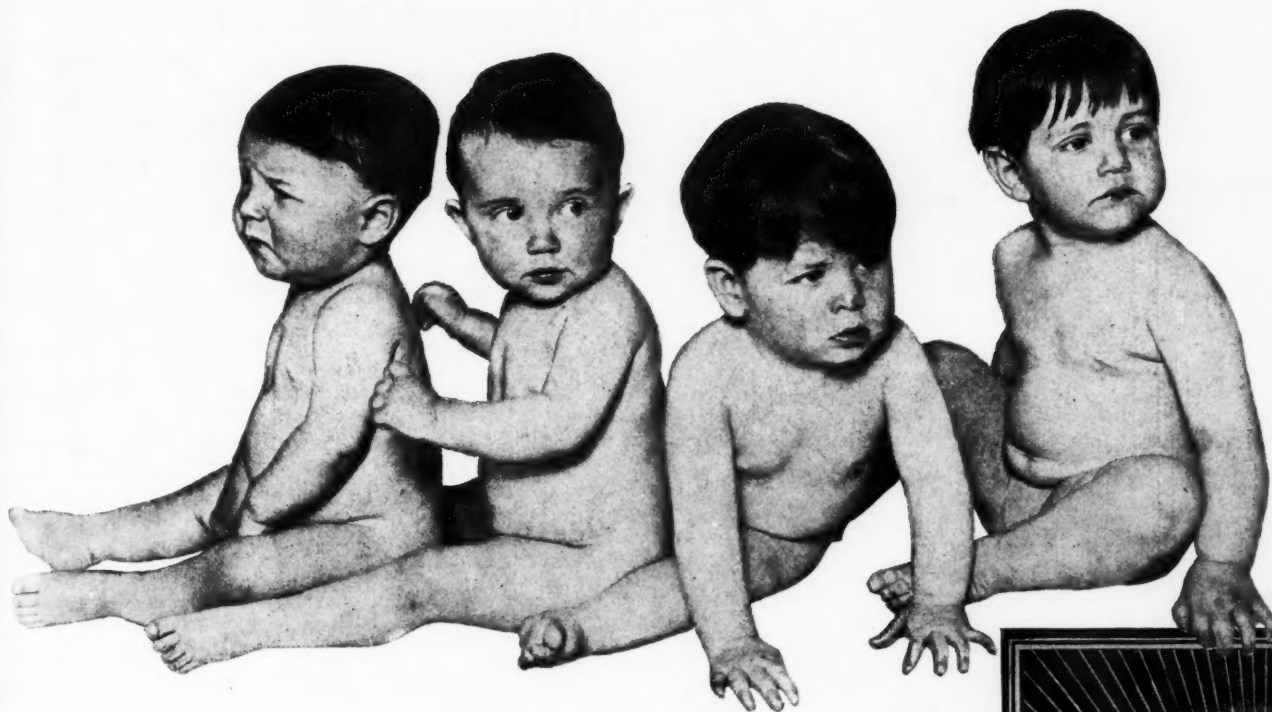
State Conservation Commissions and Colleges of Forestry now advocate making the Christmas tree a regular crop as one solution. Abandoned farms or new land unsuitable for other crops, may be made to yield a profit in this

way. The New York State Conservation Commission, which annually distributes millions of tiny trees to those wishing to use them for reforestation, and furnishes them at a figure so small as to be nominal, now advocates the planting of Christmas trees, as part of its regular organized reforestation program. School forests are part of the general project. What more suitable for children to plant than Christmas trees? asks the Commission. The New York State College of Forestry calls attention to the fact that this State recommends the establishment of Christmas tree plantations, particularly where such a crop is planted with the commercial timber crop. Spruce and balsam are recommended. (Spruce is most generally planted.)

Conservation agencies have been asked from time to time to help suppress the use of the Christmas tree and of evergreens generally for decoration, Christmas and otherwise, but they have taken the very human stand that "even if it were difficult to defend the custom economically, the habit of having them is too old and well grounded in our people that this consideration should outweigh purely economic judgment. Moreover, it is doubtful if even that judgment would lead to discontinuing the Christmas tree custom. Trees are for use, and there is no other use to which they could be put that would contribute so much to the joy of mankind as their use by children on this great holiday." Wm. G. Howard, of the New York State Conservation Department, recently expressed this opinion. The Conservationists whom he represents, however, advocate the use of proper methods of harvesting the Christmas tree. Such trees should be selected in such a manner as to thin out and improve the forest. If cut out when they have reached a certain size and the rest of the "stand" is left to mature, the woods are not destroyed.

There are similar conservation laws covering trespassing and theft in many

[Continued on page 62]



In winter months they get so little sunshine!

Now, more than ever, they need Bottled Sunshine to help them build good bones and teeth, advise authorities

It is only in the last few years that new facts have been discovered about the life-giving properties of sunshine.

Perhaps the most important of these facts is what sunshine does for babies.

From the action of sunshine on the skin comes a certain factor—Vitamin D—which babies must have to build strong, straight bones and sound, uncrowded teeth which will not decay easily in later years.

The danger of improper formation of bones and teeth threatens practically every baby—the breast-fed, as well as the bottle-fed. Even though your baby is the very picture of health, the X-ray may show his bones and teeth developing soft and porous instead of hard and sound.

Sun baths are one effective way to protect your baby—to supply the factor, Vitamin D, so necessary to build strong bones and sound, even teeth.

But under modern living conditions and in our temperate climate, it is almost impossible for your baby to get enough sunshine on his bare skin to protect him. The ultra-violet rays—the protecting rays—are shut out by clouds, fog, smoke and clothing; even by ordinary window glass.

In fact, except for a few hours during the middle of the day on the clearest,

brightest summer days, so few of these precious short rays reach the earth that they give comparatively little protection.

But science has found an equivalent for these protecting rays of sunshine—in good cod-liver oil! "Bottled Sunshine," it is called.

Now, in these shut-in winter months, baby specialists are pointing out the particular need of babies for cod-liver oil. "Give it as regularly as milk and orange juice," they say.

Because there is a great variation in the quality of cod-liver oils, many specialists insist on Squibb's.

They specify Squibb's because they know it is so rich in Vitamin D, the factor babies need to build sound bones and teeth.

They know, too, that it is very rich in another valuable element; in Vitamin A, which promotes growth and increases resistance to many infections.

Squibb's Cod-Liver Oil is laboratory tested as to its content of these two vitamins. And it is protected from deterioration by exclusive processes which also make it more palatable.

Make up for the sunshine your baby is denied in winter months by giving him Bottled Sunshine—Squibb's Cod-Liver Oil. All good drug stores have it. Be sure to ask for Squibb's.



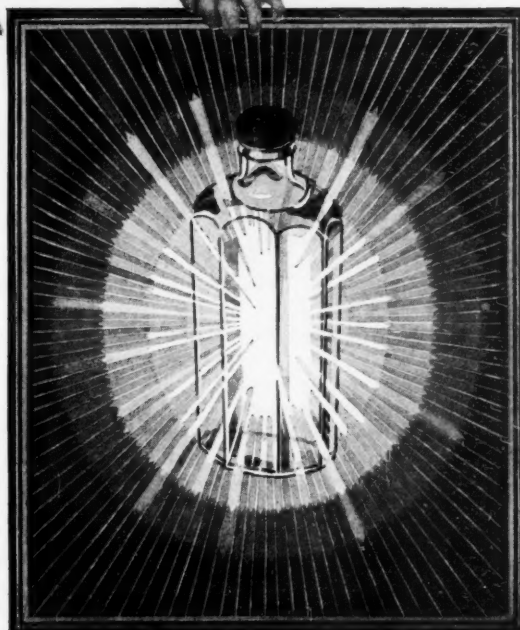
A well-shaped head, well-formed jaws and chin, a fine, full chest, straight legs and even, uncrowded teeth—of course every mother wants these for her baby!

SQUIBB'S COD-LIVER OIL

PLAIN AND MINT-FLAVORED

*Produced, Tested and Guaranteed by E. R. Squibb & Sons, New York
Manufacturing Chemists to the Medical Profession Since 1858*

© E. R. S. & SONS, 1928



Bottled Sunshine! Your baby needs it especially now, when he can get so few sun baths

A necessity, too, for expectant and nursing mothers

Many of the foremost authorities are now giving good cod-liver oil an important place in the prenatal diet. Its value is two-fold, they say. It helps in the proper development of teeth and bones in the coming child and, equally important, it helps to protect the mother's teeth from the destructive forces which so often attack them in pregnancy.

Mothers will like the new mint flavor!

Squibb has developed something new—a mint-flavored cod-liver oil which will appeal to mothers and older children. Even the most sensitive taste will find it easy to take! You can get it, as well as Squibb's Plain Cod-Liver Oil, from all druggists.

FREE! Important facts for mothers in this booklet

E. R. Squibb & Sons
Dept. I, 80 Beekman St., New York City

Please send me a copy of your booklet—free,
"Why Every Baby Needs Bottled Sunshine"

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

That first treasured wardrobe



SUCH tiny stitches—such fine, soft, dainty materials—with what infinite care you choose them and make them! And, when soon outgrown, how tenderly you lay them away—to keep them always!

But do you ever think that the stockings are equally important? That they dare not bind or restrict natural growth—that their materials, their bleaches and dyes must not irritate tender skin?

That's why American Baby Hose are chosen by more mothers than any other infants' hosiery. They are made by specialists who make nothing else, simply to meet every specific requirement of children under six years of age.

Knit and shaped, not stretched, to exact size and half size—so elastic a child can put them on alone—soft, lustrous materials, pure Australian wool, long-staple cotton, pure thread silk, finest rayon—non-acid dyes and peroxide bleach—infinite perfection of finish without rough seams, knots or loose ends—all these your baby needs—must have to insure perfect foot health and growth.

You can't get them in ordinary, nondescript stockings. But American Baby Hose insure them in fullest measure. For your children's sake insist on American Baby Hose. 30 styles for every need. Sizes and half sizes to 6 years. J. H. Blaetz, Mascher St. & Allegheny Ave., Philadelphia.

AMERICAN Baby Hose



**HARD TO WEAR OUT
EASY TO PUT ON**

THE STOCKING WITH THE STRETCH

Write for FREE BOOKLET "The Care of Baby's Feet"
to J. H. Blaetz, Mascher St., & Allegheny Ave., Phila.

CHRISTMAS GREENS THIS YEAR

[Continued from page 60]

states. New York has the following: "No person shall cut, pull or dig up for the purpose of removal any evergreen tree on the lands of another without consent of the owner." The statute provides a severe penalty for any infraction.

An attempt is being made in all states to regulate the number of trees brought to market, as in past years there has been an enormous waste. The United States Forest Service has been very active in this direction. From Vermont alone last Christmas 75,000 Christmas trees were harvested in the approved commercial way, besides many from private or sporadic enterprises.

The "Plant Your Own Christmas Tree" plan has found favor in various sections of the country, Iowa being the State at present in the lead. The live Christmas tree is decorated from year to year and this plan is in line with the growing demand for community festivals as against the more personal and possibly more selfish ones. Scrub pine is of practically no value for other purposes but is used for Christmas trees in some states, especially in the Southeast.

Some State Laws

Mountain laurel, used for Christmas roping and for all-year-round decoration is now protected in some states. It is one of the most beautiful of the native wild flowers. The National Wild Flower Preservation Society has estimated that one New York dealer alone uses three hundred tons of the leafy laurel branches annually. It is found from Maine to Florida and West to the Mississippi River, growing in the wild state. If owners would divide their holdings into four or five parts and cut over only one section each year, its future would be assured. P. L. Buttrick, secretary of the Connecticut Forestry Association states that "If properly regulated" the cutting of the laurel "could be carried on indefinitely without danger." The question of regulating, however, is the crux of the whole matter.

The situation as regards the native holly is much more desperate.

The laurel is retreating rapidly from the vicinity of all of our large cities, while the native holly, which used to be so common in the East, has vanished.

The native American holly has now disappeared from the State of Connecticut where it used to be so very plentiful and has almost vanished from New Jersey and other Eastern States. Holly is a slow grower. Its brilliant red berries and glossy dark leaves have always made it a prime favorite for Christmas decoration. Other states are taking up the question of its protection. In some states, agricultural school bulletins urge women to plant the little berries from the holly wreaths they do buy, in pots and later set them out in the open to become holly bushes. The holly will grow to regular tree size if permitted to do so and it is a handsome and decorative tree in the winter landscape welcome to any plot of ground. At the New York Botanical Garden holly trees have been started from seed, (the red berry). Some nurseries are supplying holly to their customers, grown in pots, also small living Christmas trees to be set out in the garden and lawn.

The ground pine, winterberry, mistletoe, toyon berry, "Oregon grape," and the spotted wintergreen are other

objects of crusading in the Christmas green situation. The English Holly which grows well on the West Coast is now shipped East in small quantities each season. In Washington (State) and Oregon, English and Dutch hollies are used for hedges. In these states orders may be placed for wreaths as flower orders are placed, for regular commercial holly farms have now been proved practical.

California is already becoming alarmed about her toyon berry (a red berry used to decorate berry-less holly wreaths.) The Wild Flower Conservation League of California is now waging a well organized campaign in its behalf. This berry is often called the Christmas berry and has previously been abundant in California. With the general use of the automobile it is threatened, along with the California native holly and other native evergreens suitable for decoration, especially at Christmas. It is in danger even in very remote regions.

But as yet the problem of the disappearance of holly and other native greens is not as pressing in the western states as in the East. The holly in Texas is an exception. It is vanishing there with great rapidity.

Like the laurel which is now being recommended as a crop for abandoned farm land, the ground pine is used for roping and garlanding. It runs along the surface of the ground sending down small rootlets at intervals. Ripped up by the Christmas greens collector, it is taken roots and all "and the spot that once knew it, shall know it no more." The creeping stem, if left, would develop new growth, but these long stems are in demand and are usually sold by the yard. (It is also known as crowfoot, or ground cedar).

A Problem for Conservationists

Most conservationists give as their opinion the belief that the mistletoe is least in danger of all our Christmas greens. It grows anyway in highly inaccessible places and as only small pieces are in demand it should be safe for some time to come.

From Oklahoma, however, comes a different story. Last Christmas this state found a scarcity of mistletoe and was unable to ship the quantities usually demanded to eastern and northern markets for the holidays. The mistletoe is fast disappearing from Oklahoma. The plant is now the State flower and organized protection is going to be their slogan from now on.

It has been suggested that laws regulating the collection of all Christmas greens, including holly, mountain laurel, ground pine, winterberry and the rest, be enacted in all states (a suggestion for women's clubs and feminine voters!) similar to the Connecticut law regarding the laurel, which provides:

"(1) That no person shall collect it upon the land of another, for commercial purposes without the written permission of the owner, filed with the clerk of the town in which the land is located.

(2) That no bale, box, package, or load containing mountain laurel shall be legally transported or shipped by rail or highway unless it is tagged to indicate the name of the owner of the land from which it was taken and the name of the collector.

(3) The owner or agent may arrest without warrant any violator of this law and may be allowed court fees for so doing."

Take 60 Seconds to break in this NEW Servant

ONE that does hours of work in minutes of time—keeps your furniture and woodwork new and clean—makes the neighbors envious of your dustless home—and all at a cost of a few pennies a week.

Instead of dusting, *then* cleaning, and *then* polishing, you simply sprinkle a few drops of the NEW Liquid Veneer on the Liquid Veneer dusting-cleaning-polishing Glove, and rub lightly. Dusting, cleaning, and polishing—all three—are quickly done in one operation.

Dirt, discoloration and children's sticky finger prints vanish like magic. Bright lacquered pieces, antique furniture, your piano, woodwork—everything glows with cleanliness and fresh beauty. No greasy film to hold the dust.

The NEW Liquid Veneer is the modern cleaning-polish that leaves no greasy film. The dusting-cleaning-polishing Glove is the improved way of using it. Protects the hand from the mess and fuss of the ordinary dust or polishing cloth—holds the dust instead of scattering it—does not scratch—polishes evenly and quickly—and with its big surface, helps you to do more work in less time.

The NEW Liquid Veneer and the *dusting-cleaning-polishing Glove* will be a revelation to you. Grocers, department stores, hardware dealers and druggists are featuring the special combination package—a Liquid Veneer Glove and a 60-cent bottle of this marvelous new polish—a 90-cent value for 75 cents. The glove alone is 30 cents. If your dealer can't supply you use the coupon.



The New Liquid Veneer dusts and cleans as it polishes. Requires no hard rubbing. Leaves no greasy film—won't soil even a white kid glove. Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping.

THE NEW LIQUID VENEER

dusts cleans polishes LEAVES NO GREASY FILM

If your dealer cannot supply you, send this coupon for either of the special offers.

LIQUID VENEER Bldg., Buffalo, N. Y.
☐ I enclose 30 cents for 65-cent Liquid Veneer Introductory Outfit consisting of:
 Dusting-cleaning-polishing Glove10
 Two weeks' dusting supply of Liquid Veneer25
 Booklet: "Care of Fine Finishes"35
 Total Value\$0.30
 Special Price, postpaid
 You save
☐ I enclose 15 cents and carton top (or label front) from 60-cent bottle of Liquid Veneer for one 30-cent dusting-cleaning-polishing Glove.

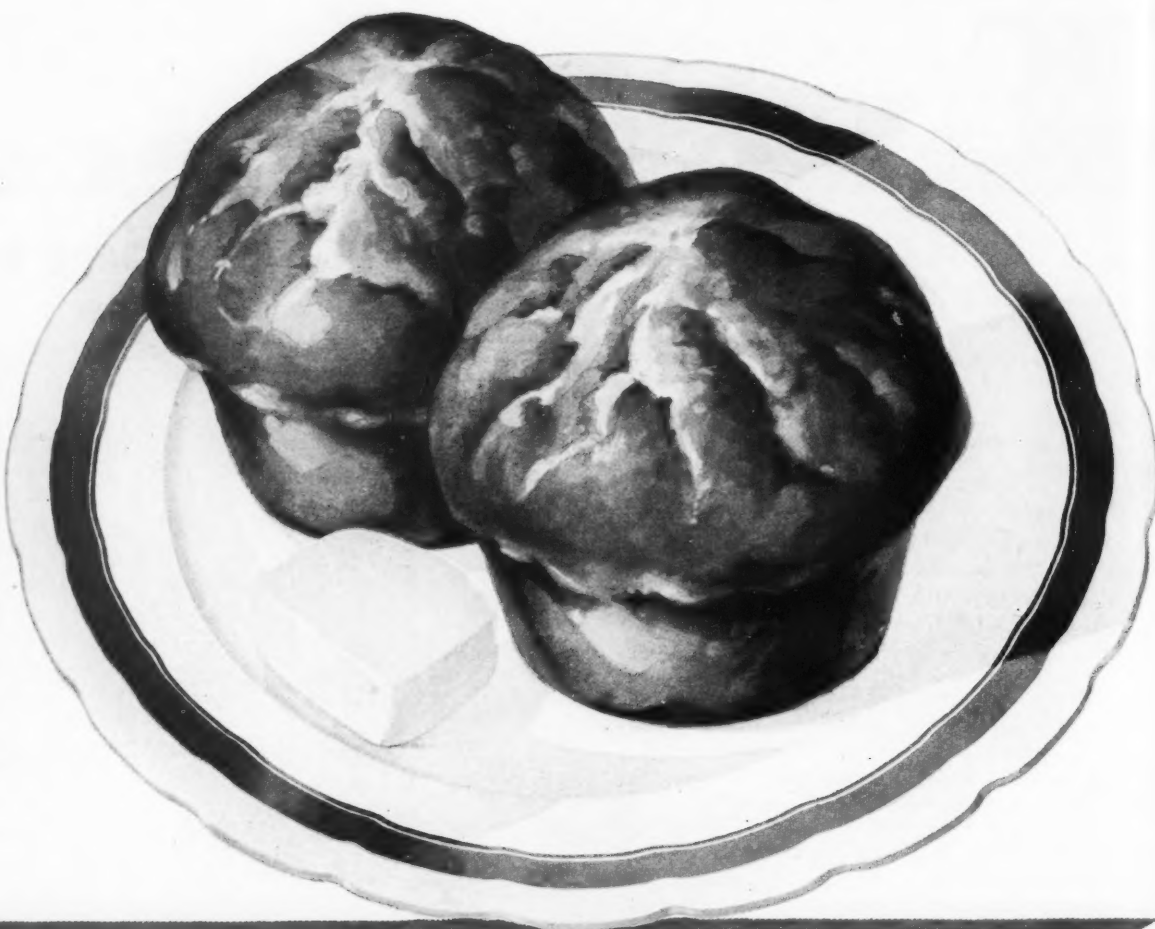
Name
 Address
 City State

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 L. V. Corp.

ALL-BRAN muffins

2 tablespoonfuls shortening, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup sugar, 1 egg, 1 cup Kellogg's ALL-BRAN, 1 cup flour, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon soda, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoonful baking powder, 1 cup sour milk.

Cream shortening and sugar, add egg. Sift flour, soda, baking powder and salt. To creamed mixture add ALL-BRAN, then milk alternately, with dry ingredients. Pour into greased muffin tins. Bake in moderate oven (370°) for 20 minutes. Yield: 12 medium-sized muffins.



Muffins to make them fluffy and wholesome just add a handful of health.

KELLOGG'S ALL-BRAN makes wonderful bran muffins. Rich with old-fashioned flavor. Light and fluffy through and through. And you can be sure, too, they're extra healthful—because of the natural "bulk" ALL-BRAN supplies.

Plenty of bulk in the diet is essential to healthful regularity, doctors say. ALL-BRAN furnishes bulk in generous quantity because it is 100% bran. Far more effective than part-bran products. Its rich, nutty flavor adds real delightfulness to every recipe.

ALL-BRAN is fine to use in many ways. Makes delicious breads,

waffles, puddings, and makes them healthful. Lighter and easier to digest. Add it to hot cereals too. Sprinkle it into soups.

Eat it every day—either as a cereal with milk or cream, or in cooked dishes. Just two tablespoonfuls eaten daily—chronic cases, with every meal—will correct faulty elimination.

For health's sake, you need the effectiveness of 100% bran. ALL-BRAN is 100% bran in its most delicious form. At your grocer's. Sold with this definite guarantee: Eat it according to directions. If it does not relieve constipation safely, we will refund the purchase price.



WRITE FOR FREE ALL-BRAN RECIPES AND OTHER HEALTH SUGGESTIONS. HOME ECONOMICS DEPT., KELLOGG COMPANY, BATTLE CREEK, MICHIGAN

Made in the famous Kellogg Kitchens at Battle Creek by the Kellogg Company—world's largest producers of ready-to-eat cereals. Makers also of Kellogg's Corn Flakes, Pep Bran Flakes, Krumbles, Kellogg's Shredded Whole Wheat Biscuit and Kaffee Hag—"real coffee that lets you sleep." Other plants at Cleveland, Ohio; London, Canada; Sydney, Australia. Distributed in the United Kingdom by the Kellogg Company of Great Britain. Sold by Kellogg agencies throughout the world.

Kellogg's
ALL-BRAN



CHOOSE YOUR OWN BREAKFAST

WHAT is the ideal menu for breakfast?

No brief, definite answer can be given to this question, because age, food habits and condition of life have a bearing on each person's problem. But it may be worth while to lay down a few general rules which may be adapted to individual cases.

First of all, it may be said that *all children need a good breakfast*. They should be required to sit down in time to finish the meal without haste, and never be allowed to eat standing or walking about. One of the greatest needs in American homes is the planning of the life of the household so that there is a proper atmosphere at the breakfast table instead of the pandemonium which frequently reigns.

The Child's Breakfast

The child's breakfast should supply every principle necessary for good nutrition. The stomach, at this time, has been without food for the longest period during the twenty-four hours and it is ready for a meal which will provide for growth as well as for the great amount of energy which an active child expends during the day. The best breakfast for any child is one of fruit juice, or fruit of the right degree of ripeness; a hot or cold cereal with whole milk; cocoa or milk as a beverage; toast or bread or a roll with butter; and a soft boiled egg and a little bacon. This is only a sample and may be varied to meet conditions, provided the necessary nutrient properties are not sacrificed.

If butter is used with the bread or roll, it is not desirable to give cream with the cereal. We believe the use of cream in the diet of the child is unnecessary since whole milk will provide an abundance of fat.

All authorities condemn coffee drinking by children. But coffee substitutes made of cereals are safe, and with milk added they are a good way of getting children to drink more milk.

By E. V. McCOLLUM AND NINA SIMMONDS
School of Hygiene and Public Health, Johns Hopkins University

For the adult no hard and fast rules can be made regarding a suitable breakfast, since so much will depend upon the habits of life of the individual. For the hard working man and woman who are engaged in physical labor a good breakfast is essential.

All Kinds of Adults

Many thousands of busy workers hurriedly swallow some griddle cakes and syrup, washed down with one or two cups of coffee; or eat toast, bacon and coffee, instead of a more balanced meal. Cereal with whole milk, an egg or a glass of milk, fresh fruit, and bread and butter, will be far better for fortifying one for the morning's work, and will better meet the physiological requirements of the body. Where economy need be practised it should be kept in mind that milk and cereals are among the cheapest of foods as well as a combination which is highly satisfactory from the nutritional standpoint.

There is no valid reason yet advanced why the healthy adult should not take coffee. As it is a stimulant to the nervous system, those who are nervously inclined should avoid it altogether, and no one should drink it too strong. It is a mistake to consume very strong coffee. Coffee should be used as a hot drink with a pleasant flavor, and in such a form the effects on the nerves are minimized.

Avoid Heavy Dinner

The breakfast problem of the sedentary man or woman is quite different from that of the worker who engages in physical labor. The person who sits at his or her work all day, and the brain worker both tend to eat more than they should; witness the number of over-weight people in these classes. These persons do not, as a

rule, have much appetite for breakfast, but become weak and hungry long before noon. One reason for this

state of affairs is the seven o'clock dinner. One who eats so late, and takes at this hour the heaviest meal of the day is not likely to have much appetite for food at an early hour next morning.

This is especially true when the intestinal tract is in an unhygienic condition. The stomach may then be actually rebellious when food is thought of. Persons with thick-headedness, lack of appetite, and a feeling of tiredness on rising are frequently in this class. Modern habits of life have made the late dinner unavoidable in many cases but one remedy would be to eat less freely at night, and so to order one's life as to keep the alimentary tract in good hygienic condition. This will tend to promote quiet sleep.

Breakfast Omitted

Many persons of middle age, or beyond, have adopted a practise of eating but two meals a day. Generally it is breakfast which is omitted. These people insist that they feel better and work with clearer minds when they eat rather abstemiously, and they declare they do not suffer any discomfort from going without the morning meal. Perhaps it would be more accurate to say that they experience less discomfort from this system of living than from eating the customary three meals a day. Others are equally insistent that they never feel comfortable in the morning until they have had a good breakfast. Still others assert that the important thing for their comfort is the breakfast cup of coffee.

One of the authors of this article has for several months at a time gone without breakfast, or has taken nothing more than a single glass of milk, without any disturbance of his working ability during the morning, although he always experiences a desire for food by twelve o'clock.

Energy... ...food



MY! BUT the youngsters' appetites are keen these days! And with good reason. Bracing autumn weather. Lots of outdoor exercise. Football and other sports. Stomachs constantly calling for something sustaining. It's all perfectly natural for the husky, playing child to want food often—and it shouldn't be denied unless mealtime is right at hand.

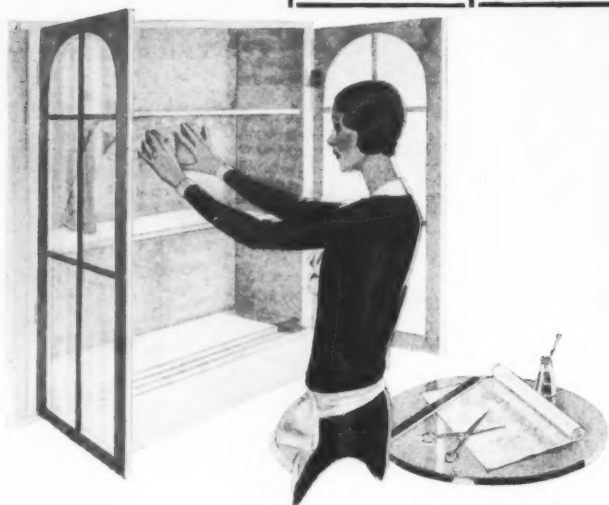
Give children a choice of sandwiches, and those with a filling of Beech-Nut Peanut Butter will pull more votes than any other kind. And the thicker the spread the better they'll like it. There's nothing better for them either. For it's easy to digest, it has real nutriment value and builds back that energy they've lost in play.

Beech-Nut Peanut Butter is the popular sandwich filler for the lunch at school, after school, and between meals anytime. And those who ate it as youngsters a generation ago are still liking it as grown-ups.

Beech-Nut Peanut Butter

Give your Home New Beauty
with these

fascinating PINCO PAPERS



it's so easy!

IT'S new—bewitching—easy—this modern idea in Home Decoration. Women everywhere are doing it—using Pinco Papers to give youth, change, color, gayety to their homes.

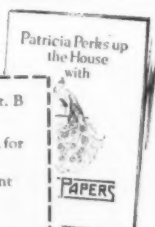
A wonderfully simple Free Instruction Book makes it all clear. Tells you when to use color and where—when to use the smart golds and platinums—how to panel walls, doors, furniture, closets—how to cover books, desk and toilet sets, flower pots, ornamental screens. How to give gifts new charm thru their wrappings.

And what papers you have to work with! Costing only a fraction as much as the expensive foreign papers they surpass, Pinco Papers will not fade or smudge or rub off. They permit unusual manipulation without tearing. Gorgeously embossed, smart golds and platinums, rich reds, blues, oranges and blacks, delicate orchids, greens and pinks, give you colors and shades for every season and purpose.

See Pinco Papers—learn this new art—in your favorite store today.

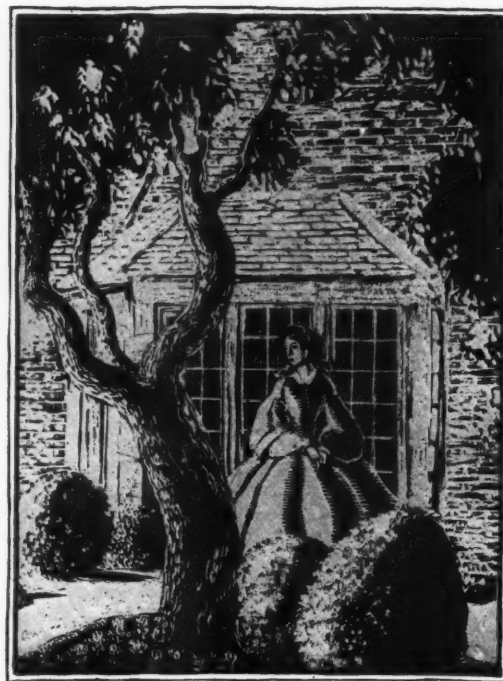
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Enclosed please find \$..... for
which send me postpaid:
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.....Pinco Gift Box
Name.....
Address.....
My dealer's name and
address is.....



If your dealer cannot yet supply you, send 50¢ for exquisite Home Decorator's Assortment. Six beautiful, full-size sheets, together with complete Instruction Book. In Canada, 75¢.

A beautiful Pinco Gift Box at \$1.00, containing 10 selected sheets will be acceptable to the most fastidious and appreciated far beyond its price. In Canada, \$1.50.



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McCall's Home Service Booklets
Offer You

THIS month
McCall's
Home Service

offers a list of books covering the problems of church and family. This leaflet gives new and practical books answering some of the most important and troublesome questions in everyday living . . . *How may we give our children sound ideas on right and wrong? How the church can teach the younger generation reverence. What shall we do to show our sons and daughters the right way in this age of general laxity? To what shall we turn for consolation in time of great sorrow? How religion can help us when we are in mental anguish.*

Each book is so outlined in this leaflet that you will know which books will best serve you. Religious drama, religious poetry, church problems, pastimes for sick children, a book of Bible plays and a book of stories for special days in Sunday School are also listed. Send for *New Books on Problems of Church and Family* . . . eight cents.

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Parties for Young Girls (two cents).
Birthday Parties for Tiny Tots (two cents).
An Alice in Bookland Party for Boys and Girls (two cents).
Parties for the Bride (two cents).
Bridal Showers (two cents).
Six Parties for Entertaining the Woman's Club (two cents).
Wedding Anniversaries (two cents).
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Antiques (ten cents). A charming little play for five characters.
What to Serve at Parties (ten cents). Many unusual menus.
Time-Saving Cookery (ten cents).
Some Reasons Why in Cookery (ten cents). Recipes for special dishes.
Master Recipes (ten cents). Recipes for things usually difficult to prepare.
The Small House (ten cents). At-

tractive designs of
reasonably priced
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McCall's Home Decoration Course:
Lesson I (six cents) "The Walls of Your Home." *Lesson II* (six cents) "Choosing and Arranging Your Furniture." *Lesson III* (six cents) "How to Treat Your Floors and Woodwork." *Lesson IV* (six cents) "Building the Color Scheme."

Decorating Your Home (ten cents).
The House of Good Taste (ten cents).

A Book of Manners (ten cents). How to plan your wedding and other chapters on etiquette.

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Better Books of Today (two cents).
Your Child's Own Library (two cents).

Books You Ought to Own (eight cents). A leaflet on books covering bazaars, club programs, plays, toasts, readings, games, parent-teacher associations, and many others.

A Handbook of Beauty for Everywoman (ten cents).

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Menus for Winter and Summer (two cents).

Menus for Two Weeks (two cents). Other healthful menus.

A Simple Guide in Selecting Food (two cents).

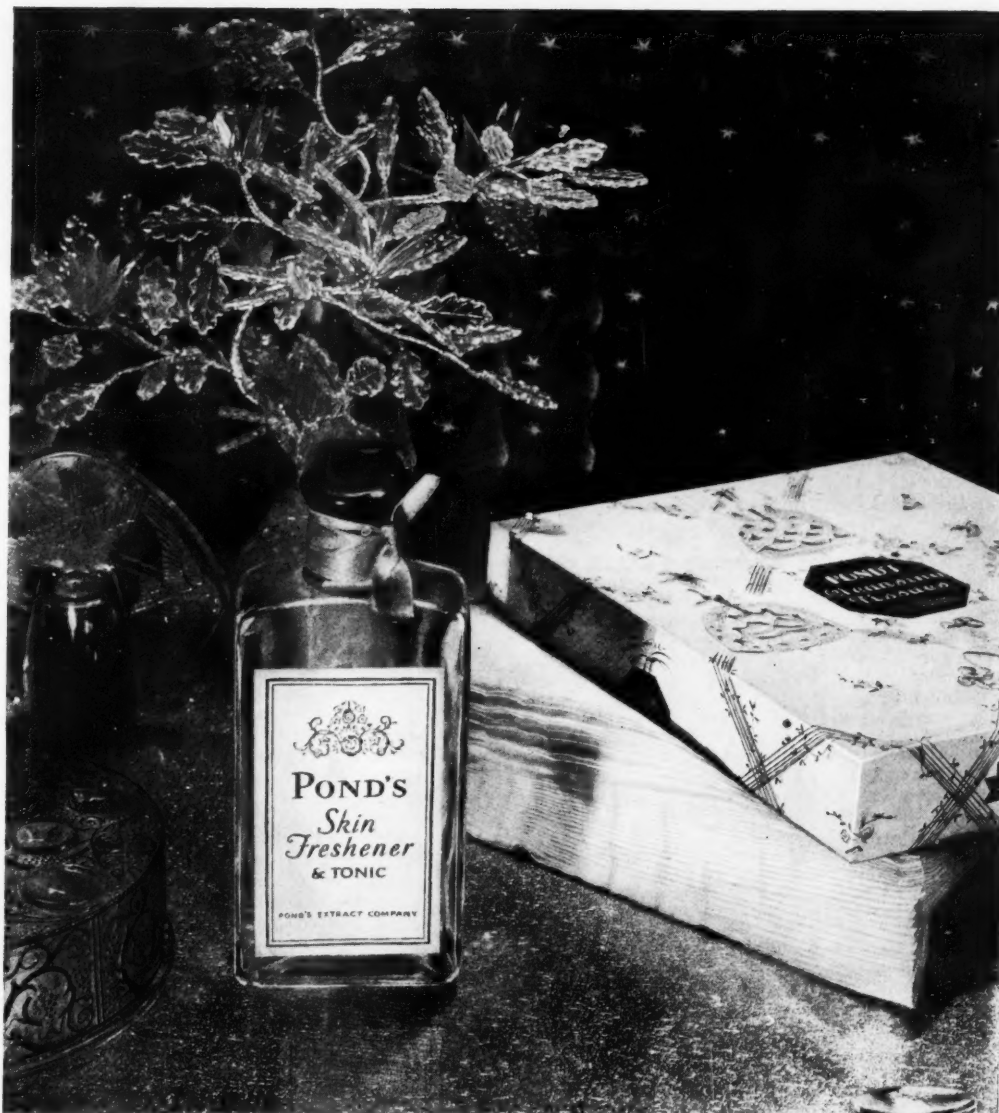
The Friendly Mother (ten cents). An invaluable aid to the mother-to-be. Also contains designs for a complete layette.

The Friendly Baby (ten cents). Feeding schedules, weaning, etc.

These booklets will be sent to you for the necessary stamps by The Service Editor, McCall's Magazine, 236 West 37th Street, New York City.

Now
ex
Delicio
like an
Pond
way of
towels!
cream a
tear or
down a
Pond
astringe
has eve

NOW *Two delicious new aids to your Skin*



Pond's Cleansing Tissues, soft as linen, remove excess cream. Pond's Skin Freshener, a fragrant, mild astringent for use after Pond's Cold Cream

Pond's Cleansing Tissues *Pond's Skin Freshener*



NOW there are two new Pond's preparations, exquisite as the Two famous Creams... Delicious new aids that keep your skin flower-like and fine, that bring to its care a new delight.

Pond's Cleansing Tissues banish the old untidy way of removing cold cream with cloths and towels! They instantly remove and absorb all cream and dirt. Generous but firm, they do not tear or roll into balls and they're soft as thistle-down against your cheek.

Pond's Skin Freshener, a tonic as well as a mild astringent—more exhilarating than anything that has ever touched your cheeks! Pat it briskly

over face and neck after every cleansing with Pond's Cold Cream. It removes every trace of oil, closes the pores and brings a lovely glow to your cheeks—50c, \$1.00.

Use these delicious preparations with the Two Creams in the new Pond's way—just these four simple steps, an enchanting adventure in beauty! ONE, a thorough cleansing at night and after every daytime exposure with Pond's pure Cold Cream. TWO, Pond's Cleansing Tissues, soft and fine, remove every bit of Cold Cream and dirt. THREE, an invigorating dash of the fragrant Skin Freshener. FOUR, as a final touch to your daytime

toilette—a fairy-film of Pond's Vanishing Cream.

Follow this refreshing ritual once to convince yourself of the promise of beauty it holds—daily, and know its fulfillment!

Send coupon and 10¢ for all 4 preparations

POND'S EXTRACT COMPANY, Dept. L
111F Hudson St., New York City

I enclose 10¢ for trial package of Pond's 4 preparations.

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THE CHEF OF A FAMOUS NEW YORK HOSTELRY AND A WELL-KNOWN HOSTESS† IN A SMART CHICAGO SUBURB, WINNETKA,

are enthusiastic over delicious dishes
made with Knox Sparkling Gelatine

WHEN smart New York dines at the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel one of the favorites in demand is Eugene Thomann's "Bavaroise." This famous dessert, made by the renowned chef who has served New York's elite for twenty-seven years, is a dish of perfect consistency and delectability. It is made of Knox Sparkling Gelatine, cream, sugar, eggs and vanilla.

Meanwhile—in Winnetka—a leading hostess, well known for the exquisite dishes she serves, declares that Perfection Salad made with Knox Sparkling Gelatine never fails to delight her guests.

You, too, can make both this dessert and salad in your own home, easily—quickly—and inexpensively. As successfully as though they came from the hands of the experienced chef, or the supervision of the famous hostess whose cookeries delight the connoisseurs of the smart sets.

Women are astonished to find with what ease, skill and little cost they can make bavarians, charlottes, fruited gelatines, aspics, and salads with Knox Sparkling Gelatine. Bavaroise takes only 15 minutes to make. Perfection Salad takes 12 minutes. Both recipes serve 6 people generously.

Combine Knox Sparkling Gelatine with meats, vegetables, fruit juices, and canned fruits! Every day you can have a mouth-watering surprise for your family. When you have guests you will be proud to serve such tempting dishes.

Each package contains enough gelatine for four different dishes of six servings each. Send today for your valuable new Knox recipe books (free). Address Charles B. Knox Gelatine Co., Johnstown, N. Y.

†Out of deference to this lady we do not use her name. It is recorded at Johnstown.

*Every recipe is tested and proved practical in Mrs. Knox's kitchen.

The Chef's Own Bavaroise

as made by Eugene Thomann, chef of the Waldorf-Astoria, New York.

1 level tablespoonful Knox Sparkling Gelatine. 4 whole eggs. 4 tablespoonfuls sugar. Few grains salt. ½ pint cream. 5 or 6 drops vanilla.

In a dish place eggs, sugar, salt and vanilla and beat over boiling water until hot; remove from fire and continue beating until cold. Soak gelatine in ¼ cup cold water five to ten minutes, dissolve in ¼ cup boiling water, and cool. Beat whipped cream into egg mixture, add dissolved gelatine and turn into wet molds. Set on ice until stiff and ready to serve. (This will serve six people generously.)

Note: Two eggs may be used instead of four, separating eggs and folding in the stiffly beaten whites just before turning into molds. This cream may be served with berries or any fresh or canned fruit, or with whipped cream. *Caramel Bavaroise.* Add 1/3 cup sugar caramelized to the egg and sugar mixture. Caramelize the sugar by putting it in a saucepan and stirring it over hot fire until maple color, add 1/3 cup hot water and cook to a syrup.

MRS. KNOX

Charles B. Knox Gelatine Co.
108 Knox Ave., Johnstown, N. Y.

Please send me copies of your new recipe books.

My name is _____

Address _____

My grocer's name is _____



Vanilla Bavaroise*



Perfection Salad*
(6 servings)

1 level tablespoonful Knox Sparkling Gelatine. ¼ cup cold water. ¼ cup mild vinegar. 1 tablespoonful lemon juice. 1 cup boiling water. ¼ cup sugar. ½ teaspoonful salt. ½ cup cabbage, finely shredded. 1 cup celery, cut in small pieces. 1 pimiento, cut in small pieces, or 2 tablespoonfuls sweet red or green pepper.

Soak gelatine in cold water about five minutes. Add vinegar, lemon juice, boiling water, sugar and salt. When mixture begins to stiffen, add remaining ingredients. Turn into wet mold, and chill. Remove to bed of lettuce or endive. Garnish with mayonnaise dressing, or cut in cubes, and serve in cases made of red or green peppers, or turn into molds lined with canned pimientos. (A delicious accompaniment to cold, sliced chicken or veal.)

WOMEN AND RADIO IN POLITICS

[Continued from page 40]

in politics that radio is able to awaken; the increase in the "sanity of our judgments" must be preceded by a stimulation of our willingness to form any judgments at all.

Women Politicians

It is a curious and a very interesting fact that the women in politics have been more alert to the potentialities and short-comings of the radio-in-politics movement than have the men. More expert diagnosticians of humanity than I can argue over the whys and wherefores of that phenomenon; I am merely concerned with its results, as demonstrated since January first last.

Nine months ago, the presidential campaigns emerged from their chrysalis stages, and nine months ago radio commenced to devote itself to the task of introducing a sanity in our political judgments. Since then the list of political broadcasts has been tremendous; just how tremendous, the listener who has tried to evade politics-by-radio can tell you more forcefully than can I. The broadcasting of the conventions at Kansas City and Houston formed the most brilliantly showy exhibits

in the broadcasters' gallery of accomplishments. From more than a hundred stations, situated all over the country came the audible reproductions of the activities and inanities of national conventions. As entertainment, neither the Kansas City nor the Houston assembly succeeded in equalling that greatest of all side-shows, the Democratic Convention of 1924. The Kansas City affair, in fact, was considered something of a dud by experienced political show-goers; and, so far as the radio audience was concerned, it was a rather unduly protracted exhibition of how Mr. Hoover's friends and enemies play ping-pong, with an interlude of erratic pot-shooting by the Farm Relief champions.

The Campaign Speeches

The campaign speeches that have dotted the broadcasters' time-tables during the past four months have been unique among campaign speeches, for both major parties have shown some appreciation of Mr. Aylesworth's hint concerning the day of the fire-eating spell-binder. To those endowed by nature or experience with an interest in matters political, the majority of the broadcast campaign speeches have been somewhat enlightening and moderately intelligent.

But if the prophecy of Mr. Aylesworth has been fulfilled in appreciable measure, if the political consciousness of the citizenry has been awakened by radio, the major share of the credit must go, I think, to the women in politics, and to the National League of Women Voters in particular. The conventions and the campaign rallies by radio would have been far less interesting, far less stimulating to the judicial mind, if the National League of Women Voters had not stepped in, on January first, with a carefully planned schedule of political information and education for the radio listeners. In the first week

of 1928, the "Voters' Service" programs were inaugurated; half-hour broadcasts, once a week, by some twenty stations covering most of the country. They were arranged by the National League of Women Voters as an experiment, and there have been no experiments in the practical utilization of the radio agency more successful than that one.

Voters' Programs

Starting with the premise that if radio were to aid rather than hinder the public's ability to form sane political judgments the public mind should be prepared for the reception of partisan arguments, the "Voters' Service" programs presented balanced discussions of every major political problem and policy. In brief and meaty talks,

leading political personalities gave their versions of such questions as the Flood Control, Farm Relief, Water power Control, Government Mediation between Labor and Capital, High vs. Low Tariff, and Naval Appropriations; and in every instance the Republican point of view was balanced by the Democratic point of view, and wherever possible those attitudes were balanced

against the Independent point of view. The speakers, having only ten or fifteen minutes, were forced to present the essentials of their respective policies and opinions, and the listener learned that most important of all political truths, namely, that simple facts are garbed in vastly differing clothes by political opponents. The "Voters' Service" programs made no attempt to pass judgment upon the merits of the arguments presented by the speakers; that was for the listener to do. And so the listener, if he possessed any mental energy at all, was obliged to weigh the opposing arguments one against another until he decided which satisfied him best.

In undertaking the preparation and presentation of the "Voters' Service" programs, the radio committee of the National League of Women Voters asked itself numerous questions concerning the possibilities of political education by radio. The answer to one of those questions is reprinted here, as indicative of the purpose and practicality of the broadcasts.

"What the listener will get from radio talks depends somewhat on what you are aiming to have them get. They will not get anything thorough or continuous. They will get nothing that is a substitute for school or college education, for books, for reading of magazines or weeklies or the better type of stuff in the newspapers. They may get stimulation of interest in public questions and issues, which will lead them to 'follow up' through these other sources of information; also many listeners will hear over the radio what they will get from no other sources. They may get some antidote to mass propaganda. They may get the idea that a campaign is more than a sporting event. They may get some deposit of actual information. We must treat the radio project as a preliminary to political education, a stimulus and an incentive."

A LEAP YEAR PARTY

Only two months left in which to give a Leap Year Party! And they are such fun! Our Leap Year Party leaflet will help you plan one of the most enjoyable parties of the season. Send two cents to

THE SERVICE EDITOR
McCALL'S MAGAZINE
236 W. 37th Street, New York City

"If You Would Have a Faithful Servant, Serve Yourself!"

—FRANKLIN



If Gas service is not available in your community we'll tell you how to obtain Pyrofax tank-gas-service for use in a Lorain-equipped Gas Range.

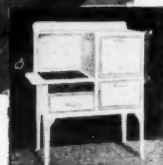
BENJAMIN FRANKLIN, credited with the invention of the first portable stove, may have dreamed of the faithful service that a mechanical cooking appliance such as a Red Wheel Gas Range could be made to perform.

For a Red Wheel Gas Range in the kitchen is, in many ways, equal to a servant in the house. Simply put your food in the oven. "Set" the Red Wheel of the always faithful Lorain Oven Heat Regulator. Then go where you choose and do what you like. Your time-piece will tell you when the food you put in the oven is perfectly and deliciously baked.

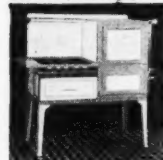
Only gas ranges made in the six great factories of American Stove Company are equipped with the Lorain Red Wheel, the invention of this Company and the *original* oven heat regulator (see illustrations—memorize their names).

Red Wheel Gas Ranges possess many distinct advantages. Top burners, oven burners and broiler burners are designed for quick cooking with low gas consumption. All valves are of latest approved type.

Durability and fineness of enamel finish are assured by processes exclusive with American Stove Company. High qual-



CLARK JEWEL
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Co. Div., Chicago, Ill.



DANGLER
Dangler Stove Co.
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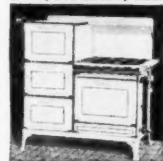
DIRECT ACTION
Direct Action Stove
Co. Div., Lorain, Ohio



RELIABLE
Reliable Stove Co.
Div., Cleveland, Ohio



QUICK MEAL
Quick Meal Stove Co.
Div., St. Louis, Mo.



NEW PROCESS
New Process Stove Co.
Div., Cleveland, Ohio

ity at low cost is made possible by large scale production, the use of automatic machinery and the employment of men highly skilled in the building of stoves.

Again, American Stove Company maintains the largest and most elaborately equipped Research Laboratory and Research Kitchen of any maker of stoves. In these Research Departments problems in cookery and manufacturing processes are scientifically investigated and solved. In fact, American Stove Company leaves *nothing* undone to insure that its product will perform as perfectly as humanly possible.

So, if you would have a faithful servant in your kitchen, buy a Red Wheel Gas Range. And don't let yourself be tricked into buying something "*just as good.*" **INSIST!**

AMERICAN STOVE COMPANY
LARGEST MAKERS OF GAS RANGES IN THE WORLD
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AMERICAN STOVE COMPANY	
829 Chouteau Avenue, St. Louis, Mo.	
Please send me free copy of your Lorain Christmas Basket Recipes. (Print name and address plainly.)	
Name	_____
Street	_____
City	_____ State _____

McG. 11-28

UNLESS THE GAS RANGE HAS A
RED WHEEL
IT IS NOT A
LORAIN



Ten
years
after

SHE takes as much enjoyment in sitting out in the brisk November air and watching a football game as he does. They are still young together, after ten years of married life.

She has protected her health and youth by sane habits of living and the correct practice of feminine hygiene. She has regularly used "Lysol" Disinfectant for this delicate part of her toilette—as so many thousands of fastidious women do.

"Lysol" Disinfectant has been the standard for feminine hygiene for nearly forty years. Though other preparations have been put on the market, its position of leadership has never been challenged.

Send for the free booklet offered below, and get the facts about this critical subject. Do not endanger your health by using the wrong disinfectant. Read this booklet prepared by a woman physician and containing professional advice couched in frank, simple language. Send the coupon now.

But while waiting for it to arrive, start the "Lysol" habit. Buy a bottle today at your druggist's. Full directions come with every bottle.

Made by Lysol, Incorporated, a division of Lehn & Fink Products Company. Sole distributors Lehn & Fink, Inc., Bloomfield, N. J. In Canada, Lysol (Canada) Limited. Distributed by Lehn & Fink (Canada) Limited.

Lysol
Disinfectant

LEHN & FINK, Incorporated, Sole Distributors
Bloomfield, N. J.—Department 177

Please send me, free, your booklet,
"The Scientific Side of Health and Youth."

Name

Street

City State



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WHO CAN'T MAKE PIE?

[Continued from page 47]

low for the escape of steam.

Following is a time and temperature chart for the most common types of pies:

	Temperature	Time
Empty pie shells (for lemon meringue, chocolate, butterscotch)	450° F.	15 min.
Custard and pumpkin pies	450° F. then 325° F.	10 min. 30 min.
Double crust fruit pies (apple, cherry or other raw fruit)	450° F. then 325° F.	10 min. 30 min.

It is fortunate for the homemaker that pastry keeps well. She may make enough for several occasions, cover it closely, put it into the refrigerator, or other cold place and, in winter keep it for as long as a week or ten days.

Plain Pastry

1 cup flour ¼ teaspoon salt
¼ cup shortening Ice water

Cut half the shortening into the flour and add enough ice water to hold ingredients together. Turn dough out on pastry board and cover it with the bowl in which it was mixed. Let stand to "blend" or "ripen" for ten or fifteen minutes. Roll out in a rectangle, dot over with remaining shortening and fold in three folds. Turn half way round and roll out again. Fold and chill before rolling for a pie.

The other method calls for the same ingredients but, as stated above, all

the shortening is cut in at once. It is then allowed to stand for 10 minutes, chilled and rolled out.

Rich Pastry

1½ cups pastry flour ¼ cup butter or
¼ cup unsalted margarine
shortening ½ teaspoon salt
Ice water

Proceed as for plain pastry cutting in the unsalted shortening and folding in the butter or margarine.

Hot Water Pastry

1½ cups pastry flour ½ cup shortening
½ teaspoon baking- 1 teaspoon salt
powder
4 tablespoons boiling water

Stir the shortening into the boiling water. Sift the baking-powder and salt with the flour. Pour the melted shortening and water into the flour. Mix quickly and chill well.

Cheese Pastry

½ teaspoon salt ¼ pound shortening
½ pound flour ½ pound cream
(2 cups) cheese

Sift the salt with the flour, cut in the shortening and then work in the cheese with a fork. Cover closely and put in the ice box over night.

This pastry should always be made the day before it is to be used.

Note: If you would like some recipes for pies, send a two cent stamp to McCall's Magazine, 236 West 37th Street, New York City.

WHAT MUSIC FOR THE PRE-SCHOOL CHILD?

[Continued from page 35]

The final lesson contains a bibliography of song collections and books on music for children.

Music In The Home

Another of the manuals on the subject is a pamphlet entitled *Pre-School Music* by Floy A. Rossman, (distributed by the National Bureau for the Advancement of Music, 45 West 45th Street, New York City). The treatise is supplemented by a book of songs, collected and arranged by Miss Rossman, (and published by C. C. Birchard & Co., Boston and New York.) This work, which is far less technical than that of Miss Cunningham, is offered as a plea for more music in the home during the pre-school age, and is intended to make the teaching of songs easier for the mother and lovelier for the child. The song collection contains Lullabies; intervals and Tone Play Songs for imitation; Song Plays; Bird and Animal Songs; and Story Songs.

The Mother Helps

Another system of teaching music to pre-school children is being compiled by Osbourne McConathy, author of many books on music education, and Sally R. Day of Austin, Texas. This work is the product of nine years study and experimentation. Its purpose is first to make the child musically conscious; second, to develop a definite pitch and rhythmic consciousness and, third, to organize the work so that it will be simple and practical in the average home under average conditions.

The course contains songs for the mother, and stories and games which build up mental associations.

The Child Study Association of America, (54 West 74th Street, New York City,) has a pamphlet entitled

Music for Children, prepared by Doris Simonson, (which may be had for thirty-five cents). This contains a selected list of music books, piano rolls and phonograph records for both young children and for older boys and girls. Among the suggestions are "Songs for the Children to Sing," "Songs to Sing to Children" (or to play on the phonograph or player piano), "Singing Games and Folk-Dances," "Music for Listening," and a carefully selected list of books about music.

Phonograph Helps

For homes with phonographs, Hazel Gertrude Kinsella's *Music Appreciation Readers* (University Publishing Company, Lincoln, Neb.), should prove useful. The first book of this series (sixty cents) is adapted to small children, and correlates the use of child literature, nursery rhymes, fairy tales and stories with the hearing of little musical classics. Specific phonograph records are suggested for each story.

The educational catalogs of phonograph companies contain many suggestions. These are free at music stores.

The *Progressive Education Association*, 10 Jackson Place, Washington, D. C. offers a valuable pamphlet *Creative Expression Through Music*. (Thirty-five cents). It contains a number of articles by leading authorities.

Note: The writer of this article will answer questions on home music problems. Inquiries regarding suitable songs, instruction material, music games, phonograph records, or the musical education of children will be answered as fully as possible. Obviously recommendation of teachers cannot be made. Address: Music Editor, McCall's Magazine, 232 West 38th Street, New York City.



*We Would
Like To Send You . . .*

We have prepared a Brochure of Beauty—modes of the moment in intimate feminine apparel. That you may see how charmingly this modern Munsingwear will grace your figure—we would send this Brochure with our compliments. Write Munsingwear, Minneapolis.

*Style
in every stitch
following every line
of the feminine
figure*

Adroitly fashioned underthings in the mode of the moment. Flattering foundations in radiant rayons and supple silks for every costume . . . for simple morning frock . . . for formal evening gown. Underlying loveliness in brilliant and subtle shades that are unaffected by innumerable tubbings. Rich and restful night time attire . . . nightgowns and pajamas. Boudoir

robes and coats for lounging in loveliness. All in flowing, glowing lines of that wonderful fabric of fashion . . . glorious Munsingwear Rayon, specially processed by Munsingwear and only by Munsingwear.

MUNSING
 *Wear.*



This time of year be *extra* careful ... protect your skin from dust

RIGHT now in the early fall, the dust blows in clouds. And dust—plain ordinary street-blown dust—is one thing that makes faces grow old. Because, you see, it grinds into the pores. Robs the skin of its natural moisture. Clouds its brilliance.

That's why the face is older than the shoulders. The face weathers, dries—through constant day-by-day exposure. The shoulders—protected—stay young.

See for yourself

Take a mirror to a window. Examine your face. Then your shoulders. Quite a difference in the texture of the skin, isn't there? Protect your face and it will stay as young as your shoulders. You can do it easily—with Hinds Honey & Almond Cream. It protects the skin.

Hinds Cream is the liquid cream with the heavenly almond fragrance. It sinks deep, deep—freshens the skin. Keeps it as sweetly soft as a baby's. It prevents dust-weathering—all weathering.

*Just pat it on . . .
the oftener the better*

Especially before you go outdoors

—pat it on as a powder base. But don't stop there. Pat it on at night. In the morning. Smooth it into your skin after your bath. Use it on your hands. (Marvelous for hands!)

Then your skin will be safe. It will stay soft, and silken, and young, regardless of how much you are outdoors.

Try Hinds Cream. It comes in a blossom pink bottle. You can buy it anywhere. Or if you wish, we'll be glad to send you a free sample bottle. Just fill in the coupon and mail it to us today.

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HINDS
Honey & Almond
CREAM
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

Lehn & Fink, Inc., Sole Distributors
Dept. 388, Bloomfield, N. J.

Send me a sample bottle of Hinds Honey and Almond Cream, the protecting cream for the skin.

(Print name and address)

Name _____

Address _____

This coupon not good after Oct., 1929
Lehn & Fink (Canada) Limited,
9 Davies Ave., Toronto 8

THE CAMP ROBBER

[Continued from page 22]

around in his bag. "Heah are the letters . . . But cain't find thet picture . . . Son-of-a-gun if it's heah . . . Gone."

"How about you, Hoof?" inquired the foreman, stimulated, no doubt, by the expression on Manchester's face.

"Wal, fellars, you know them little bones I had. Vertebrae from a cow's backbone. You know how I cut them, an' dab a little paint on for eyes an' mouth an' make them look like a cow's haid. My kid brother has a lot of bone toys I made for him. These last ones are gone."

"Hoof, the laugh's on us. What's your idee?" returned Stanley.

"By gum, I think we've had a visit from the camp robber."

"Who's this heah camp robber?" asked one of the cowboys.

The foreman answered him:

"Wal, I reckon the camp robber always has been a joke round this range. But I can conceive of thet joke wearin' out. He's been crackin' them jokes for a good while now. I've heard them from all over, an' this heah is no slouch of a range. But for the most part such stealin' seems to have been confined to Clear Creek, Cottonwood, an' the Verdi. Whatever or whoever this thief is, he comes in the day time, when there's nobody home, an' he takes some fool thing or other, leaving articles of real value. This bird sure is a slick one, whoever he is. Last year he stole two dolls we know of."

"Dolls?"

"Yes, dolls. Stimpson over heah on Clear Creek has a little girl. She lost a doll. Mrs. Stimpson said the kid was sure she never lost it—that it was *took*. Wal, they got her another doll, an' by golly, not long after, when the family was all away, thet doll disappeared, too. Now I tax myself, I can remember the darndest lot of things the loss of which was laid on thet locoed thief. Comb an' brush, silver buckles, beads, handkerchiefs, socks, cough medicine, face powder, lace curtains, towels, mirror, bell, clock,—O, Lord, there's no end to them. Yet nothin' worth much, so to speak. Everybody jest laughs an' says, 'wal, by gosh, the camp robber has been heah.'"

STIMPSON pushed back his papers on the desk and looked up at the rider with a keen interest.

"So your name's Wingfield?"

"Yes, sir," was the quiet reply.

The rancher surveyed the lithe figure, dusty and worn, the dark, lined face and its piercing eyes, with appreciation of the strong impression they gave. Here was a range rider, no longer a boy, with hard experience in every line of him; yet it was impossible not to be attracted by his striking presence.

"Where have you been ridin'?" Stimpson asked presently.

"I rode for Stillwell durin' the spring roundup. But he didn't need me longer. I got on at Brandon's. Lasted only one pay day. Next got a job at Hall's. Couldn't stay there. Then Randall's . . . An' as I told you I've been ridin' a grub line since."

"Wingfield, tell me just why you couldn't hold a job?" asked Stimpson, curiously, but withal, kindly.

"It was my fault, sir."

"You don't look like a drinkin' man."

"Well, I hit the bottle pretty stiff some years ago—just after . . . But I tapered off—an' lately I haven't drank at all."

"Because you were broke?"

"No. I've a little money left. I just got sick of it."

"I can understand that. Now see here, Wingfield, I am in need of a good man who can handle a big job. Not only cattle an' cowboys, but construction work, roads and buildin'. Are you up to it?"

"Yes, sir."

"So I reckoned. All right. Now if you want to work for me, come clean about this trouble you've been havin'. Tell me why a man of your evident intelligence an' ability can't hang on here."

Wingfield looked out of the window, across the Summer range, where the heat veils were rising. His face twitched. It was somber and sad. And when he turned again, Stimpson saw that the dark lightening of his eyes had dimmed.

"Seems, sir, that I can't stay anywhere long. I've been restless, an' I reckon I'm irritable. Can't make friends. I don't care about anythin'. But I realize now that I've got to correct that. An' I promise you, if you'll take me on, I'll try to overcome it."

"I'll take you on, Wingfield. Thanks for your confidence. I appreciate it. I'd like to know more, though. What happened to such a fine fellow as you—that you don't care for anythin'?"

Stimpson had trusted to his knowledge of range men. He divined that this cool, careless, bitter, reckless rider might be reached through faith and kindness.

"Some years ago I—I lost my wife—an' it knocked me out," replied Wingfield.

"Ahuh. Too bad! . . . I didn't take you for a married man. How old are you, Wingfield?"

"I'm twenty-nine."

"Well, that surprises me. You look older . . . All right, Wingfield, you're on. An', let us hope, to your advantage as well as mine. Report to Neff, an' ask for quarters, by yourself, if you prefer. Later today we can talk wages an' what this particular job is."

THAT deal was consummated in July. Wingfield made a valiant effort to prove worthy of the opportunity Stimpson had placed in his way. And he succeeded so far as the construction work was concerned. He overcame much to stick to that job, but he could not correct his taciturn habit, his aloofness, and sharpness of tongue, when he did speak. Naturally he had not made friends with Stimpson's foreman, Neff. Signs were not wanting, however, that some of the riders looked favorably upon him. He had even been asked to accompany them to town this Saturday night, which was the end of August, and pay day.

Late that afternoon Wingfield rode back to the ranch, and before he dismounted in front of Neff's cabin he sensed trouble. All the riders were in. They looked pretty blue. The teamsters and Mexican laborers stood around in groups. Wingfield went in without greeting any of those who regarded him curiously.

"Wingfield," spoke up Stimpson, "the payroll is missin'."

"It is, sir? . . . Well!—How you mean—missin'?" replied Wingfield, flashing his eyes from Neff to the rancher.

"I don't know how," rejoined Stimpson, slowly, guarded in his speech. "I just got here . . . Speak up, Neff."

"It—was this way, boss," replied Neff, hurriedly. "Reckon I got here about ten o'clock. Straight from the house, when you gave me the money. Wally Peters over there, helped me

[Continued on page 75]

Do you remember this FRUIT CAKE ?

Even large business organizations occasionally become sentimental . . . We've always had a sentimental feeling towards this picture of a fruit cake and this fruit cake recipe.

It's such a good picture and such a good recipe. They both appeared in an advertisement we published two years ago. And we still remember our thrill at the number of letters that we received. Letters from women who had used the recipe and who apparently just *had* to tell us what wonderful fruit cake it made.

And so we print this picture and recipe again to remind you not only of the fruit cake but of the fact that the use of a choice salad oil is becoming decidedly the modern method of cooking . . .

Certainly, it is easy and convenient to make a cake with Wesson Oil, for you just *pour* it to measure and *pour* it to mix.

But more than that: Wesson Oil is so delicious in itself—so pure and wholesome, so delicate in flavor, so crystal clear and light in color—that it can't help lending its own delicacy and fineness to whatever you bake with it.

Muffins, biscuit, cake, cookies, waffles, pie crust—they're far lighter and more finely-textured and more delicious when they are made by this new and modern method . . . And never did fried food boast of a crust so flaky and tender and edible as when it is fried in Wesson Oil.

Perhaps you would like to try this recipe for a holiday dessert. And perhaps, even more, you would like to adopt this modern Wesson Oil way for your day-by-day baking and frying. We can assure you in either event—or both—that you will be more than a little delighted.

Send for our new book of recipes. We shall also appreciate it if you will send us the name of your grocer. Address the Wesson Oil—Snowdrift People, 210 Baronne St., New Orleans.

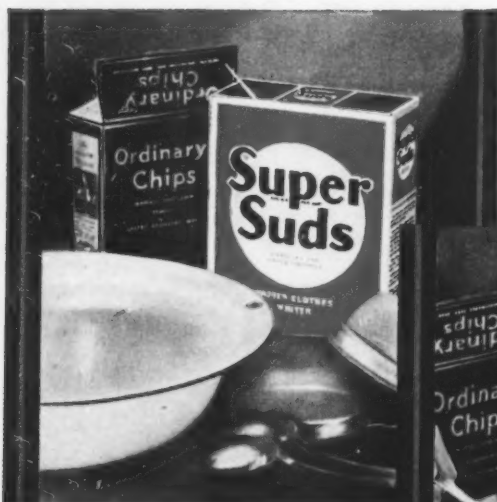


RECIPE FOR FRUIT CAKE

1 cup Wesson Oil • 1 cup fruit juice
2 teaspoons allspice • 1½ cups candied cherries
2 teaspoons cinnamon • 4 eggs • 1 cup shaved citron
1 teaspoon baking powder • 1 teaspoon ground cloves
2 teaspoonfuls salt • 3 cups flour • 3 cups nuts
1 cup chopped candied pineapple • 1 cup raisins
1 cup chopped figs • 1½ cups brown sugar

Mix Wesson Oil, sugar and egg yolks and beat vigorously for two minutes. Sift together spices, salt, baking powder and 2 cups of the flour and add alternately with the fruit juice to the first mixture. Then add fruit and nuts which have been mixed with the remaining cup of flour. Fold in egg whites, beaten stiff, and bake in a very slow oven (275 degrees F.) for about four hours.

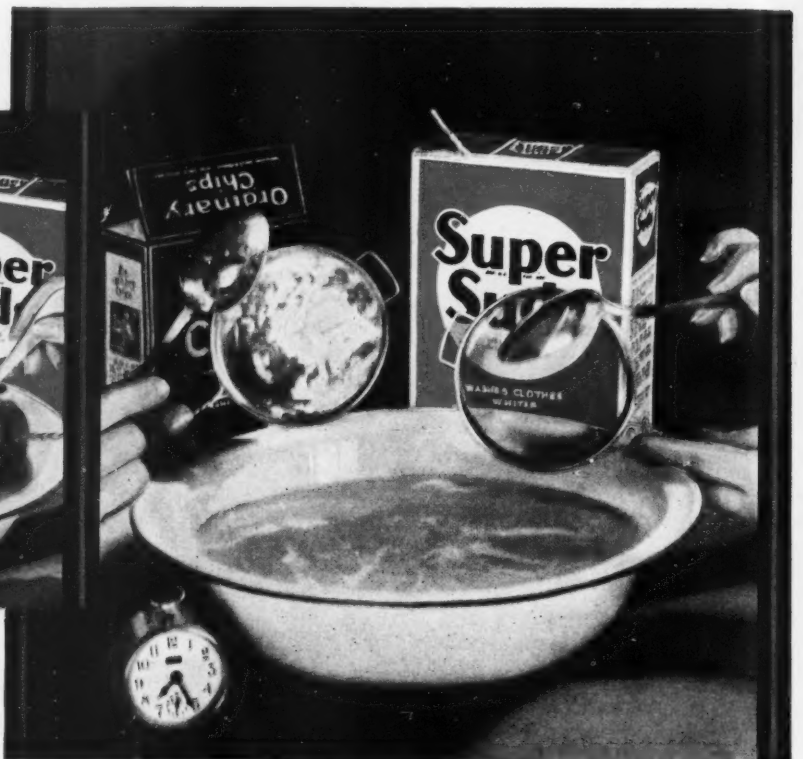
COMPARE! . . . Put Super Suds to the test



1 A pan of warm water. Two strainers. In one a tablespoon of chip soap. In the other a tablespoon of Super Suds



2 Plunge both strainers into the water. Stir both briskly with spoons while you count ten. Then—lift both strainers!



3 In the chip strainer—half the soap still there. In the other, quick-dissolving Super Suds all gone—vanished. Article below tells what this means in your daily work

Speed test

proves Super Suds fastest-working form of soap

YOU know how important it is to have a soap that dissolves well.

And now—through an amazing new soap discovery—you can get a perfect soap solution in ten seconds!

The new soap is called Super Suds. It is an absolutely new form of soap—tiny hollow beads, so tiny that a dozen would cling to the tip of your finger, so thin that you could crush a dozen by brushing them with your thumb! These beads dissolve instantly.

*Make this test
right in your own kitchen*

A soap that dissolves instantly! Does it sound too good to be true? Then try the easy, simple test shown above, and begin to enjoy the freedom from drudgery which will be yours once you see what a splendid household soap Super Suds really is.

The speed test will show you that

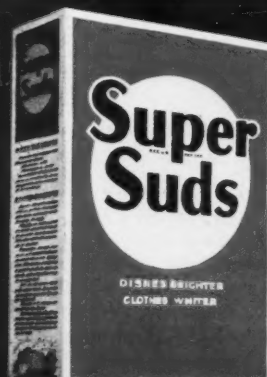
Super Suds goes to work in washtub or machine faster than any other soap you ever saw. No gummy bits of soap are left to prevent quick rinsing or weaken the fabric. Super Suds has given women perfect rinsing, whiter clothes, and lightened the tedious task of dishwashing too. It takes a very little bit of Super

Suds to do dishes. Two or three tablespoons of bead soap give full creamy suds on top; active *under-water* suds below. Glassware and silver gleam as never before! China needs no wiping. Just a hot rinse—and drain. Enjoy the new convenience which Super Suds brings. Put Super Suds on your grocery list—today.



CLOTHES WHITER

Quick, strong suds . . . No more soap stains . . . Gentle on clothes . . . Saves one rinsing . . . Saves hands . . . A whiter, sweeter wash



DISHES BRIGHTER

Quick suds . . . Washes cleaner . . . Perfect rinsing . . . Better in hard water . . . Safe for tender hands . . . No dish wiping—just drain



BIGGEST box of soap for 10¢

THE CAMP ROBBER

[Continued from page 72]

count it. Didn't you, Wally?"

"Yes, I did," answered a clean-cut young cowboy, stepping forward to confront the rancher. "There was two thousand, three hundred and sixty dollars. Neff put it in the desk here, shut the drawer—this one, sir, but he didn't lock it. Then we went out together."

"Had there been anyone about the place?" inquired Stimpson.

"Yes, sir. Wingfield must have been in—I found the paper—here it is—shows the time of his outfit. I always pay from his figures. . . . This paper was here when I came back. But not when I left," offered Neff.

Wingfield spoke up instantly. "That is correct, sir. I left my time paper here about noon. There was no one in."

A silence ensued that developed from embarrassment to a strained suspense.

Then Stimpson, seeing that Neff would not or could not accuse Wingfield to his face burst out impatiently:

"Wingfield, I'm sorry I have to explain. Neff has charged you with theft of the payroll!"

Wingfield gave a gasp that sounded like suppression of a cry of pain. His dark face went ashen. With one swift lunge he struck Neff a terrific blow, knocking him over a chair, to crash into a corner. Then Wingfield leaped clear drawing his gun.

The spectators of that move waved in noisy pellmell to one side, leaving Stimpson standing his ground. With a long stride he got in front of Wingfield.

"Hold on!" he called, sharply. "There's no call for gun play."

Indeed there did not appear to be, at least at the moment, for Neff had been completely knocked out. Wingfield slowly sheathed his gun. The fury that had actuated him seemed to shudder out.

"My God—you don't believe I stole that money!" he implored Stimpson.

The rancher took one long look at the man's convulsed face.

"No, Wingfield, I don't," he replied, feelingly. "But Neff does, and no doubt he's not the only one. Something must be done about it."

"Thank you, Stimpson," rejoined the other huskily. "I swear to God I didn't take the money."

"You need not deny that to me," replied the rancher. "But you can see. Wingfield, if you're to stay on here, you must try to prove you didn't."

"Yes, I see. And I've fallen pretty low—when any range rider dares think me a thief," muttered Wingfield.

"Circumstantial evidence has hanged many a man. Don't let it beat you here. You're valuable to me. And it's sure plain, Wingfield—either you crack and lose out, or you prove what I think you are."

Wingfield raised his bowed head and the harshest of the bitter darkness left his face. He made no move to reach the rancher's half proffered hand.

"I'll take your hand when I show these men your faith in me is justified."

THAT night Wingfield lay dressed on his bed in the darkness and silence. All hands had gone to town for the dance.

Lying there in the blackness he waged the battle. If he had not become a sore and strange outsider all over the range, if he had hid the secret of his misery in wholesome labor and friendliness, he would never have been accused of theft. That was the last straw. He did not choose to sink under

that. He would disprove the charge, and thereafter regulate his conduct to harmonize with his environment. Stimpson had been right—he must mend his character or crack for good.

But there could never be any mending of his broken heart. In the five years since the catastrophe there had never been a single night, when he was sober, that he had not lain awake, thinking, remembering, suffering. He had wronged his wife, and in the fiery shame of his unworthiness he had augmented the quarrel that had ended in her leaving him. It all came back mockingly, and he lived over again his fruitless search for her, and then his despair.

He beheld for the thousandth time a vision of the bonny head, with its curly golden locks, and the flower-like blue eyes, and the frail graceful shape. Long ago he divined she was dead. She could never have borne grief and privation together. She had never been strong, though she had gained somewhat after he took her from school teaching and married her. He recalled with agony his fear, his panic, his joy, his pride, when she shyly imparted a secret, and how zealously from that moment he had guarded her health.

Then came his fall, a natural though despicable thing. There had been extenuating circumstances, which she had never learned. He had not been wholly treacherously guilty. If he had not lied, if he had confessed, she would have forgiven. Vain regret! Sleepless and eternal remorse! But these pangs were softening with the years. He knew that before she died she had forgiven him, and that if he could have found her they would have been reunited. His penance had not been manly, but it had been poignant. There in the dead hour of midnight he struggled for faith to believe she might hear his whisper and give him strength to live better the life that had to be lived.

Sunrise found him out behind Neff's cabin, studying in the clear light of day some strange tracks he had found.

A faint long flat depression of grass and dust and on each side of it a small round mark, scarcely a hole.

Outside the ranch fence in the dusty road he found the two queer little dots, but no long flat dim depression, such as had caused him curiosity. Across the road, however, he discovered it again, without any sign of the accompanying round marks. Blades of grass had been bent down. The evidence was unmistakable. Wingfield followed the tracks at a walk into the woods.

In places, where the pine needles formed thick springy mats, devoid of grass or flowers, he passed quickly on in the direction in which the trail headed, and sooner or later, on more favorable ground he would find it again. There were times when he had to crawl on hands and knees. Often he was baffled. But as he warmed to the trailing, and the pains of the robber to hide his tracks grew perceptibly less, the intervals when Wingfield was at a loss grew fewer and shorter. And finally they ceased. Once more he could follow the trail at a walk. It led deeper and deeper into the woods.

In the afternoon on the first clear spot of soft ground that he had encountered in miles he found the well-defined print of a large flat foot. Close on each side was the accompanying little round mark.

"Ahuh! He's slipped off that long thing which gave me such trouble," soliloquized Wingfield, as he surveyed the trail. "Quit on me, huh? Feelin'

[Continued on page 76]

Colds

and 3 things to do for them

INHALATION: In a teacup full of boiling water, float about half a teaspoonful of Mentholatum. Breathe the gentle, healing vapor by cupping your hands, or by using a small funnel. Repeat frequently with fresh Mentholatum.

CHEST RUBBING: Before going to bed, massage the whole chest and throat thoroughly with Mentholatum. Use about half a tube. Remember rubbing is half the treatment. Cover the chest with a piece of hot flannel.

NOSE APPLICATION: With your finger apply Mentholatum to the inside of your nose, and to the outer edges. Notice the cool, soothing effect—and how easy it makes your breathing.



If you use these treatments tonight, your cold will be better in the morning. Know the 3 stages of your cold. Then apply the common-sense Mentholatum treatment for each stage.

In the **FIRST STAGE** your nose lining is dry, irritated, and sneezy. Give yourself the easy Mentholatum inhalation (described above), and apply Mentholatum direct to the inside of your nose. These gentle, healing treatments relieve the scratchy dryness. They also help to stop the sneezing that throws countless germs into the air.

In the **SECOND STAGE** your nose is inflamed and swollen, and "running" with a watery discharge. Breathing is stuffy and difficult. Continue the inhalation and the direct treatment to check this running condition, and to make breathing easy.

At this stage, the chest rubbing (described above) is very important to relieve congestion. Mentholatum, unlike harsh ointments, is safe on the most tender skin. Clean and pure, it will not stain clothing or bed linen.

In the **THIRD STAGE** the heavy, pus-like discharge, containing dead germs, is very irritating to the nose lining and the outer edges of the nose. Apply Mentholatum frequently to prevent chapping, and disagreeable sores. Chest rubbing also is a needed protection at this stage.

Give your cold the proper Mentholatum treatment tonight. Get a handy tube or jar of Mentholatum at any drug store.



FREE BOOK ON COLDS

"How to Get Rid of Colds" is an interesting little book written by a physician. Send this coupon. The book is free.

Dept. D-91, Mentholatum Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

Name.....

Address.....

Even scientists do not fully understand its health-giving property

A precious food element, believed to be a safeguard against many common ailments has been found in simple Japan green tea

A DISCOVERY of deep interest to countless men and women! A new, simple safeguard that may help many protect themselves against common maladies!

The full importance of it is not yet known—even to scientists. But much is clear. A precious food element, entirely absent from the most of the foods we eat, has been found in familiar Japan green tea.

Thousands are now believed to be missing the happiness of perfect health for lack of this one element—Vitamin C.

"It now appears," writes one eminent scientist, "that this condition is rather common among grown people. Ill health characterized by certain symptoms may be looked for in those who habitually take too little Vitamin C. These symptoms are: loss of energy, a muddy complexion, fleeting pains often mistaken for rheumatism."

A simple precaution

What trials and hardships loss of energy may bring in its train: needless fatigue, poor appetite, sleeplessness, lethargy, nervousness! For those who tire easily, who are "run down," the day is often spoiled before it has fairly begun.

How many there are, too, whose skin is lifeless and sallow! How many who are troubled with so-called rheumatic pains.

Of the men and women who suffer from these ailments, some can probably be helped by this simple precaution. Old familiar Japan green tea is certainly no cure-all. But in it there is now known to be a safeguard—a health-giving abundance of Vitamin C.

Only a few foods, aside from this favorite tea, spinach and a small number of fruits and vegetables, contain Vitamin C. Cured in Japan without fermentation, the Japan green tea we buy at the grocery is rich in this all-important element.

If you feel below par, try this easy, pleasant plan: Drink flavor-laden cups of Japan green tea regularly. Profit by its rich supply of Vitamin C. Probably you will feel and look more vigorous—more joyously alive in a few weeks. Whenever you drink tea, simply



Today it is known to have a remarkable health-building value—old familiar Japan green tea



Scientists have found a rich source of precious Vitamin C in the leaves of simple Japan green tea



be sure that it is Japan green tea.

Japan green tea has been for years one of the two most popular kinds of tea in the country. It comes in several grades—in packages under various brand names and in bulk. Your grocer has it or can get it. American-Japanese Tea Committee, 782 Wrigley Building, Chicago.

THE CAMP ROBBER

[Continued from page 75]

pretty safe now! . . . One foot-track! . . . By thunder! I've got it. He's a cripple. A one-legged man! An' these little round tracks were made by crutches . . . I'm a locoed son-of-a-gun!"

With renewed enthusiasm and stronger resolve and curiosity, Wingfield pressed on; and now owing to the slackened vigilance of the man he was trailing he made fast time.

Almost at his feet showed a narrow trail leading down the precipitous wall. And the tracks he was trailing stood out like print on a page.

Five hundred feet down, the trail emerged from the shade into the open canyon, where Wingfield's advent scarcely disturbed the turkeys and deer. A sandy trail wound down the canyon; and as Wingfield hurried along the plainly defined tracks it appeared that all the striking attributes of this beautiful gorge magnified. Presently, around a great corner of wall he came to an intersecting canyon, narrow, rugged of cliff, so massed with foliage that he could scarcely see the sky. And the tracks led up this way.

Wingfield proceeded slowly and cautiously. A little gray burro grazed in the one open glade. Beyond this, a jutting wall shut off extended view.

He kept close to the wall, under cover, and soon peeped around the yellow stone corner. He was amazed to discover a child playing in front of an old weatherbeaten cabin.

Wingfield sheathed his gun and stepped out, to approach the little girl. She saw him before he spoke.

"Hello, little girl. Do you live here?"

"Who's oo?" she asked, without alarm, though she ceased her play.

"I'm a cowboy. Where's your mother—an' your daddy?"

"My muvver's dead . . . I never had no daddy," she said.

She could not have been more than five years old. She was very pretty, with eyes as blue as cornflowers. How unaccountably they touched Wingfield! He could only stare, conscious of a stricture of his heart. It needed not a second glance at her crude strange garments for even Wingfield to see that no woman had made them. Her little dress had been fashioned from a cowboy's shirt. Her rather delicate legs were bare and tanned a golden brown. Upon her feet were moccasins made from sheepskin, with the wool outside; and Wingfield believed that material had come from a range rider's vest. Then the thought that had been dammed by his consciousness burst through—he had stumbled upon the retreat of the camp robber.

"My grandad's sick," said the little girl, seriously.

"Where is he?" asked Wingfield, thickly.

She pointed toward the cabin. The door was open and the sunlight poured in.

AN old man, with face as gray as his hair and beard, lay upon a bed. His bright eyes fixed in terrible earnestness upon the visitor.

"Well, old timer, who are you?" burst out Wingfield, taking in the gaunt form and the wooden leg strapped to a short thigh.

"Did you ever—hear—of Peg-leg Smith?" came the husky response.

"Sure I have. Old prospector—traveled round with a burro. I've heard the cowboys talk . . . Ahuh! Are you that hombre?"

"Yes . . . Did you trail me?"

"I did—old timer. I'm sorry. The little girl said you were sick."

"Aye, I am indeed . . . Sick unto death."

"Aw, no. Don't say that. Maybe I can do somethin'. What ails you?"

"Old age. Love an'—fear," he returned.

"I don't just savvy the last," said Wingfield, approaching the bed in quandary. But pity was paramount.

"Did you trail me?"

"Yes, but you needn't fear me. Only tell me, old timer."

"You trailed me to get back the money I stole from Stimpson's ranch?"

"I did, Smith. You see they accused me of stealin' it."

"It is here—every dollar," hurriedly returned the man, and laboriously fumbling under his head he found a packet, and held it out with shaking hand.

"Thanks, old timer. That'll help a lot," said Wingfield, huskily. "How'd you come to—to take it?"

"Stranger, I never stole a cent in my life until then. All I stole was for the child. But that day—when was it?—yesterday? When I saw the money I had a wild idea. I would steal that—and with it—I'd take my little darling away—and find a home and comfort for her—some one to love her . . . So I stole it. And when I got back—I fell here—it's the end . . . Thank God, you came. I can die in peace."

"Is this child related to you?" asked Wingfield.

"No. Five years ago—over on the mountain range—I happened to find a woman along the road . . . She was a crazed thing—ill—suffering. I put her on my burro. Fetched her here. She gave birth to a child. . . Then she lingered a few days—and died. The child lived. Meant to take her—somewhere—to a home. But I loved her. I kept her. All these years I've kept her. No cowboy or hunter ever found me until now. No one ever dreamed old Peg-leg Smith had a little angel in his canyon . . . I stole for her. I became the camp robber of the range. Many's the time I have laughed over my other name . . . The camp robber!"

Wingfield fell on his knees beside the bed.

"Old timer, tell me—her name?" he begged, hoarsely, his lean hands clutching in the blanket.

"Her name is Fay."

"No. Not the child . . . the woman—her mother . . . her name?"

"I never knew. She never told. But in her delirium she would cry out: 'Lex—Lex! O, Lex, my husband! . . . An' she died crying that name. I've never forgotten.'"

"Merciful God!" moaned Wingfield, sinking down. "Man—I was that husband . . . this is my baby."

"Who are you?" queried Smith, rising upon his elbow, with hope illuminating his face.

"Lex Wingfield. . . Her name was Fay Kingsley . . . We were married in Denver . . . It was here in Arizona—on this range—at Springer that I—I drove her from me."

"Kingsley—Denver—Springer, yes, she mentioned those names," replied Smith eagerly and softly. "How strange! I never wanted to leave this canyon. Something chained me here . . . I gave up prospecting . . . I took to stealing . . . Aye, it was the camp robber who found little Fay's father."

Wingfield leaped up with a start. The child had come in.

"Is oo better?" she asked, with sweet solicitude.

"No, little Fay . . . You are losing grandad . . . But you—are gaining—your daddy."

Remove Film from Teeth

To Combat Serious Tooth and Gum Disorders

It's film that turns lovely teeth dull, "off color" and dims the brightest smiles

Science Suggests a Way to Remove Film Completely



"WHITE sparkling teeth a matter of luck? By no means," says dental science. "Nor are healthy teeth and gums merely a matter of physical resistance."

Gray, lustreless teeth and most of the commoner tooth and gum disorders are traced to a specific condition—to a film that forms each day on teeth. Remove this film and teeth will be far lighter and brighter.

Will be far more free from ills—and that is proved by exhaustive scientific research.

What FILM is and does

Film is that slippery, viscous coating which forms on teeth. Run your tongue across your teeth and you will feel it.

Food and smoking stains sink into it and make teeth yellow and lustreless.

Film gets into crevices and stays. It clings to teeth so tightly that brushing fails to remove it successfully.

Film is the basis of tartar. And tartar, with the germs film harbors, is a well-known cause of pyorrhea.

Old-time ways had failed to conquer film. So with tooth and gum disorders on the increase science evolved a special film-removing dentifrice.

Special film-removing method

How it acts

To perfect this formula that successfully cleanses teeth of film, laboratory chemists worked in conjunction with high dental authority. Exhaustive tests were made and scientifically recorded. One by one agents were found and embodied in Pepsodent until now it meets in every way the full demands of dental practice in protecting teeth and gums.

Pepsodent curdles film. Then removes it gently from the teeth as ordinary brushing cannot do.

It acts to firm the gums to healthy coral tint.



Dentists know the secret of dazzling white smiles. "Keep dull film off your teeth," they say. That's why the use of Pepsodent, the special film-removing dentifrice, is so widespread today.



Sparkling teeth hold charm that others note and marvel at—for still many do not know how great a change Pepsodent can work

Still other elements turn the mouth's saliva alkaline and thus combat the acids of decay.

In action and in composition Pepsodent is entirely new and different from any other tooth paste made.

Give Pepsodent 10 Days

If teeth are dull, "off-color," that is film. If you are prone to tooth and gum disorders, that may be film also. Remove this film and see teeth whiten.

Between your dentist, and Pepsodent used twice a day, you obtain the ultimate in tooth and gum care as modern dental science knows it.

Get a large tube at small cost from your druggist. Or write to nearest address below for a free 10-day tube.

The Pepsodent Co., 1104 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill., U. S. A.; 191 George St., Toronto 2, Ont., Can.; 42 Southwark Bridge Rd., London, S. E. 1, Eng.; (Australia), Ltd., 72 Wentworth Ave., Sydney, N. S. W.

Pepsodent PAT. OFF.
REG. U. S.

The Quality Dentifrice—Removes Film from Teeth

Heinz Cream of Tomato Soup! What gives it that cheery red color? Juicy tomatoes. That tempting savor? Spices. And that smooth richness? Can it be cream? Yes, cream, rich cream. Tomatoes and spices and cream. What a wonderful combination for flavor! What a wonderful soup for dinner!



A friend of ours was once visiting in the country. Happening into the kitchen she found the cook busily making tomato soup for dinner.

The tomatoes had been picked half an hour before in the garden. But what interested our friend most was the big cupful of rich, heavy cream the cook poured in.

"It's the cream that really makes the soup," she explained . . .

Of course it's the cream. That's why Heinz is not just Tomato Soup but Cream of Tomato Soup—with the cream already in it. Rich cream, plenty of it.

The tomatoes are ripened on the vines—plump, red and juicy—and used fresh. Our spices—we send our own buyers round the world to select the best.

But flavor comes chiefly from knowing how. Experience is the final ingredient. And it is our 59 years of experience in making good things to eat that has made the Heinz name mean Flavor. H. J. HEINZ COMPANY, PITTSBURGH, PA.

HEINZ

Cream of Tomato

SOUP

contains rich cream

DAWN

[Continued from page 14]

the stairway's head and heard, outside, her father's voice. The butler and second man, bag laden, stood aside for her to pass. She paused at the head of the porch steps. It was hard to breathe and her throat was dry. Her father and the chauffeur were helping Rand from the car. His eyes met hers and looked on past. On his lips she saw the vague little smile of blindness and marked how his foot groped for the step. She ran down and took both his hands in hers.

In the tranquil gloom of the great living room, the girl surveyed her father through eyelashes matted by recent tears. Upstairs, Corlaer's valet helped Rand wash and change. The apprehension of the morning was cut more deeply into the banker's face. His daughter accused: "You haven't told him about Connie."

He gave a miserable smile and confessed: "Pat, I couldn't. He was just a little kid waked up from a night-mare when I found him in his cabin."

"I knew," she said, "that you hadn't." Something provocative in her voice hastened his self-justification.

"He hasn't been sleeping, the ship's surgeon told me. He needs rest and peace and care. I didn't even take him to Dr. Conway. I brought him straight home. He asked to come."

Her voice was level and steady. "What does the ship's doctor say about his eyes?"

"I'll believe nothing," Corlaer flared, "that a sea-sickness specialist says. Conway is coming. I've phoned him."

"Then," she ventured, "it's—?"

"It isn't anything," he denied, "till Conway sees him."

She pressed her full red lips as though she feared some ghastly sound might squeeze through. Corlaer's hand crumbled the cigar it held.

"I'll tell him about Connie," he promised valiantly, "after Conway comes. He asked about her, of course, and I lied, Pat. 'Oh, Connie's all right,' I told him. What else could I do. His nerves are ripped to pieces. It might—it might have killed him."

He stared at the tobacco fragments in his hand with a grunt and dumped them into an ash tray. Apology had left his voice when he faced her again.

"He'll ask for her again. I wonder he hasn't already. We've got to plan some lie that'll—"

Her little laugh checked him. He stared. She shook her head.

"He thinks," she said, "he thinks I'm Connie."

"He what?"

"He thinks I'm Connie," she reiterated. "Didn't you see the way he kissed me? He said: 'Oh Connie-beautiful—' he always called her that. 'Oh Connie-beautiful—' No," she decided, "what he said belongs to Connie, after all, even if she isn't—worth it. Anyway, I'm Connie to him. Our voices are alike. We used to wear each other's clothes."

"You mean to say," her father began. She continued serenely:

"And I said to him," she brought her head up defiantly, "I said: 'I love you more than ever, Barney darling.' Connie used to call him Barney."

She paused and spoke to a far corner of the room in a dry voice.

"So I'm Connie to him and no one will have to lie to him at all, unless he should ever think of asking for—me."

Patricia lay that night and heard the chime clock on her mantelpiece measure time into quarter hours. No other sound invaded the darkness yet she listened as though some appeal too delicate for human ears strove to reach

her. An imperceptible tumult troubled the August silence of the slumbering house, plagued her, drove sleep away.

The clock struck midnight. For the hundredth time she reviewed the verdict the oculist had delivered that afternoon, weighing his utterance, testing each phrase he had used as though it were a contract and she a lawyer seeking a loophole therein.

Conway, a dapper little man, had been sharp and merciless as a surgical knife. His words had been weights cast into the scale of their hope, bearing it down toward despair.

"The duration," the specialist had said, "precludes an acute or transitory condition. My final judgment would be that blindness is permanent, were it not—" Here had followed a glib recital of medical terms which she, dry-lipped and sick, had not understood.

"That," the oculist was saying when her mind and his speech enmeshed again, "constitutes the only possible chance of error by me. He should see a neurologist—Delarey by choice—before we decide absolutely."

The clock chimed the quarter hour. She could stand the urgent, breath-held stillness no longer, drew on dressing gown and slippers and stole into the hallway. From her father's room came the steady saw of breathing. Her ear, laid against Rand's door, received nothing but her own heart beats, yet she felt instinctively that repression, not relaxation kept this complete stillness. Then, she heard the faint complaint of bedsprings and a gasp, the more moving for its quick stifling.

In the starlight, she could see him dimly, a vague figure of tragedy, upright in bed, head raised, hands gripped in the counterpane before him.

"Jack—Barney," she called softly. At her voice, he relaxed and fell back like a guilty child. She winced at the forced gaiety of his voice.

"Good morning," he ventured. "It was a— it was a nice long night," and his voice was rocked by surges of stifled terror.

"It's not morning, dear," she corrected. "It's not yet half-past twelve." After a long pause, he said: "Oh, God."

He caught the hand she laid on his forehead in a hot tight grip as though it were the one stable thing in a world of chaos. Panic broke through.

"Connie, I can't stand it. It rides me when I'm alone. Connie, I'm going crazy."

He gulped, stirred and said at last mildly: "I beg your pardon." He released her hand. She retrieved his and held it. He pressed his lips against her arm and she felt the belated quake with his struggle for self control.

"You shouldn't be here," he said unwillingly.

"When you need me where else should I be, Barney?" she asked.

"Don't try to be generous with me," he cried fiercely, choked and presently ordered in an altered voice. "Give me your hand, Connie. No, the left one."

She read his intention as he spoke. Swiftly she changed the sapphire birthstone, her father's gift, from right to left ring finger and met his grasp. He fumbled an instant, withdrew the ring and folded her palm upon it.

"That's—finished," he told her. She laughed in tender mockery.

"Do you think you can jilt me, Barney?"

He answered in a more normal voice. "I can still hear and feel, Connie. I know what Conway found today

[Continued on page 80]

**SHE BUILT A
MILLION-DOLLAR BUSINESS**



Mrs. Alice Foote MacDougall

owner of the famous New York Restaurants
shows with her own hands how to make
her *Marvelous Waffles*

STARTING 21 YEARS AGO with \$38.00 for capital and three beautiful children for inspiration Mrs. MacDougall, alone and untrained, built up a very lucrative business in roasted coffee. To extend this business she rented a tiny booth in the Grand Central Terminal and there every Wednesday afternoon she herself presided over a huge coffee urn.

One stormy and bitterly cold Wednesday, as she watched the shivering, damp, depressed people who streamed through the station, Mrs. MacDougall felt a sudden kindly whim to lessen their discomfort.

Impulsively she sent home for her waffle iron and the necessary ingredients, including Royal Baking Powder, and to all who came in to the little shop that afternoon, she served tender waffles and delicious coffee.

The glowing appreciation of her guests showed her that she had found a combination of foods with an almost irresistible appeal.

Time proved the truth of this. First the Little Coffee Shop began to serve waffles and coffee, then in rapid succession Mrs. MacDougall opened the Cortile, the Piazzetta, the Firenze and last year she signed a million-dollar lease for the Sevilla, the newest and most picturesque of her beautiful coffee houses.

"A WAFFLE is either a great delicacy or a dismal failure—there's no middle ground," says Mrs. Alice Foote MacDougall as she shows step by step how to make the waffles for which her coffee houses are famous.

"We use the best ingredients for all the foods we serve, the best cream, the finest maple syrup, the freshest butter and eggs—naturally we use the best baking powder, which is Royal.

"We have found that no other baking powder makes waffles which are up to our standard in lightness and tenderness. You will find when you use Royal that there is never any danger of dryness which spoils waffles and cakes. And, of course, you know that most doctors, dietitians and home economics ex-

perts say Cream of Tartar baking powder is best.

"Personally, I think in all baking it is true economy to use Royal because it is so pure and dependable. As every housewife knows, the cost of the baking powder is almost negligible compared to the cost of the eggs and butter you use in waffles and in cakes."

Here is another favorite which The Alice Foote MacDougall Coffee Houses serve:

Black Walnut Cake. $\frac{1}{2}$ cup butter; $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups sugar; $\frac{3}{4}$ cup milk; 2 cups pastry flour; 2 teaspoons Royal Baking Powder; $\frac{1}{8}$ teaspoon salt; $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon vanilla extract and 5 egg whites. Cream butter thoroughly. Add sugar slowly and beat in well. Sift the flour with baking powder and salt. Add alternately with the milk. Add vanilla extract and mix well. Fold in stiffly beaten egg whites. Bake in three well-greased layer tins in a moderate oven at 350° F. for 30 minutes.

White Icing. $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups granulated sugar; $\frac{1}{2}$ cup water; 3 egg whites and 1 cup black walnut meats. Boil sugar and water together until syrup spins a thread or to 438° F. Pour slowly on to the stiffly beaten egg whites. Beat until it holds its shape and is of right consistency to spread. Put between layers and on top and side of cake. Sprinkle black walnut meats generously on each iced layer and on top and sides of cake.

Waffle Recipe. 3 cupfuls of flour; 4 teaspoonfuls of Royal Baking Powder; $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoonful of salt; 2 cupfuls of milk; $\frac{1}{2}$ cupful of butter; 4 eggs. Beat yolks well. Add sifted dry ingredients and milk alternately to the yolks. Then add the butter which has been melted, and last of all fold in the stiffly beaten whites. Do not beat mixture too much or the waffle will be tough.

All measurements are level.



Mrs. MacDougall serves her famous waffles on gay Majolica



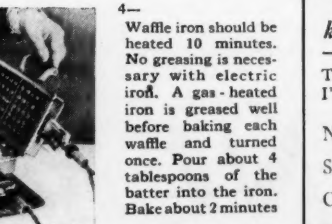
1—Separate 4 eggs. Beat egg yolks well. Sift 3 cups flour with 4 teaspoons Royal Baking Powder and $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt



2—Add alternately the sifted dry ingredients and 2 cups of milk; mix well

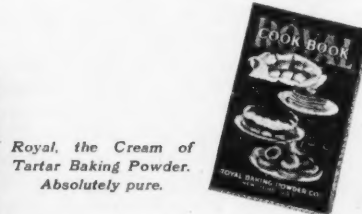
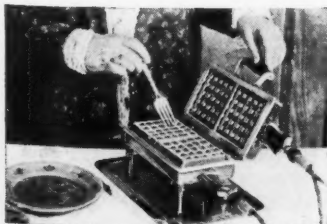


3—Add $\frac{1}{2}$ cup butter, melted, then fold in stiffly beaten whites of 4 eggs. Mix only long enough for blending thoroughly.



4—Waffle iron should be heated 10 minutes. No greasing is necessary with electric iron. A gas-heated iron is greased well before baking each waffle and turned once. Pour about 4 tablespoons of the batter into the iron. Bake about 2 minutes

5—When waffles are well puffed-up and evenly browned remove at once to a hot plate and serve immediately with plenty of butter and maple syrup.



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Height, 33 1/2 in. Floor space required, 28 in. x 24 in. Weight, 50 lbs.

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There is a delightful way now to solve this problem, a way that is far cheaper than doctors' bills—the Florence Cabinet Heater.

It gives truly great heat and is not to be confused with some device for just taking the chill off a room. It will make an average-sized room comfortable even in zero weather. You use it only when it is needed and where it is needed.

There are no wicks, but two giant wick-less burners of the same kind that are used in the famous Florence Oil Range. The cost of the kerosene consumed is only a few cents a day. It does not smoke or smell and it is safe.

Furthermore, the Florence Cabinet is beautiful; worthy a place beside your radio or piano. It is finished in grained walnut porcelain enamel.

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Prices: \$29.75 East of Mississippi River; \$31, Mississippi to Rocky Mts.; \$31.75 Pacific Coast. We earnestly recommend that you buy now, before stocks are exhausted.

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Florence Oil Room Heater throws out heat close to the floor where it is needed most. Two sizes and two finishes to choose from.

FLORENCE

DAWN

[Continued from page 78]

for all his tawdry optimism. I'm through and we're through, dear. I love you too much. Would you let me marry you if you were hopelessly blind?"

Her arms lifted the hot, maimed head against her breast. For an instant, he resisted and then, as she kissed his eyelids, broke and clutched her with a silent, terrible sobbing.

"It's you and me, Barney," she said. "You and me, always now. Will the nights be fearful when I am beside you, dear? We're going to be married so very soon."

"No," he said. "Connie, stop torturing me." The sensitive lips quivered.

"Yes," she insisted softly. "It's you and me, Barney."

Alop-sided moon slid down the sky and unrolled a carpet of wan light upon the floor. She sat beside him, one hand clasped in both of his, the other smoothing his hair until his fingers loosened, fell away. She listened to the easy come and go of his breath and crept from the room.

Her father stood before her, bath-robe-swathed, senatorial in the light from his bedroom.

"Well, Pat?" he asked, his eyes troubled. She met them serenely.

"He's asleep now."

"Yes?" Corlaer commented.

"And I'm going to marry him, Daddy," she added simply. His exclamation was so loud she hushed him.

"You're insane," he snarled. "The whole thing is preposterous. How long do you imagine you could keep up a masquerade of this sort?"

"I thought it all out," she replied, "while he was going to sleep. We have plenty of money, he and I. We can live far away from people who have known us. And—and all his life I can be Connie to him and he will think I am beautiful."

"You're as lovely as Connie ever was," he said huskily, his eyes on her vivid, daring face and then shook his head with finality. "Go to bed, Pat, and wake up sane. You're not a cheat."

"Is it cheating," she asked, "to give a blinded man happiness?"

"Yes," he defied. "I'll never permit it." She caught the lapels of his dressing gown and lifted her mouth to the white mustache.

"But, Garret Corlaer," she challenged almost gaily, "you can't stop me. I'm twenty-one and I've loved John Rand for eleven long years."

THE clock on the mantel chimed eleven reprovingly when at last she awoke. She stretched, felt recollection tingle through her body and laughed at the ceiling. Mr. Corlaer, her maid told her, had taken Mr. Rand into the city. They would return for lunch. She had bathed and dressed when her father rapped at her door. He kissed her and sat staring at his shoes, plucking his mustache, while she waited.

"We've seen Dr. Delarey," he said at length. "He's to operate tomorrow." She steadied herself against the bed footboard and tried twice to speak before she managed: "He can cure him?"

"Or kill him." Corlaer replied in a

voice so frank as to be brutal.

She seated herself upon the bed. In her eyes her father seemed to read reproach.

"Something," he defended gruffly, "the matter behind the eyes themselves. Delarey says there's one chance in three he'll pull through."

Her hands caught and twisted each other. She shook her head desperately before she found her voice.

"No," she begged. "Oh, please, please, no."

Corlaer rose and pressed her head against his side, smoothing the copper hair with tender fingers.

"Pat," he offered. "He's thirty-four.

He can decide for himself. We must be as game as he, honey."

She pulled away from him with a stricken sound and went into Rand's room.

He stood up clumsily as she entered and held out his hands toward her. For the first time since his return, he laughed the gay laugh she remembered so well.

"Barney," said "Connie's cartoon" gravely. "Sit

down and listen please. Barney, you mustn't do this thing."

"Connie-beautiful," he replied impishly. "It's all set and I have a hunch. And you're to be the first thing I see when they take the bandage off."

"When," she shuddered. "Oh Barney, I'd rather have your little finger alive than just a memory of you. I love you so much more than when you went away. Isn't that something?"

"I know you do," he acknowledged. "It's worth playing for."

"But," she quavered, "you have me already. I'll be your eyes, your hands for you. Always."

Thought puckered the blank eyes. His head was canted as though he heard something imperceptible to her.

"I can't ruin your life, Connie," he said with finality.

"Ruin my life," she repeated with bitter humor. "When all I want is to be near you, always? Barney, suppose, if you do this thing, you can't have me? Do you love your eyes more than me?"

"I shall have both," he told her quietly, "or neither. Connie! Why, Connie-beautiful, you're crying."

"Not—not much," she gulped. He touched her tear-wet cheek again. "You used to say, Connie," he reflected, "that you never cried."

"I'm many things I wasn't when you went away," she replied in a muffled voice.

"Remember when you fell in love with me, Connie?"

She drew her breath sharply. "Yes," she hesitated.

"At the Hotel Assyrian," he continued in a gentle, almost calculating voice. "On Easter Monday, 1925. I danced with Phillis Morgan, and you were angry about it, and I drove you home. Remember?"

"Yes," she repeated almost sullenly and caught his arm with desperate hands. "Barney, we can't talk now. Wait till tonight. I'll sit by you and keep fear away and we can decide."

"No," he decided. She was past

[Continued on page 82]

"It Flatters the most Beautiful Hands . . ."

says NEYSA McMEIN—Illustrator of beautiful women



Neysa McMein's slender, able fingers, with which she paints distractingly pretty girls, are kept in perfect trim with the new Cutex Liquid Polish

Neysa McMein keeps the talented fingers that have brought her fame and fortune daintily feminine with the new Cutex Liquid Polish

THE door-bell rings incessantly at Neysa McMein's New York studio as beautiful girls come asking for a chance to be this noted artist's models. Neysa McMein's girls have the appealing charm of youthful enchantment and the widespread popularity that rank this noted artist as an experienced judge of feminine loveliness.

"Beautiful women usually have beautiful hands," said Neysa McMein, with the air of a woman who knows.

"And in fact, anyone who takes pride in her appearance takes particular pride in her hands. Of course, an artist has a terrible time of it. Dust, dirt, chalk, oil, paints—tons of them—lodge under the nails and around the cuticle.

"I paint all day and by night my hands look like a coal heaver's. First a thorough washing and then I turn to the Cutex box. The Cuticle Remover and Cream come first—and then a little White under the nail really works miracles. Finally, the flattering new Cutex Liquid Polish about which I am most enthusiastic, as well as about all the other Cutex preparations."



"Dogs and hunting never spoil my manicure"

Says Anne Atkinson, society girl and breeder of famous dogs

Miss Anne Atkinson, of Wrightstown, N. J., photographed with Golden Dawn, sister of Nick O'Crahu, full-blooded prize English setter from her kennels. "Hunting and field trials are occasions for great hospitality and great excitement preceded and followed by many parties," says Miss Atkinson. "You shed your tweeds, and don your chiffrons. Barely time for a brisk wash with soap and water.

"But your nail tips come out glowing—crisp and clear as ever. Thanks to that perfectly grand new Cutex Liquid Polish, neither dogs nor hunting can spoil my lovely manicure."

Sparkling jeweled hands enliven Washington's tea hour

Chic costumes . . . perfectly groomed hands, distinguish Washington's smartest hotel at the tea hour. Mrs. Howard Tucker, and Mrs. Gwinn Rust, prominent in the capital's young married set, and Miss Jeanette Hume, this year's debutante, are typical of the younger women in society who lead exceedingly full lives, yet manage to keep their hands lovely with the new Cutex Liquid Polish.

All three of them chorused: "No matter what we do, where we go, or how long we keep going, our hands never betray us. The new Cutex Liquid Polish keeps our finger nails in topping order."



"A sport your hands must live up to"

Says Mrs. Clifford Garvey, Long Island Motor Boat Enthusiast

Mrs. Garvey is a stunning example of the young sportswoman whose perfectly groomed nails match her trig costumes. "The fun would be all spoiled if your hands didn't look as gorgeous as you feel. With the new Cutex Liquid Polish I keep my hands in perfect shape. I simply adore its flattering sparkle and am never without it."



Sportswomen, artists, society women, all fastidious women—strive to keep their hands becomingly manicured. They do it with the new Cutex Liquid Polish. Applied once a week, this exquisite Polish lasts for days and days. The nails glow with a clear, dewy brilliance.

Give your hands that smart, well groomed look—that flattering finish—with the new Cutex Liquid Polish. With Polish Remover, it is 50c. Separately, 35c.

The fascinating new Cutex Gift Sets are in six sizes—25c, 60c, \$1.00, \$1.50, \$2.50, \$3.00—in metal cases or gay Christmas wraps. Say your "Merry Christmas" with Cutex. Northam Warren, New York, London, Paris.



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As you brush Colgate's upon your teeth, the cleansing agent forms a bubbling, sparkling foam. This cleansing foam penetrates between the teeth, reaches inaccessible surfaces, purifies and stimulates the gums . . . the entire mouth.

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aromatic oils add refreshing action to the thorough cleansing.

Constant research and continuous testing of all new theories have failed to show a way to make a more effective dental cleanser than Colgate's!

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The brightening effect of Colgate's upon your teeth will delight you. Even a short test proves that cleaning is the main thing . . . that when a dentifrice really cleans, medicines, strong antiseptics and harsh abrasives are all unnecessary.

We have a trial tube of Colgate's for you. Fill out and return the coupon and it will be mailed promptly. We will send also a copy of an interesting new booklet on care of the mouth.



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Gentlemen: Please send me the booklet,
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MORE AMERICANS USE COLGATE'S THAN ANY OTHER DENTIFRICE

DAWN

[Continued from page 80]

shame or compunction.

"Ah, yes," she begged. "Life need not be empty even to a blind man. Barney, I love you so."

"You don't know what you're saying," he accused in an almost frightened voice. "I know you love me," he went on more quietly, "ever since that day at the Assyrian I've known it."

"Tonight," she said defiantly as she rose. He did not answer.

She could not sit down. She walked back and forth in her bedroom, followed by thoughts that squeaked, gibbered, jeered. Lies ended this way. You tried to fool God and He kicked you out of the way. She should have told Jack about Connie and it might have killed him. She had kept the truth from slaying him and now he was going away to a hospital to be slaughtered.

Her voice, answering her father's knock, was shrill, irritable. He stared at her from the doorway.

"Jack," he said, "is going to spend tonight at the hospital. He wants to see you before he goes, Pat."

Rand stood in the center of his room, coat over arm, hat in hand. He raised his head with the weary, sightless smile, and groped toward her.

"Not good-by, Connie," he corrected, as though she had spoke. "Auf wiedersehen." He found her hands and kissed them gently.

"Yes, Barney," she faltered, and stood mute and staring as though she might stamp this possibly final sight of him on her mind forever. Suddenly, she was in his arms, his lips on hers, her body straining against his and he was speaking, gently in her ear.

"I didn't know how wonderful you were, Connie-beautiful, until I came back. You are like another person, beloved, a braver, tenderer, more generous, more thrilling person than I believed a woman could be. I want you to remember that, always."

He heard the sob that forbade reply, kissed her hands and held them. "Auf wiedersehen, darling," he prompted.

"Auf wiedersehen, Barney," she answered unsteadily.

She sat in the hospital room that had been her home since the night following the operation when they had sent for her. Corlaer sat beside the window, spruce and nervous, the flower on his lapel mocking his drawn face.

She was listening to faint, fateful sounds in the next room where Dr. Delarey examined the convalescent. Her father, observing her rigid face, her tight locked hands, cleared his throat and did not speak.

Rain rattled on the pane. The muffled noises in the next room continued. She shook her head as though the gesture might wake a torpid mind. Her father spoke with explosive earnestness.

"Pat, if it's all right—if he really can see—I'm the one to tell him."

She gave a weary shrug of dissent.

"After all," he urged, "why tell him until later? I can say that you—Connie, I mean—is worn out and has gone home. You have been through enough in the last two weeks to wear out two women."

"No," she said. "I did it, Daddy. You told me not to, but I did. I have to tell him. It may not be so bad."

God brushed you aside when you stood against His destiny and punished you without mercy. Only, if God hurt you too much He could not hurt you at all.

God had sent delirium after the operation. Thus He had got her to the hospital. Her hand and voice alone quieted the raving Rand. Thus God

had kept her there. What might have been the bitter joy of battle for her while she and Delarey, the brusque, the magnificent, kept John Rand in this world, was blighted for her by memory that it was Connie's false presence to which the man she loved clung.

And when she knew he would not die, God, unappeased, tightened the screws. He would live, blind or cured. With this knowledge came fresh torment. If John Rand should not see, she still might have him, might be, for all time, his Connie, his beautiful one. She prayed that his sight might be restored, tried to submerge in reiterated petition that terrible hope. And now, harried, weary, numb, she was cheating God of the final ordeal. In the next room, Delarey was testing Rand's eyes while she sat with a heavy, faintly miserable serenity, watching the silvery run of water down the pane.

She raised her head. The leathery, rawboned figure of the great surgeon filled the doorway and behind him flashed and rustled the starched garments of his permanently awed staff.

"All right?" he snarled in reply to Corlaer's stammer. "By gad, yes! Perfect. The boy had luck—and me—with him. You can see him for five minutes—only five minutes."

Corlaer hesitated and saw his daughter's face driven from lethargy to fear.

"Let me, Pat," he offered. She nodded, with a guilty relief. She should take her punishment to the end, she knew, and yet she could not.

"No," said Delarey. "He wants Miss Corlaer alone. And hurry, please, I've other things to do than wait here."

John Rand sat, still blindfolded, in the colorless light from the window. Some one closed the door sharply behind her. He raised his head. "You?"

"Yes," she whispered.

"Your hands are cold," he protested, "and you're shivering. Dearest, I'm to see your face. Lift the bandage, beloved. I told you it would be this way."

She would not fall. She would stand, so, on her feet, the hands that she had jerked away from him, clenched; arms stiff against her sides and take her just punishment.

"No," she did not recognize her own voice. "I must—you must promise to listen. I've got to tell you now."

"Yes, Pat," he suggested.

"I'm not," she plunged on. "I'm not who you think I am."

"Yes, Pat?" he repeated. Beneath the bandage he was smiling. After a long time she said softly: "You—you know?" she dared at length, still whispering as though her voice might break the spell. "Who told you?"

"You," he said gently. "The day I came. Pat, you're crying again. That was how I knew at first. Pat, listen: the Hotel Assyrian wasn't built till 1926 and you said we first fell in love with each other there in 1925."

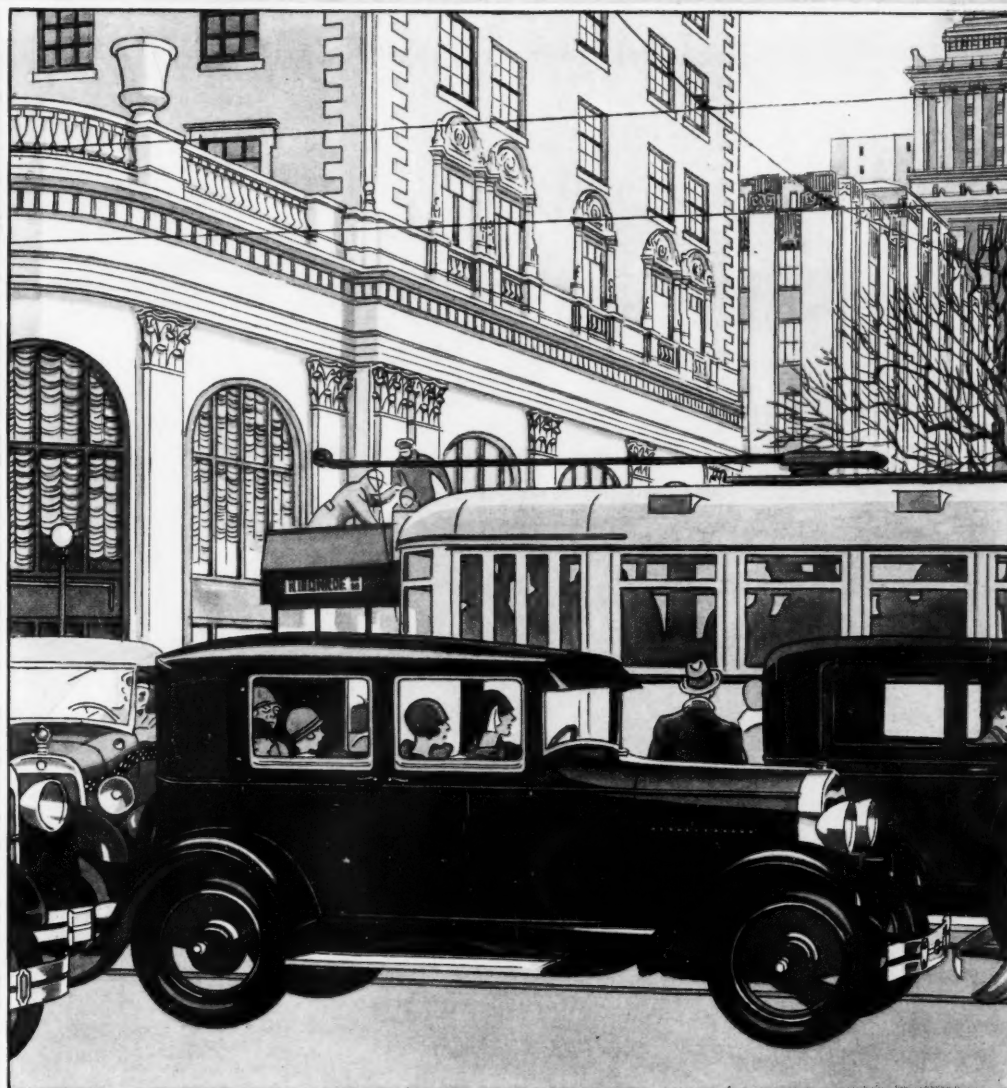
She tried to speak but uttered only a pitiful, stifled sound.

"So I knew," he went on eagerly. "Do you remember what I told you before I left, dear? It was true. It's so much truer now. Pat, I telephoned friends and found out that Connie, God bless her, was married."

She was crying now with the shamelessness of a little child. He hushed her.

"I should have told you," he said, "only, Pat beloved, I wanted to come to you healed and whole as your lover should. Pat, do you want to look all red and puffy when I see you? Give me your hands. Now, lift it. So."

Through swimming eyes, she could see him only dimly. She heard him say: "Pat—oh, Pat-beautiful."



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of the foot on the brake pedal. An effortless pull on the brake lever is sufficient to apply the emergency or parking brakes.

The six-brake system on the new Ford gives you the highest degree of safety and reliability because the four-wheel brakes and the separate emergency or parking brakes are all of the mechanical, internal expanding type, with braking surfaces fully enclosed for protection against mud, water, sand and grease.

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The comforting assurance that your brakes are equal to every need and emergency means a great deal to your peace of mind and adds immeasurably to the pleasure of motoring.

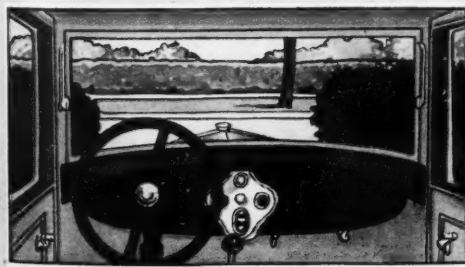


FORD MOTOR COMPANY
Detroit, Michigan

Ease of steering and of shifting gears, the smooth-working clutch, and quick acceleration are other important control features that make the new Ford such a good car for a woman to drive.

It is also comforting to know that no matter where you live or where you go, in this country or abroad, every Ford dealer is your dealer—open until nine and ten o'clock at night to provide prompt, intelligent, forward-looking service that will lengthen the life of your car and give you many more miles of pleasant, enjoyable driving.

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right from the juicy center
of the field-ripened fruit!



A color photograph

WHENCE comes that melt-in-the-mouth sort of goodness? From the golden heart of this tropical treasure. Those tempting slices, laden with Nature's flavor, are cut from the juicy center of the "pines." How could they help being perfect—help being tender and delicious? No ordinary pineapples, these. Perfect beyond belief, they flourish by millions on our vast plantations—picked and canned the moment Nature gives the word. Nothing we can do that will make our pineapples superb is left undone. For 27 years this Company, which James D. Dole founded and heads, has had no concern but to grow and can perfect pineapple. Last year we sent 69,000,000 cans

of it to be enjoyed in American homes. When next you open one, grown and packed in the Dole way, remember whence came that glorious fruit—from the golden heart of the finest pineapples grown.

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This enticing dessert and 29 other new and novel recipes
Free!



HAWAIIAN PINEAPPLE DATE CREAM

2 tablespoons gelatine ½ cup Hawaiian Pineapple juice (hot)
½ cup water 3-4 slices Hawaiian Pineapple cut into pieces
2 cups cream 1 cup dates
½ cup cocoanut

Soak gelatine in hot water. Add hot pineapple juice. Set aside to cool. Whip cream and when gelatine has begun to thicken fold in cream and other ingredients. Place in large mold or individual molds, chill until set. Turn out molds, garnish with sliced pineapple, dates and whipped cream.

Portions—Six Time to Make—30 Minutes



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Hawaiian Pineapple Co.,
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Honolulu, HAWAII

Sales Office: 215 Market Street, San Francisco

PARADISE POACHERS

[Continued from page 23]

The sudden move had not to do with attack—yet.

The blue birds. The blue birds at last! From piles of them, resting in the bottom of the canoes, the Sepik men had suddenly thrown off coverings of banana leaf. There they were, the beauties, fluff of blue sky, feathers of sapphire. Amazed, enchanted, Gladys hanging over the rail, marveling at the sight of those heaps of jeweled plumage that intoxicated her, waked the innate, insatiable greed that is rooted in the souls of women such as she, let forth a scream of delight and dropped her rifle, to snatch at the armful of birds held up to her.

And in that instant, the chief, who had been waiting, pulled out a rifle from the heap that lay cached below the birds in each canoe, and shot her.

Through all the horror that followed, she was conscious only of two things—that she must not give way; that she must get the boat into the stream. Staggering and sick, while the Sepik men came to fierce grips with her crew, she found her chance to drop into the engine room, and crank the engine wildly. It responded; she started it, and the screw began to churn the yellow waters.

Out on the deck again—they were going, yes, but the canoes kept pace—God, what a horde of them! Where had they come from? The launch boys were slashing with three-foot knives, rifles dropped on deck; over the rail came scrambling head hunters, black and red faces, streaming feathers, open mouths that howled and howled. The wheel—the wheel—gave the launch room, open river, and she'd beat.

Her hands were clutching the spokes as she fell across the wheel. The name of the man she had betrayed was the last word on her lips. "Jim . . ."

But Jim, sleeping the sleep of the drunk, made no reply.

A FEW bends below, two vessels were coming up together—the *Osprey* and the *Madang*.

Peter Hardy was following a forlorn hope. He did not suppose there was a chance in a million of finding Joannet, alive—but he could not cease the wretched, fruitless hunt for traces of her.

They had searched the towns near Yappi. They had run a day up the river, and heard nothing. They had started a systematic patrol of the main villages just below the Yappi group. Johnson had done fairly well; he had surprised two or three fighting towns, and got nearly all their guns before the possessors had time to hide them away. At that moment, the *Madang* was half full of prisoners, meant for goal down the coast. He hoped to have it fuller yet.

"It's that woman from Burma," he said to Hardy, as they ran upstream in the cooling twilight. "She and her husband. I ought never to have left them loose among the up-river towns; that tale about the tobacco was pretty thin, and I should have known it; only—somehow—I didn't."

"Somehow!" echoed Hardy bitterly. "I reckon you know her. We were all in the same boat about her. If we hadn't been . . ." He broke off, and stared, without seeing, over the plain of dusky mauve that was the river.

Hardy waited a while before he spoke again. His long, lean figure seemed less upright than it had been; his head had lost its proud carriage. In the last weeks, he had changed. Johnson, for his part, judged him looking ill; as if a dose of fever were not far off.

"I thought," Hardy said, presently, in a dull, toneless voice, "that I was doing the right thing. Unselfishness and all that. Loving honor more. Who could ask a woman to—" He broke off, and pointed to the desolate, darkening river.

"Well, I'll cross the t's and dot the i's for you. What you were afraid of was a maternity case without a doctor. Lots of women gone out that way in the Territory. And afraid of small boys and girls without education. That's what you saw, though maybe you didn't know you were seeing it. I dare say she—" He broke off. No use rubbing salt into a raw wound.

But Hardy took him up. "Joannet—God bless her—loved babies."

"Thought she would. Well—I didn't mean to tell you, but somehow it's slipped out; I hear there's likely to be a mission station on the upper river. Makes a lot of difference; medical missionary; school, and so on. If they don't get eaten, they'll do good. And they and you between you can take the river people in your hands, and make them into something like human beings."

Hardy was silent. The news was curiously bitter to him. All the difference—yes—if he had known. What did it matter now?

Johnson, after the manner of man, was sorry when he perceived his own want of tact. "Look," he blurted clumsily. "You'll not see a bigger canoe than that in a month of Sundays." It was a narrow, snakelike craft, long as the tallest tree trunk that its makers could find, carrying a heavily carved alligator figurehead, and full of men who paddled swiftly, determinedly, without looking to right or left. The *Osprey* was catching them up, as they ascended the stream. It seemed that they had just been ashore for some purpose or other; the canoe was full of fresh leaves, and every man wore, in his fiber armlets, a cluster of splendid red hibiscus flower.

The sight of the flowers, beautiful though they were, had a strange effect upon Johnson and upon Hardy.

"Did you see that?" snapped the latter.

"Did I?" mocked the D. O. "Is it my job to see such things, or is it not? Grapple that canoe."

He had invented a grappling iron of his own, for use in just such emergencies as the present, and his police were skilled in its use. They had the big canoe hooked fast in a minute, and holding onto it, with rifles ready, shouted to the Sepik men in their own language.

"Sir," offered a sergeant presently. "They say that they put on the flowers because they are going to a dance."

"Won't wash. Haul them in. Hold your rifles ready to sink the canoe. Ask them again."

"They say now, sir, that it is because they have been killing a woman."

"Ah, now we have it . . . Thought I knew the custom. What woman?"

"A native woman, sir, who had been stealing food from gardens."

"May be true, and may—What say Hardy? . . . I can't tell you. It doesn't seem likely, so long after. Can't make it out. Yes, it might be, of course—Ah!"

Every man had suddenly jumped overboard, upsetting and sinking the canoe, and without heed of possible alligators, was swimming hard for the bank of the river.

"Fire on 'em," shouted Johnson. "Put the fear of God into them—hold

[Continued on page 86]

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than twice as long as a 50c
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PARADISE POACHERS

[Continued from page 85]

them till we get the dinghy—What?"

"Sir, I saying the white lady launch he coming down 'tream wrong way, no one on board."

"Dinghy out!—Board her, Hardy, if you will; I'll go after these—Yes, stop her any way you like, and then anchor the two. I'm off."

He was gone as he spoke, the dinghy, furiously rowed, covered the narrow space of water at top speed, chasing after the black small heads that were now scarcely visible. Hardy, looking up the river, saw that the native had spoken the truth. The *Gladys* was indeed drifting downstream, engines stopped, and bow on to the current.

Johnson, forced, by and by, to give up the unsuccessful chase turned back his dinghy, and saw that Hardy had managed to run alongside the *Gladys*, made her fast to his own launch, and anchored the two of them.

He was standing on the deck of the boat, leaning against the rail. Johnson, pulling up, thought he looked strange.

"Where are the Starkeys?" called the D. O. in an excited voice.

"Jim Starkey is lying in his cabin, drunk," answered Hardy.

"Been a row?"

"You'll see. The launch has been boarded, and everything cleared out. Blood all over."

"Think the beggars have got at the firearms?"

"I should very decidedly say they had."

Johnson gave vent to a hearty curse. "I suppose that Jezebel has got clear, as usual."

"She's here."

"Where?"

"At the wheel. They've shot her dead."

Johnson swung himself on to the launch. Together they stood, in the light of a couple of hurricane lamps, staring about them. Not a living soul remained on board; worse, not a corpse did—save that of Gladys. Hardy and Johnson well understood why.

"What do you think?" asked Johnson, glancing at the thing that, one hour before, had been a fair, evil woman. He did not look long. Hardy, with his eyes steadily fixed on the deck boat, answered him comprehendingly—"I certainly think what you do; the sooner the better."

"Not the boys."

"No—us." A shudder went through him, but he advanced determinedly, to the wheel. Both men went down. In a moment more there was a heavy splash in the river.

Afterward they called to Luther, telling him the news, and directing him to come aboard the *Gladys*.

Together the three men entered the cabin, their faces set and pale in the light of the hurricane lamps. Johnson pulled aside the curtain and swung one lamp. There on the bunk sprawled the sodden grotesque thing that was Jim Starkey.

They got water, and dashed it in his face. It was extremely hard to revive him; but his recovery at last was sudden enough to show that the effects of the brandy had long worn off—whatsoever held Jim now.

In the light of the lamp, he sat up, perfect comprehension in his eyes.

"Something's happened—you've come to tell me," he said. "Is it Gladys?"

"It is," answered Johnson, without any brutality of preparation. "There was an attack—they—"

"Attack? Here? While I was—Oh God! Johnson, don't say that!"

"Starkey—you couldn't have helped

it. The launch was boarded by about half the river, from what I could see. There's not a boy left, and the place is all cut up . . .

No, don't be frightened; she died by a clean shot—we found her. We put her overboard, Jim. It was the only thing. You can't bury on this infernal river—not if they see you. And we tied weights." He was speaking with a choke in his voice, but

Jim Starkey looked at him dry-eyed, flaccid-mouthed, terrible.

"You never thought, I suppose," he said, in that strange voice, "to take a bit—bit of her hair."

Johnson was speechless. "I can't handle this alone," he thought. "Hardy, come on deck. Luther, you turn on the electric lights."

Outside, Johnson, hurriedly, was telling his dilemma. "What on earth are we to do?" he said, at the end of the tale. "The poor chap is ill; don't know what's the matter, but he looks bad enough to wink out at any minute—and how can one tell him—"

"Of course one can't," agreed Hardy. His agile mind had already taken in the situation, and seen a possible way out.

"Look here—if you could spare a bit of what you once told me you had in that locket—what color?"

"Brown. Dark brown. Yes, I could spare it—some of it." He was unfastening the locket from his watch chain as he spoke; driving a thumbnail underneath the glass that had stayed so many years in place undisturbed.

"It's most awfully good of you."

"Anyone would—for a thing like that. There—I reckon that'll be enough to cheat the poor beggar with."

They had been absent no more than a few minutes, yet in that time Starkey was changed. It might have been the strong light flooding the cabin, that showed so distinctly the sharpened outline of his high, well-bred-looking nose, the growing shade of blue upon the cheeks. But Johnson thought not.

"Here you are," he said, touching him. Jim, who had been staring at the ceiling brought his eyes slowly down. They lightened, when they saw the deceiving brown lock in Johnson's hand. He tried to reach out for it. Johnson closed the stiffening fingers over it. Jim looked at the little coil once or twice, and then his lids fell. He was still holding the hair in his cold

[Continued on page 88]

at the first sign of SORE THROAT



Tell your husband about
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LISTERINE
SHAVING CREAM
He'll like it.

**Listerine,
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amazing power
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*Kills test bacteria
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YOUR youngsters and you are likely to have colds and sore throat this winter. Wet feet, bad air, sudden changes of temperature bring them on.

Using simple means, why not do your utmost to prevent such ailments?

Millions of mothers have found that the systematic use of Listerine full strength as a gargle keeps the mouth so hygienic that germs make little headway. They have further found that once sore throat does develop, Listerine is a very effective means of checking it before it becomes serious.

This is easy to understand. Colds and sore throat are caused by germs. Listerine, full strength, as shown by countless tests in laboratories, of national repute has amazing power against bacteria.

For example, it kills even the virulent B. Typhosus (typhoid) and M. Aureus (pus) germs in 15 seconds.

So, at the first sign of throat irritation use Listerine. Keep it up. If improvement is not rapid, consult your physician, as many serious diseases manifest themselves first with sore throat symptoms. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

Prevent a cold this way? Certainly!


Millions of ordinary colds start when germs, carried by the hands to the mouth on food, attack the mucous membrane. Being very delicate, it allows germs foothold where they develop quickly unless steps are taken to render them harmless.

You can accomplish this by rinsing your hands with Listerine, as many physicians do, before each meal.

Use only a little Listerine for this purpose—and let it dry on the hands. This simple act may spare you a nasty siege with a mean cold.

It is particularly important that mothers preparing food for children remember this precaution.





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your children dislike you
 —give them this safe laxative
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INSTEAD of hateful doses and bitter cathartics that so often cause tears and tantrums and hours of pain, give your children safe, delicious Ex-lax. They'll love it... and will love you for giving it to them. It tastes like fine chocolate candy. It is chocolate... treated with tasteless phenolphthalein which doctors recommend for relieving constipation. It is gentle. It is pleasant, safe and non-habit-forming. Good for children and grown-ups. Get Ex-Lax "Chocolated" from your druggist, three sizes, 10c, 25c, and 50c. For more obstinate cases of constipation he sells Ex-Lax "Fig Flavor", made from fresh Smyrna figs. Two sizes, 15c and 35c.

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PARADISE POACHERS

[Continued from page 86]

hand when, a little afterwards, he died.

IN the morning, wrapped in mats and weighted with tomahawk heads, the body of Jim plunged down to the river bed. No one could remember any burial service, but Hardy, helmet off, repeated what he could recall of the glorious *De Profundis*, with a simplicity astonishing to Johnson.

Luther came aboard later. He looked spruce, conciliatory, just a little anxious. "Sir," he said, addressing Johnson, as the greater authority of the two. "I very particularly wanting to speak to you. About dat launch, and my *Madang*."

"I was wanting to speak to you too, Luther. Something has to be done about the boat."

"Yes sir, something has to be done an' I the man to do it. Someone have to take down the *Gladys*. Now sir, dat launch got little petrol—you want all the petrol you can get—maybe you have to run up one of dem rivers an' where will you be den? Sir, it's much best you let me tow the *Gladys*. I take good care of her. I leave her wit' Mr. Tarkey's agent. You let me have the job. It's very hard for an hones' man to live, since de war, Misser Johnson; and I'm just as honest as ever I can afford to be."

"What about the guns they had on board?" Johnson asked sharply.

"I have dem all ready to han' over, sir. Not very many. I think, sir, dem men wit' the red flower, what ran away so quick, dey had something dey oughtn't to have had underneat' all dose leaves in the canoes."

"You can take her on as soon as you like," said Johnson. He looked a trifle dissatisfied; if he was sure of anything, he was sure that the Starkeys had not sown crime and death all over the Sepik River, only to acquire a bale or two of tobacco. But the *Gladys* furnished no proof of the presence of plumes, unless . . .

"Yessir, thank you, sir," was Luther's discreet reply. You been very good to me, by Gorry; now I like to tell you what I hear last night. I hear something from the bank of the river, sir."

"There was nothing except that infernal drumming."

"Yessir. Noting else. Dat's what I hear for quite long time."

Now Johnson, and Hardy too, knew that something of importance was to follow. There is nothing that the New Guinea native denies more determinedly, than the existence of anything like a drum signal code; nothing that more certainly does exist. No man of unmixed dark blood will reveal the secret. Luther had always declared he knew nothing at all about such nonsense. "Cept, sir, dat New Guinea cannibal he like to make a beas'ly noise."

Now, all in an instant, he allowed his knowledge and proposed to translate the "beas'ly noise" into English.

"Sir," he began, "all the way up to Misser Hardy's house I listening all the time, because perhaps I may hear someting. And all the way, sometimes I hear noting, but one time, maybe two, I have heard a little. I can't tell all 'bout it, but I know jus' dis, dose heathen cannibals, dey take Missi Joannet 'way somewhere anoder. Thass what for I make you gentlemen hurry a great deal, but I didn't tell you, sir; I know it no use to make that gentleman Misser Hardy feel more sorry dan he was. We doing the right thing all the time. Well, sir, all de time, I haven't heard anyone make a drum-talk dat

Missi Tarkey dead. But this morning, sir, very early, I am hearing drum talk, an' it say, it say again, again—'White woman gone up river'."

"I can't think," said Peter, staring at Johnson wildly. "It's been just about too much, all this, and then—I say—I say! Do you think there's any hope?"

"Let go my shirt, old chap; it's the only one—Yes, I do. Only don't be too certain, in 'case one found she hadn't been able to get very far. Looks to me as if she's somehow escaped when that Yappi native got killed. Looks as if she was making for you."

"For me! And I'm here—Where's that petrol? How much is there? Chuck it over every ounce. Man, she runs the chance of being killed on every yard of that river, till she comes within a couple of hours of my place. If she is, I swear I'll go with her. When did you say that missionaries were coming? What are you—"

"Answering you in order—" broke in Johnson pacifically—"The petrol is being put into the boat. There's about forty gallons. The missionary may be here any time; might be on the river now; you'll be able to raise two legal witnesses in two shakes of a lamb's tail. I can spare you most of your boys. I'm going back with you, because that's the shortest way to cut across the country to my station. Anything more?"

"What else could there be? Don't stand chattering all day—when are we getting off?"

"My boy, I'm not doing the chattering. I've made all arrangements with Luther. You can crank over your engine this minute."

"By Gorry he will," observed Luther, with intense enjoyment, as Hardy's long legs raced across the deck, and into the engine cockpit. "Sir, I say good-by."

"Good-by." And the magistrate watched him, as he climbed the side of the dirty, little steamer, and set busily about the work of fitting a towing hawser to the *Gladys*. "There's good in Luther, as there is in most rascals," he thought. "Now I wonder—"

He need not have wondered. The *Osprey* was scarce around the first bend of the river, before Luther was aboard *Gladys*' namesake boat, the key trembling in his eager fingers. Johnson had looked the boat all over, without result. Luther, however, knew where to go. The secret of the ingenious damp proof, flat-steel cases in the bilge of the boat was no secret to him; and he knew under which false plate the tiny keyhole lay. In two minutes, he had the hiding places open, and the parcels of birds out.

"By Gorry!" was his awed comment. "She—done well!"

Under the morning sun, alone in the solitudes of the great river, he eased his overflowing mind by dancing gaily on the deck. Shuffle, shuffle, went the bare brown feet; an ample shirt billowed in the wind.

"Five, six thousand," he chanted to himself. "Luther, my boy, Luther, I think you can afford to be good now," and went on dancing.

IN all his life, Johnson, the District Officer, used to say, he had never put in such a trying time as during the trip up the river that followed Luther's news.

"You'd have thought," declared Johnson, telling the story afterward, "that he was in that stage of coming on D. T.'s, when a man can't stop talking and grinning. You know. Anyhow, [Continued on page 90]

Stop.. Think...



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APPROVED? Of course!

Approved for flavor? Decidedly, yes! All food experts stress the rich, nut-like goodness of California Limas.

But that's not all. Food Editors and Institutes all agree that Limas offer unlimited menu possibilities, too—hearty soups, delicious salads, appealing casserole dishes, tempting loaves, timbales, and other interesting food treats.

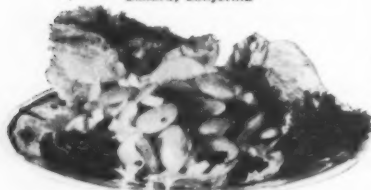
And they're easy to prepare. There's no peeling, paring, cutting! Soak Limas from breakfast to mid-afternoon, and they're ready for any recipe. Another point: Cook an extra cupful to be set aside for tomorrow's quick luncheon salad.

Serve Limas also for health's sake. Their proteins, vitamins, carbohydrates and mineral salts yield energy, build tissue. Besides, dried Limas are nearly twice as high as any other vegetable in percentage of alkaline-ash. They help regulate body processes—combat body acid conditions (acidosis) resulting from the acid-ash of many everyday foods. Leading dietitians recommend Limas—to help maintain a better balanced, more healthful diet.

You'll find Limas (either Large or Baby Limas) economical, especially when you buy 2 or 3 pounds at a time. For fancy quality ask your grocer for SEASIDE brand—California's finest Limas.

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California Lima Bean Growers Association
Oxnard, California



CALIFORNIA SEASIDE

Limas



Look for this
Pound
Seaside
bag, before
you buy

THE BEANS WITH THE NUT-LIKE FLAVOR

PARADISE POACHERS

[Continued from page 88]

Hardy couldn't. I give you my word, it got to the point where I listened to him in my sleep. One had to do it. The beggar was half mad, and didn't dare to let himself think, for fear he'd realize the thing was no jolly certainty after all. Of course I realized it, but—

"I can't tell you," Peter said. "What it means to realize that she's in the same world after all, when I've been thinking of her as dead. I've dreamed the same dream till I nearly went mad. Every night it was. I would see her, and I'd say 'Why, I thought you were dead,' and she'd answer, 'Not dead, only in great danger, but I got through.' And I'd say, 'What a fool I was!' and she'd just smile, agreeing with me. And then I'd wake up, and find she was dead, and there wasn't a word of it true. Oh, you don't know. Just to think that she's in the same world with me after all—what rot they talk when they say absence is death! If she was on the top of the North Pole, and I was down south with Byrd or some of those fellows, and neither of us was ever allowed to come away again, it wouldn't be like death. We'd be on the same old world as it went rolling among the stars. We could look at the moon, and each think about the other looking at it. We could get to a wireless and send radios. But—death! You—you can't think what this means to me, now!"

And Johnson, wise with dear-bought wisdom, did not contradict.

Little sleep was there for anyone on that run up the river. Both men knew that if Joannet were indeed trying to make her way to safety, by herself, the chances were terribly against her carrying it through. Both were tormented by the fear of passing her in the night, and also by the fear of going too slowly. The *Osprey* had no electric light, but she happened to have a new incandescent oil lamp, brought up by Hardy for his house, and not yet sent ashore. This, when there was no rain, was placed so it could be used as a searchlight. Constantly as they panted their way along through huge echoing lagoons, under overhanging banks of clustered trees, did Hardy take the megaphone, shouting his anxiety to all the river; the very reeds in the marshes must have been familiar, in those brief nights and days, with the name of Joannet.

As they went on and up, Hardy's distress returned. There was no sign of the girl. Precious time once or twice, had been spared for inquiries at the villages on the bank. No one had seen anything of her. When the maddening drum taps began at night, both men regretted, silently, their carelessness in letting Luther go. Might not he once again, have heard something comprehensible?

Two days at most should have seen them up at Never-Never, even allowing for the fact that they had started a long way below the Yappi group of villages, and that they ran only quarter speed at night. But the morning of the third day found them a long way off. They had stopped for many useless inquiries—ran up side rivers that looked like the main stream, in case Joannet should have mistaken her way, and followed one—anchored all night once, because there had been a sound on the river bank like a woman's call, impossible to say where. . . . Hardy had spent hours searching about the dinghy, and had discovered, as soon as dawn came, that a native woman left on the wrong side of the stream, was responsible for the cry. All these things had caused delay, expenditure of precious

petrol. The evening of the second day found them with just enough left to take the launch to Never-Never, using slack water, wherever possible, and avoiding all unnecessary detours.

And still, there was no sign, no news of Joannet.

The hours passed. The *Osprey*, with a rebellious engine, chattered her way up the river. Morning grew to noon; there was not a shadow on the land; the river blazed like brass. Away to westward clouds began to pile up and threaten, working up for the afternoon thunder storm. The native crew sat on deck with their dark legs dangling overside, and hummed monotonously, maddeningly. They looked at the landscape without interest.

Suddenly, a boy lifted his head and stared at something in the distance. With his long black hand, he pointed. Half a dozen other boys started pointing and staring. In a minute the whole crew were up, shouting, jumping about and repeating again and again, "Neva-Neva."

The thunderstorm rolled a little nearer, as the *Osprey* made her way round the last turn. With a searing flash, it broke, just as the anchors were let go. The tiny thunder of the chains was drowned in one long, furious peal from above. Rain came crashing white upon the water, and in the midst of the rain, through the sudden darkness, lit by crackling flashes of the worst thunderstorm the Sepik had known for years, a slight white figure, drenched in every thread, came running to the wharf.

Nobody ever heard what Hardy said. Nobody heard the profane and hearty thanksgiving that came from the lips of the much-enduring Johnson. He was already preparing to go ahead and bring the missionary and one other witness to Never-Never, so that Joannet and her Peter could be married. Sight was possible, in that storm, when the lightning allowed; the other senses were, for the time, put out of action.

But when the magistrate took the wheel from Hardy, jerking his head towards the wharf, words were not needed. The master of the *Osprey* was not docking his boat that trip.

One can jump—if one is young, active, and very anxious to get within arm's reach of someone else—quite eight feet from rail to wharf. Hardy did it. No two people could have been wetter, happier, more completely independent of speech or surroundings, than Peter, and Peter's Joannet, in the thunder and the rain, locked breast to breast.

Later, dripping water as they went, they walked as in a dream up to the house, as quietly as if the day had been the sunniest that ever broke on the Sepik River—which indeed to Joannet and Peter, it was. Johnson went into the house minutes ahead. The thunder was slacking a little; you could hear yourself speak from time to time. He waited till the pair were under shelter, and then shouted curiously—

"How did you ever get here?"

"Paddles," shouted Joannet.

"How could you?"

"Used to be head of our river at school."

"How many days?"

"No days—nights. Four nights."

"Weren't you afraid?"

"Awfully."

"How did you ever do it?"

And Joannet answered, between two rolls of thunder—with one long look at Hardy. "Peter was at the end of it," and seemed to think that nothing more remained to be said.

[THE END]



BATHASWEET



Make your Bath a Beauty Treatment

TRY IT FREE

There was a time when a bath was just a bath. Now it is much more. Just a sprinkle of Bathasweet and your daily tubbing becomes a veritable beauty treatment. Not only is the water made fragrant as a flower garden, but it gains a delightful softness. It washes deep into the pores, dissolves the secretions of the skin and leaves about you an indefinable, almost scentless fragrance that lingers all day long. Your skin is stimulated to more radiant health; many blemishes disappear; and an air of springtime daintiness becomes an inseparable part of your personality. No charm is more in keeping with modern ideas of femininity.

The best indication of how Bathasweet accomplishes its remarkable results is to be found in the fact that, if properly used, the Bathasweet bath leaves no sticky "ring" around the tub. Instead it holds soap and dirt in solution, so that they cannot wash back into the pores.

BATHASWEET is so inexpensive. 25c, 50c, \$1.00 and \$1.50 at all drug and department stores.

FREE A can sent free if you mail this coupon with name and address to C. S. Welch Co., Dept. Mc. K., 1907 Park Avenue, New York.

GRAVIES

make or break the appetizing quality of a dish. Many a cook has won an enviable reputation because she seasoned her gravies and dressings with fine old

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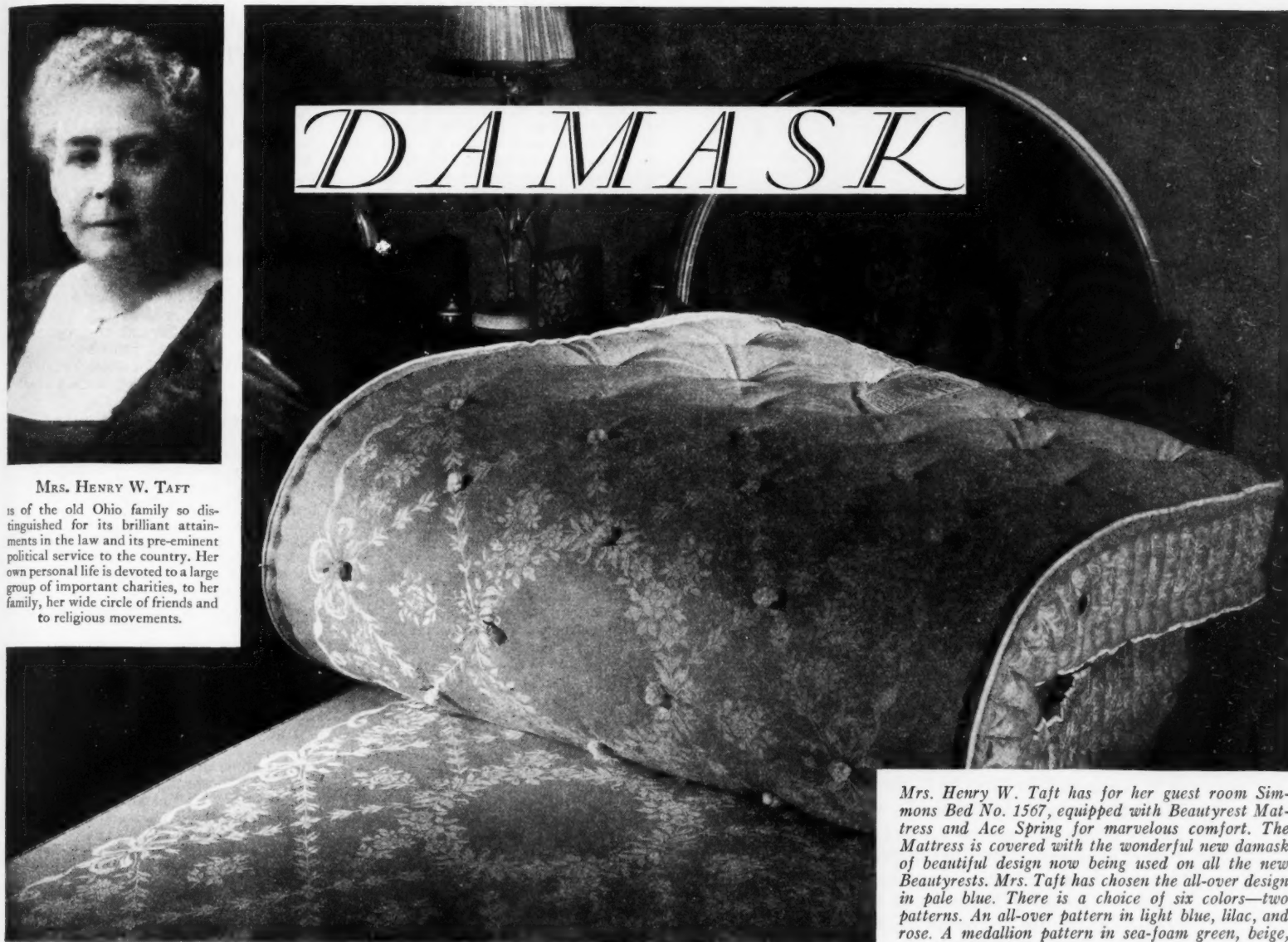
Send postal for our free recipe booklet. Lea & Perrins, 257 West St., N.Y.



MRS. HENRY W. TAFT

is of the old Ohio family so distinguished for its brilliant attainments in the law and its pre-eminent political service to the country. Her own personal life is devoted to a large group of important charities, to her family, her wide circle of friends and to religious movements.

DAMASK



Mrs. Henry W. Taft has for her guest room Simmons Bed No. 1567, equipped with Beautyrest Mattress and Ace Spring for marvelous comfort. The Mattress is covered with the wonderful new damask of beautiful design now being used on all the new Beautyrests. Mrs. Taft has chosen the all-over design in pale blue. There is a choice of six colors—two patterns. An all-over pattern in light blue, lilac, and rose. A medallion pattern in sea-foam green, beige, and Venetian blue.

Beautiful Damask now covers the new Beautyrests



The Simmons Beautyrest Mattress is as unique in its luxurious comfort as in its new beauty. Hundreds of resilient inner coils are buried deep in layers of finest upholstery insuring a lasting buoyancy and strong uncrushable sides. **\$39.50**

MATERIAL as beautiful and fine as the fabrics you would select for other furnishings! Truly a wonderful advance in beauty and luxury for the bedroom to have a completely comfortable mattress which harmonizes with and adds to the decorative scheme of the room.

Simmons has now wrought this amazing change in the famous Beautyrest Mattress. A change that makes as great a contribution to appearance as the inner construction of the mattress makes to comfort.

Now beautiful French damask covers all the new Beautyrest Mattresses. Staunch as the old-fashioned nondescript striped ticking, it is lustrous with the satin beauty traditional to damask.

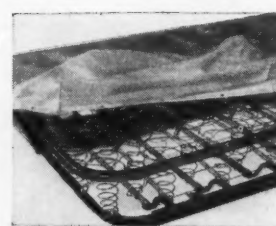
Patterned in wreaths or medallions of delicate leaves the damask is made in six lovely

colors to blend with the favored decorative color schemes.

Mrs. Henry W. Taft says of this new equipment for the Simmons Beds in the rose guest room in her Park Avenue apartment—"For the first time a handsome looking mattress. A great improvement over the usual style—both in appearance and comfort."

The best furniture and department stores already have the new Beautyrest in the lovely new damask. You may have this handsome and luxurious sleeping equipment at no advance in price over the old-fashioned coverings.

In furniture and department stores, Simmons Beautyrest Mattress \$39.50, Simmons Ace Spring \$19.75 (slip cover extra). Simmons Beds \$10 to \$60; No. 1567, \$53.75. Rocky Mountain Region and West, slightly higher. Look for the name "Simmons." The Simmons Company, New York, Chicago, Atlanta, San Francisco.



Simmons Ace Spring—The perfected modern coil spring. Light weight, yet with the coils so close together, so skillfully reinforced that maximum comfort and wear are assured. Smartly tailored slip cover at slight extra cost. **\$19.75**

BEDS SPRINGS
MATTRESSES

SIMMONS

BUILT FOR
SLEEP



PLENTY of VITAMINS make healthy, happy children

Imagine a creamy, nourishing spread made of carefully selected coconut—peanuts, *plenty* of milk, a dash of salt—*no animal fats*. ¶ Imagine a delicious, nourishing spread rich in vitamin content. Imagine those two things and you have the exact picture of pure, creamy, delicious Nucoa. ¶ No wonder mothers today are giving their children *plenty* of Nucoa spread on bread, crisp brown toast, or melted on vegetables and meats. ¶ Nucoa is rich in Vitamin A, the growth-promoting vitamin, and Vitamin D, which makes strong bones and guards against rickets. ¶ If your children—your family—haven't tried Nucoa they've missed something good and something good for them. ¶ Hundreds of thousands of mothers today use Nucoa on the table and for cooking. ¶ The Best Foods, Inc., New York, Chicago, San Francisco.

Senator Oscar W. Underwood, speaking in the United States Senate in 1917, said: "Margarine is inspected by the Government . . . it must be pure; it must be wholesome, or the Government of the United States would not allow it to go into the homes of this country."

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You should see the wonderful sunlit Best Foods kitchens where Best Foods Products are made:



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Please tell me the name of the nearest grocer who sells Nucoa. ☐
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THE ARMY'S ON THE MOVE

[Continued from page 29]

piano dives into the bowels of the ship with a heart-breaking discord of all the wires as it touches bottom.

The owner's despairing wail rises above all other noises. "My piano! My Baby Grand! And it took me three years to pay for it!"

Of course, the government will eventually reimburse—ten dollars on a hundred pounds. It can be figured out for oneself. Also it can be readily seen why army moves are expensive, why the careful savings at one station are usually consumed in getting to another.

But the lamentations over the shattered piano are as nothing now to Mrs. Jones. The poor lady, quite properly described as "addle-pated" in trying to look after six youngsters, has just met her husband on the transport with the same question he puts to her: "Where is the baby?" And each answers in the same way: "Oh, I thought you had her!"

However, even a government transport can be made responsive to emotional crises, and this one's sailing hour is now postponed till a breathless soldier can arrive with the missing baby in his arms!

And now excited shouts from every deck, the regimental band on the wharf striking up, *Good-by, Dolly, I must leave you*. For the last cable has released the transport from her moorings, and the stretch of blue water between ship and shore grows wider.

On ship and shore a flutter of handkerchiefs—some of them damp—and a mighty waving of hands and arms. "Good-by! Au revoir! Good-by, old fellow, good-by!" But the words are drowned out by the band. Oh, why must they play *Auld Lang Syne*? Not that it isn't fitting, not that it isn't always played on such army occasions, but it makes one's throat ache so . . . That receding land means home, country. Far inland are mothers, fathers, not so young any more . . .

Farther now, fainter . . . "Should auld acquaintance be forgot?" Never forgot, never! Not in the service, where friendships last.

THE transport, just arrived from the Philippines, had been too hastily overhauled and sketchily equipped to render it a "floating palace" on a journey toward the Arctic Circle. The heating system did not actually heat, just shot forth jets of luke warm water from opened up radiators. A good opportunity to acquire rhinitis, bronchitis, even pneumonia, and some of us took advantage of it.

An irksome journey in many ways, especially to women and children, despite what one soldier, mightily disgruntled, avowed. "It's all to the bad, this army life—unless you enlist as the wife of an officer!" Disquieting, too, when something happened to the ship's rudder, and we whirled about in circles for endless hours, miles and miles from land and from other sea craft.

True, such things happen elsewhere. But usually those who go down to the sea in ships, do so of their own volition. The army usually goes because it is ordered.

On the other side of the shield—what surprises, what delights! Why, we had not left home at all! This was home, this tiny cockle-shell in a vast expanse of dangerous waters, for the buglers played the same calls as on land; there was Guard Mount and Retreat, and the same flag floated over us. And, amazingly, bossy, officious Mrs. A—was found to be the kindest, tenderest person in sickness, in any

trouble. Mrs. Z—, put down as "queer," was merely occupied in thinking out and putting together a philosophy to meet a very dire and present need. As for Captain Blank, this close acquaintance on ship board proved his rough, crusty exterior to be but a cloak for pitiable shyness and lack of self-confidence.

IN the meantime we had come through without grave mishap. Not a person down the "line" but had suffered mutilation, destruction, or loss of property, but that was typical, not exceptional. We were, at least, provided with proper clothing for a far northern latitude. Not so, another regiment at another time. Ordered to the Philippines, they had outfitted themselves at considerable expense and labor. And then, about to set sail for Manila, the orders were abruptly changed to station in Alaska! With neither time nor money to get suitable clothing for a land of ice and snow, they faced northward with what emotions can be imagined—and with what useless organdies and voiles, cotton uniforms and white shoes!

At our station in Alaska, at last, our houses had openings large enough to permit the entrance of furniture. A certain woman, of the army by birth and marriage, tells of her father ordering a piano to be sent her when she was a child in a far western garrison. The piano had to travel its last miles by wagon, and the eager little girl felt sure the last mile would never, never be accomplished.

At last, however, the wagon stood before their very door. At last the soldiers staggered up their very own steps with the precious burden. But, alas, no door was big enough to admit a piano! With such sobs as rack disappointed children, the little girl saw her treasure pass on to another child with a father of more rank and larger doors. But the beneficiary looks back across the years with a shudder. "I hate pianos to this very minute!" she declares.

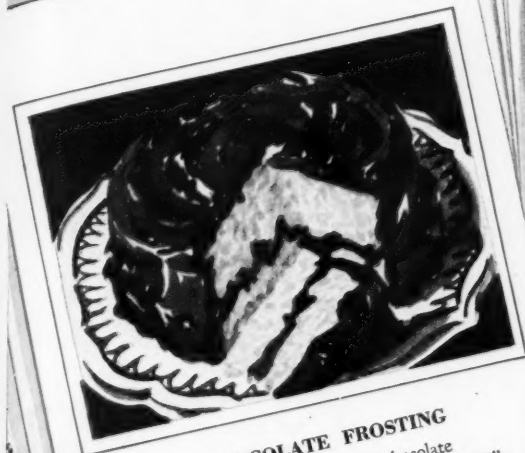
Usually, however, army people are deeply attached to their possessions, no matter how valueless intrinsically, how bruised and battered. That they have come through moves at all is a matter of appreciation, and that they can ever be purchased out of a limited pay with more demands on it than most civilians realize, evokes pride in one's good management.

Said an army friend recently, a woman of studious habit: "For twenty-two years of army life I have longed for an Encyclopedia Britannica. At our last station, with both girls married, my conscience permitted me to start buying a set. I made two payments. Then we were ordered to move. And right before my eyes I saw my precious book box dropped into the ocean as it was being hoisted on shipboard. It disappeared, bobbed up again, then floated away on the wide blue wave. Twenty-two years of yearning, of doing without—then, *finis!* Army life? I'm through, I tell you!"

But of course she isn't through. No more than the army women who lost their all in the Galveston flood some years ago, and to most of whom no reimbursement whatsoever has yet been made. No more through with the army than the numerous families, quartered in wretched fire-traps of wartime construction, whose every possession is resolved into ash by flames in the night. Or the countless army families deprived of their household goods on Mexican Border duty.

[Continued on page 95]

Here are three leaves from a magic book



CHOCOLATE FROSTING

3 squares unsweetened chocolate
1½ cups Borden's Sweetened Condensed Milk
1 tablespoon water

Melt chocolate in double boiler, having lower part of boiler two-thirds full of boiling water. Add condensed milk and stir about three minutes until mixture thickens. Add water. Cool cake before spreading frosting. (4 squares of chocolate may be used if bitter-sweet icing is desired.)



CONDENSED MILK CREAMY FONDANT

1¼ cups sifted confectioner's sugar
¼ cup Borden's Sweetened Condensed Milk
½ teaspoon vanilla

Blend confectioner's sugar gradually into condensed milk, using fork. Add flavoring and continue mixing until smooth and creamy. Use this fondant plain between halved nut meats or as a stuffing for dates. Or form into small balls and roll in chopped nuts, grated coconut, grated chocolate, chopped candied fruits, etc. For other variations, flavor fondant with oil of peppermint, oil of wintergreen or other desired flavor, tint with artificial coloring and form into round flat creams.



SPANISH CORN PUDDING

½ cup Borden's Sweetened Condensed Milk
1 can (2½ cups) green corn
¼ cup chopped green pepper
2 tablespoons pimento pepper chopped
1 tablespoon chopped onion
1 teaspoon salt
2 eggs, beaten

Blend together thoroughly all the ingredients. Pour into a buttered baking dish and bake in a moderate oven (350° F.) for about 25 minutes. Serve as an entree or as the main course of a light dinner.



You can have the whole book ..free!



EW Magic in the Kitchen"! If ever a book lived up to its title, this one does! Prove it by trying the recipes given here. Compare them with any similar recipes you may have been using—and count the difference in cost, time, trouble!

Frankly, we have given you these recipes to tempt you. We want you to send for the complete book. We want you to learn fully the many uses of Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk in cooking.

The remarkable properties of this form of milk have long been known to professional caterers, confectioners and bakers. Now, for the first time, these magic recipes have been collected, in a 64-page book for home cooks. Send for it!

What is Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk?

In the first place, Eagle Brand is *not* just plain canned milk. It is *two ingredients in one*. A rich, smooth blend of full cream country milk and finest sugar—more than

twice as rich as ordinary milk because most of the water has been removed.

And this delicious, creamy mixture combines in the most remarkable way with other ingredients—in many cases making entirely new cooking methods possible and *always* giving complete assurance of success in some of the most difficult dishes a woman has to make. This in addition to combining greater richness with greater economy! All these points are proved by the three recipes we have given you. They are proved again and again and again in the new recipe book. Send for it! Mail the coupon today!

Here, too, is a wonderful saving!

Eagle Brand will cream-and-sugar your coffee—richly, deliciously—at half the price of separate cream and sugar! Try it a week. There is a distinctive something about the flavor of coffee creamed in this way for which most people develop a decided preference.



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CONDENSED Milk

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Please send me the free recipe booklet, "New Magic in the Kitchen."

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C.—MoC. 11-28

The "table cloth" for bare tables



ON the bare table, so chic today, a beautiful finish is the only cover. Yet never, even when guarded by cloth and pad, has the table been better protected from scratches and scars.

Surely the modern hostess does not use former furniture polishes that merely cleaned or left a gloss of grease to show even finger prints. What, then, is her secret? Johnson's Wax! It spreads an invisible "table cloth," a hard and flexible film that guards against the scratching of silverware, the white rings from perspiring goblets, the searing of hot plates.

Merely applying it takes up every vestige of dirt. It rubs to a rich cloudless lustre that

softly mirrors your china and glassware. Dust glides off its greaseless surface. Finger marks fade away like a breath.

Equal wonders are waiting for your discovery when you try Johnson's Wax on all your furniture, woodwork, leather upholstery, motor car. And your floors will stop growing older the day you put on them the beautifying armour of Johnson's Wax. It wards off wear and grime; keeps them forever lustrous, satin-like, unblemished.

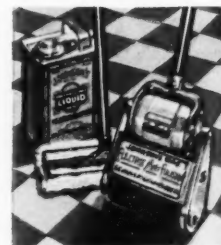
Mail the coupon now and try it.



S. C. JOHNSON & SON, Racine, Wisconsin
 "The Interior Finishing Authorities"
 (Canadian Factory: Brantford, Ontario)
 Waxes, Varnishes, Enamels, Wood Dyes, Fillers, Wall Finishes

The new electric way to wax-polish floors

As easy as walking over them. Johnson's Electric Floor Polisher does all the work. Great popularity and production have cut the price \$13 on the new model. Reduced from \$42.50 to only \$29.50, complete with lambs' wool mop and one-half gallon of Johnson's Liquid Wax. Sold (or rented by the day for very little) by grocery, hardware, paint, electric, drug, furniture and department stores. The bigger De Luxe Polisher for bigger floors \$68.50



COMPLETE
 \$29⁵⁰

S. C. JOHNSON & SON, Racine, Wisconsin
 Send me enough Johnson's Liquid Wax for my dining table or the floor of a small room. Also your illustrated booklet on its uses. I enclose 10c in stamps.

What dealers in this city sell Johnson's Electric Floor Polishers? ☐

NAME _____
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 CITY _____ STATE _____

Johnson's Wax Polish

FOR FLOORS • FURNITURE • WOODWORK • LINOLEUM • AUTOMOBILES

THE ARMY'S ON THE MOVE

[Continued from page 92]

And many a tale could be told of complete wreckage or disappearance of property in army moves. It is so common that we army folk scarcely listen to the recital: "My best linens and all my china, if you please, have never turned up, and that's ten years ago." Or: "Our expensive phonograph and all the lovely records smashed to bits—the junk man laughed at the lot and offered to cart the stuff away if we'd pay him a quarter!" Again: "It was a Stuart portrait of my ancestor, you know, and the electric fan got mixed up somehow with the face of the old dear."

BUT we listen attentively to a very old lady who tells of her first army move. She was a bride back there in the '70's, and followed her officer husband across the western, Indian-infested plains. In fording a swollen river, one of the wagon trains was overturned in midstream, and out tumbled the bride's trunk packed with her trousseau. Her *trousseau*! Every precious thread of taffeta and tarlatan, every hair-snoo and bronze shoe, swept away down the swift current, never to be recovered.

Was she through with the army? Listen to her own account: "Yes, dear, I cried a little, but not very long. You see, I had my husband—he wasn't swept away. And though I wouldn't get such lovely finery again, with my own family ruined in the Civil War and my young husband's pay less than a hundred dollars a month, I still had

something of far greater value in my possession—the Army itself. There's something about it," she muses in her sweet old quaver, "that gets into your very blood, into your inmost heart... Yes, you have to take the Service for better, for worse, you know—like marriage."

To moves, as to other phases of army life, we react, of course, according to individual temperament. Vexation, anxiety, loss, tragedy, comedy—we know them all. The compensation? What other than that pointed out by the wise, seasoned, old army wife? "Home is where the heart is."

A shifting home, granted. But shifting in a physical sense only. On earth or water, in Alaska or Luzon, a certain spiritual permanence underlies the army home. It is not created out of what we experience together, out of hardship and joy, common hope and fear and the realization that "things" are, after all, of relative unimportance? Moving constantly, do we not yet remain fixed?

Some one has written: "The bulwark of true patriotism lies in the happy home." With patriotism giving purpose and color to our lives, is it too much to believe that our homes—ever changing, yet ever fundamentally stable—fit into and give strength to our national spirit? For most of our army folk are agreed that these homes, permanent in the deeper sense, enduring against not inconsiderable material difficulties, gather unto themselves a large measure of happiness.

ANY GIRL CAN BE A GOLFER

[Continued from page 8]

"This confidence in oneself," says a famous golfer, "which is necessary to win in sports, amounts to conceit. You must not only believe in yourself, but you must convey that impression to your opponent."

The cultivation of this attitude is the objective of every aspiring golfer. Call it restraint, poise, anything, but try and get it. Golf is essentially a game which is largely determined by the individual make-up of the player, such as temperament, build, weight, height and natural ability. Therefore, it is futile to lay down any cut and dried rules on which a style should be patterned.

The beginner should have six clubs. A driver, a brassie or a spoon, a mid-iron, a mashie, a mashie-niblick, and a putter. It is better for a beginner to dispense with the driver and substitute the brassie or spoon. Both are constructed with better facilities for giving the ball the necessary rise that keeps it out of trouble.

The wonderment and untold joy that is the reward of the aspiring player as the use of clubs unfolds cannot be described by me. Each golfer finds it out for herself. Select the clubs, enjoy the job, and then give your selection a chance to make good.

The aspiring golfer should mix concentrated practise with instruction under a tried professional to gain real proficiency. Having learned the rudiments, such as grip, stance, pivot and the general handling of the club, keep in mind that the unhurried, even swing, though with no sense of laziness, is the keynote to proper timing and balance.

A good foundation must be laid before any real development or advancement in the game is possible. All this is a contradiction to the fact that many golfers, although of championship caliber, play the game in a most unortho-

dox form. But the essentials are always there—a straight left arm on upward swing, firm wrist at the moment of impact and a steady eye on the ball.

There is an erroneous impression still lingering in the minds of the uninitiated that only big, strong girls can excel in golf. We have only to look over the lists of well-known players to find all sizes and shapes among golfers of the first rank.

There are better iron players among women golfers today than ever before. Women seem to be coming into their own in this part of the game where man has been able to play all around them.

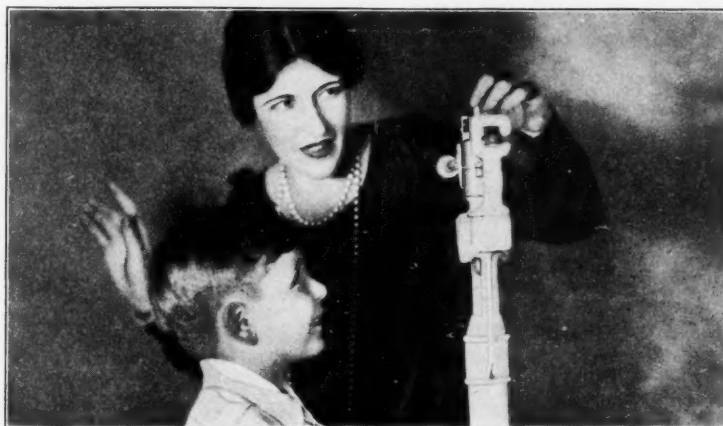
In advising the young golfer, I cannot overstress the value of irons. They must be used with ease, confidence and comfort. Each has a purpose and a distance and should be utilized accordingly.

Any normal girl, taking up the sport when young and plastic, should become adept. Like everything else, it all depends on how much you put into it.

Fine golfers, or the stars in any line of sport, are those so familiar with the instruments of their game that they are always at ease under competition. This "feel" for clubs should be developed as early as possible. Skill and other necessary factors can be developed as the golfer goes along. You will find an awkward girl developing into something like grace and symmetry by early attention and an inculcated love of the game. Once the young girl is imbued with the spirit it is merely a matter of time and ability and circumstance before she comes to the top. I have always believed that the ease and grace and muscle coordination associated with the so-called "natural athlete" is nothing more or less than a steady development since early childhood.

Add ONE Pound A Week, Mother To Your Child's Weight

—In a Way Youngsters Delight In



I got Ovaltine for my oldest boy, aged 7, who always was a very nervous child. He never would eat as he should or drink milk. Since taking Ovaltine his appetite is not only improved, but he also eats most everything... You can gather from the things mentioned here that Ovaltine has done wonders for my boy. We will never be without Ovaltine.
Mrs. F. J. Gores, 1417 S. 2nd Street, Prairie du Chien, Wis.

An Utterly NEW-TYPE Food-Drink from Switzerland That Is Working Wonders

Now comes a way of increasing children's weight that you need neither urge nor command your child to take. Thousands of mothers on expert advice are adopting it.

It comes from Switzerland, the country which has done so many wonderful things in child building. And so remarkable have been results that its use has spread to some 50 different nations.

New to America, it is almost a national beverage in Switzerland, England and in most of Europe. 20,000 doctors are advising it. A supremely delicious food-drink called Ovaltine.

The Most Delicious Food-Drink Known

Children drink it, not because they "must," but because they like to. A scientific food-concentrate—widely different in composition, flavor and result from the "chocolate" and "malt" drinks in this country.

Weight increases of 8 ounces to 1½ pounds weekly are commonly credited to this Swiss creation. "Nervousness" is often noticeably curbed in a few days.

It supplies highly concentrated food energy in itself. And—acts to digest the starches from other foods the child eats, into strength and flesh. The results are often little short of amazing.

You give it as a hot beverage at meals; as a food-drink between meals; at bedtime to induce sound, health-building sleep. Soon you notice a change in weight, activity and better nerve balance in your child. Results are marked and noticeable.

Get Ovaltine at any drug or grocery store. Or send coupon for three-day test. Do this today. Do it for your child's sake. But be careful you get genuine "Ovaltine." There is no other drink "like" it. No other drink the "same" as Ovaltine. Watch out if you are told there is.

MAIL FOR 3-DAY SUPPLY

THE WANDER COMPANY, DEPT. L-11, 180 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. c
I enclose 10c to cover cost of packing and mailing. Send me your 3-day test package of Ovaltine.

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(Print name and address clearly)

Address.....

City.....State.....
(One package to a person)



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GATE MARKED PRIVATE

[Continued from page 28]

the statement in his usual direct way. Being sincere himself, he seemed to take it for granted that he would meet with sincerity in others. "That's so much the better," he said. "When can you start?"

That took her by surprise afresh. She had never credited the Old Bean with a vast amount of energy. "Oh, I don't know," she said. "I've got to talk to—Dick first."

"I'll talk to him," said the Old Bean, "while you're getting ready."

"You!" said Rosemary, still further startled. "I don't suppose he'd listen to you."

"Oh yes, he would," said the Old Bean. "He'd have to."

She stood and stared at him in darkness. Then she shivered. "Do you know who he is?"

"Yes, I know," said the Old Bean. "I found that out before I left England. Shall we go in and find him?"

Rosemary stood still, her two hands pressed tight against her breast. "Suppose he won't listen to you!" she said. "Suppose he won't let me go with you. I can't go without his consent—after all he has done for me."

"I will get his consent," said the Old Bean patiently. "Besides you talk about not being able to get away from that loafer up there. What about me? Think you can get away from me?"

It was as if a thunderbolt had fallen at her feet. A short time before she would have said that nothing could ever surprise her again, and now once more the whole world seemed toppling around her. She made an effort to set her hands against the broad chest and hold herself from him—an effort that was instantly and compellingly defeated.

"Don't hurt me, Old Bean!" she begged weakly, as his arms crushed her to him.

"Hurt you!" he said, and in his voice was a deep quiver that set her whole body vibrating. "I'll kill you if you ever try to play this game again. But no one shall ever touch a hair of your precious head. Now kiss me!"

But she hid her face low on his breast, in shamed avoidance, until he lifted her face to his and kissed her over and over again until, strangely, her shame slipped from her. Her arms went round his neck and she kissed him in return...

"Old Bean, what made you—do it?"

"What made me?" he said. "You made me, of course. I've tracked you all this way because I want you, and I mean to have you. We'll be married out here as soon as I can fix it up, and we'll be married again when we get back to England just to make sure."

"Oh!" said Rosemary, and drew a long breath. "That would satisfy—everybody."

"So long as it satisfies you, that's all that matters," he told her bluntly. "The rest can all jolly well take a back seat, and Ravencombe with 'em."

Rosemary suddenly withdrew from his sheltering arms. "That's all very well, Old Bean," she said. "But I know of a very big reason why you couldn't. It's the reason that made me run away from Bode, and has kept me away all this time. It's something I don't know how to tell you. You've been thinking all this time that I ran away just for a lark. But it wasn't, Old Bean—it was because of something I heard about myself." Her voice became choked; she paused to master her distress.

He answered her with some force. "As long as you're sure you want me you needn't tell anything else."

That moved her. "Old Bean, you are a brick!" she said shakily. "But I'm

going to tell you all the same, because I couldn't let you marry me without knowing. It's just this. I'm not what you think I am—what I always used to think I was myself. I'm—I'm one of those dreadful creatures that are born when they ought not to be. I don't know who my father was. My mother—my mother—" she broke off. "I can't say it!" She sobbed. "You'll have to understand without."

"Oh, poor little darling!" said the Old Bean, and held her passionately close. "Stop crying! What on earth does it matter when you know I love you? Who was the brute that told you?"

She clung to him. "Dick—Lord Ravencombe," she whispered. "He knows it must have been so, because he says there never was a brother. And he's very bitter about it, because, you see, he—he loved her."

"Loved whom?" questioned the Old Bean, bewildered.

"Her—Aunt Bobby—long ago." Rosemary poured the words rapidly into his ear. The relief of having a



confidant was indescribable. "She sent him away. He didn't know why. But he loves her still, and he ought to go back to her. I've told him so. Perhaps he will."

"He can go to blazes for all I care," said the Old Bean. "He'd no right to tell you that. He's a skunk."

"Oh no, he isn't!" She protested. "He didn't really mean to tell me. It just came out. And then I—I was so shocked—and idiotic—that I begged him to take me away there and then."

"Oh, I see," said the Old Bean, somewhat mollified. "You didn't really care for him then?"

"Oh no, never, really," Rosemary assured him. "I did let him kiss me—just at the first—the night of the ball. But never since! He's never wanted to since, Old Bean."

"He's got more decency than I gave him credit for," remarked the Old Bean kissing her himself as one who had the right. "Well, that's all settled then. We're going to be married straight away. And if any one dares to say a word against you when you are my wife, I'll murder them!"

She laid her cheek to his with a sigh. "Oh, it is jolly of you to say that!"

THE glare of light from the hotel lounge dazzled Rosemary as she and the Old Bean entered.

There were but few people present as the tea-hour was over. She saw Dick Dynamo in a corner, smoking a cigarette as he read. He looked up, however, as she stood before him.

"I'm sorry I'm late. I—met a friend."

"Pray don't apologize!" said Dick Dynamo. "I concluded that there was some good reason for your absence." His eyes went beyond her and spent perhaps two seconds in summing up the

Old Bean. Then he said: "I didn't quite catch your name, I'm afraid."

"It wasn't mentioned," said the Old Bean. "My name is Ross—Donald Ross. Sit down Rosemary, while I get hold of a waiter!"

"Don't trouble!" said Dick Dynamo, and struck a bell on his own table. "My name is Graves—Richard Graves, at the present moment, as possibly Rosemary may have mentioned. Did she explain that we were traveling together?"

"Yes, I know."

The Old Bean seated himself close to Rosemary. His freckled face looked more square than usual. The green eyes were unfailingly direct. There was nothing in the least subtle about him, but he looked a solid mass of determination.

The Old Bean turned ponderously to the other man. "We're engaged," he said.

Dick Dynamo's smile was instant; it had something of an acrobatic quality. "Oh, not without my consent, I think."

"Your consent?" repeated the Old Bean. "Has that—excuse me—anything to do with it?"

"I should say—everything—morally," said Dick Dynamo. "But that is by the way! Won't you have your tea first?"

"I don't know," said the Old Bean. "I think I'd sooner talk first if it's all the same to you. Rosemary may be your guest, but I don't see that that involves any moral obligation to ask your consent to our getting married. I've always meant to marry her for as long as I've known her, and I've known her for considerably longer than you have."

The other man's smile at once included Rosemary in its mockery. "I hope I take a more serious view of my responsibilities than to let you marry her."

"Your responsibilities!" said the Old Bean, a sudden throb in his voice that seemed to indicate that there was more beneath his composure than he had so far permitted to appear. "That's a point I should rather like to discuss with you."

Dick Dynamo's attention was at once transferred to him. "You shall, my good fellow," he said kindly. "But I recommend that the discussion should be held in a more private place than this."

"You had better go and get a rest," said the Old Bean to Rosemary, and nodded reassuringly when she looked up with quick interrogation in her eyes.

Rosemary rose without demur and walked across the nearly deserted lounge to the stairs.

Soon after Dick Dynamo led the way to the lift and they ascended together. On the top floor he took the lead again, and they finally entered a room that looked out over the bay now all spanned with lights.

The Old Bean shut the door behind him and moved forward. There was another door in the room at which he glanced. "Rosemary's room?" he asked bluntly. "Exactly, Rosemary's room." Very blandly came the reply. "I am taking good care of her, you see."

The Old Bean heard the gibe in the words and flushed a little, but he kept himself in hand. "I'm glad you've been decent to her," he said. "I don't see how anyone could be anything else myself. She's such a kid. I haven't yet fathomed why you brought her here."

"It was by her own wish," said Dick

[Continued on page 98]



NOW that the full havoc wrought upon face, neck and arms by summer suns is revealed, may I suggest

the means which so many charming women have found to work the surest magic in restoring the fresh, clear tints and bloom of Springtime?



Vivaudou Mavis Talcum Powder 25c

To begin, I notice that the truly well-groomed woman uses Vivaudou Mavis Talcum as frequently and as freely in winter as in summer. And why not? No matter what the weather, a Mavis shower is just as refreshing and comforting after the bath; just as soothing to tired bodies and jangled nerves.



Vivaudou Mavis Face Powder 50c

You know the importance, of course, of a face powder that harmonizes perfectly with your skin coloring; that is not too heavy—yet clings so well that constant powdery is unnecessary. You'll find all these desirable qualities in Vivaudou Mavis Face

Powder—and it's so marvelously soft and smooth, too. Select your shade with special care—and ask your mirror if it ever saw you look so charming!



Vivaudou Rouge 50c

Your rouge and lipstick, too, should be chosen for *naturalness*. That is one of the reasons why you'll welcome Vivaudou Rouge and Lipstick—they are so true to the tints of youth and beauty! A special refining process insures a smooth, even spread of color, with no specks of other colors. You'll be charmed with the new Vivaudou Rouge compact—daintily thin, and with a very handy spring



catch, which stays shut when you wish—but opens very easily. There are new shades, too—for the vivacious brunette, "Congo Red," the most daring shade you ever saw; and "Titian" for women of that coloring... And the latest Vivaudou creation is a gaily charming lipstick in red enamel and gold.



Vivaudou Lipstick \$1



Vivaudou Mavis Toilet Water \$1

Ask the dealer to show you the lovely set of six—you'll find yours there!

The most charming women I know insist that the delicate, lingering fragrance of Mavis Toilet Water makes a perfect beginning for the most feminine of *toilettes*. If you love just a faint, elusive hint of perfume, try it. And a few drops makes one's bath so delightfully soothing and luxurious.

Nowadays the youthful simplicity of hair arrangement requires that it be natural, colorful and lustrous. If sitting bareheaded on the beach has made your hair sun-streaked, or if it has become drab, faded, or gray, use Egyptian Henna to give it new life and lustre, or to restore the auburn shade. And if you've acquired curly locks via the "permanent" method, you'll be glad to know that this Egyptian Henna (unlike others) will



Egyptian Henna 50c



take a permanent beautifully!

Isn't it hard to keep one's hair smoothly well-groomed when we rush around so busily these days! Most of us require the aid of brilliantine to keep our locks smooth and glossy. Try Vivaudou Liquid Brilliantine. It's not like most brilliantines—simply colored petroleum—but is a specially prepared product which you'll find will make your hair so smooth and glossy that you don't have to keep using your pocket comb countless times each day!



Vivaudou Mavis Liquid Brilliantine 75c

A youthful, fine-textured skin means more to one's appearance, I think, than anything else. To refine large pores and keep the skin free from telltale lines, let me suggest Vivaudou Astringent Cream. Every night spread a thin layer over your face and throat. Then pat it lightly with both hands, beginning at the throat and



Vivaudou Astringent Cream \$1

continuing upward until all of the cream has been absorbed by the pores. It acts by gently contracting the pores, toning up the skin and erasing lines and wrinkles.

If summer sports have left you a legacy of freckles, roughened skin or heavy tan, I know you'll straightway want to repair the damage! Vivaudou has a really effective lotion... in their Lemon and Almond Cream they've combined actual



Vivaudou Lemon & Almond Cream 50c



lemon juice (instead of the lemon oil used in most creams) with the healthful properties of almond. It is non-greasy, and mildly bleaches and refines the skin of the face, neck and arms.

Good taste and Fashion both demand that *all* your toilettries have the same perfume—so as to achieve a harmony of fragrance in one's completed *toilette*. In keeping with this demand of Fashion, V. Vivaudou, Inc., have perfumed all Vivaudou Mavis Toilettries with the elusive, haunting fragrance of Vivaudou Mavis. Of course you'll want the dainty Vanity Perfume for your purse...it's so handy to use any time during the day.



Vivaudou Mavis Vanity Perfume 50c

Personally, I prefer Vivaudou Mavis Body Powder for use after bathing. The big velour puff which comes with it is so conveniently large and comfy that one can just luxuriate in the soothing softness and smoothness of this body powder! It has the same delightful qualities of Vivaudou Mavis Talcum—not the least of which is the fascinating Mavis fragrance.



Vivaudou Mavis Body Powder \$1

If you haven't found a loose powder vanity which quite suits you, here's just what you've been looking for! In the Vivaudou Loose Powder Vanity, a crystal shield protects the powder. A tiny tap releases just enough. There's no annoying waste and spilling of your powder; and besides, your puff keeps cleaner than in an all-metal vanity.



Vivaudou Loose Powder Vanity \$1.50

All these, and many other Vivaudou Toilettries, await you at your drug store or toilet goods counter. They are easy to buy, and—when you come to know them—so hard to be without!

Ruth Cary

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If you like to give beautiful Christmas gifts, if you like lovely modern things in your own home, without paying high prices for them, LePage's latest new book will show you how to make them yourself, easily, right at home, at a fraction of the cost, and with no special training or expensive set.

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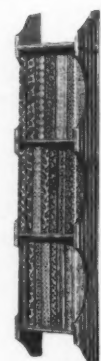
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[Continued from page 96]

Dynamo in dry, casual tones.

"Yes, she told me that." The Old Bean paused a moment, then, "She's told me everything—that is, everything she knows."

"Then I hope you are satisfied," returned Dick Dynamo.

"I am on some points," said the Old Bean. "Not on all. The whole point is that I am going to marry Rosemary at the earliest possible moment. You may try to prevent it, though I don't see why you should. But you won't succeed, so it's a pity to waste your time."

"I see," said Dick Dynamo, and he was silent for a space. At length, "Well, I will tell you this. Having put my hand to the plough, I don't as a rule look back. Rosemary will not marry you—or any other man—until she has gone back to her people and got their consent. That's final."

"Then in heaven's name let's take her back!"

"Us!" Dick Dynamo's look returned to him, but it was brief and scathing. "Strange to say, I am not proposing to include you in my party," he said.

The Old Bean with his hands in his pockets remained completely quiescent. "I'm sorry," he said. "But wherever Rosemary goes—I go."

"You think I shall allow that?" said Dick Dynamo.

"I think you can't prevent it," answered the Old Bean.

Dick Dynamo smiled again and the scar down the side of his face became a deep furrow reaching to the temple. "I believe I can convince you on that point anyhow," he said, and suddenly his right hand went into his pocket.

It was a lightning movement, and one which the Old Bean could scarcely have frustrated had he been forewarned. He found himself looking straight at the shining muzzle of a small automatic held with absolute steadiness within a yard of his face.

Taken wholly by surprise, he could not check an instinctive gesture of recoil, but it was only momentary. The next instant he was his own master. "Hullo!" he said. "What's that for?" And dug his hands still deeper into his pockets.

Dick Dynamo answered him in an undertone, his thin lips scarcely moving with the words. "It's for you if you get in my way," he said.

The Old Bean's green eyes fixed him unwaveringly. "I suppose they allow that sort of thing in this country," he said. "But I haven't given you much reason for shooting me at present. And if you think that I'm like one of those Dago chaps in Mexico to be frightened away by the sight of a gun, you're mistaken. I haven't spent three weeks hunting for Rosemary to be put off by that kind of thing now I've found her. So—as I've no intention of quitting, you may as well shoot at once."

There was in the Old Bean, as he faced Dick Dynamo, nothing about him to suggest that he was literally gambling with his life as the stake. If the man before him were sane, the odds were in his favor. But there was something in the eyes that met his that made him very doubtful on that point. He realized in that most critical moment that Dick Dynamo was capable of madness.

And then very abruptly the tension ended, and he knew that he had won. The murderous little weapon was plunged back into the pocket from which it had been taken, and a sinewy hand came forth and grasped his shoulder.

"You young fool!" said Dick Dynamo. "You love her so much that you'd die for her, eh?"

"Not from choice," said the Old Bean, still almost phlegmatic in his self-control. "I didn't expect you to murder me, and I'd sooner live for her. You see, as I think I've mentioned before, I'm going to marry her."

Dick Dynamo's hand loosened its grasp and struck him a friendly blow. "By gad, I hope you'll succeed!" he exclaimed. "You deserve to. There's more in you than meets the eye. Probably now since you are here, you had better get married first."

"I certainly think the sooner the better," said the Old Bean. "It'll make things easier for her."

"I suppose you've got enough to live on?"

"Oh, more than enough," the Old Bean assured him. "I'm quite certain her people will approve from that point of view."

"All right," said Dick Dynamo. "I'll answer for the rest. Do you know what made me point that gun at you just now?"

"You probably felt like it," said the Old Bean politely.

"No. I just wanted to know what you would do with your hands." Dick Dynamo regarded him with unmasked approval. "There's a lot in that," he said. "And you did exactly what I wanted you to do. You kept 'em down. I congratulate you."

The Old Bean's hand came out of his pocket at last to grip the one which a few seconds before had threatened him. He said nothing, but the grip was obviously satisfactory. There was an instant's silence. Then: "Let's go down and get a drink!" said Dick Dynamo.

IT'LL never be the same thing again," sighed Mary mournfully.

"Who wants it to be?" said Peter cleaning his gun in the glow of the fire while the pale winter twilight entered frostily through the leaded window behind him. "Cheer up, my girl! Don't get old before your time!"

She managed to send back a smile. "It's not that, Peter. I'm no older than I am, and no younger either. Goodness knows I don't want to sadden anybody, but I've had a feeling all this winter as if there's a change coming. I wish things would get straight again. I don't like all this coming and going, and telegrams—well, telegrams always do make me feel bad, and there's a change coming, as I said before. Things'll never settle down again as they have been. Miss Bobby—she'll never go back to live at Little Staple without Rosemary. And it's natural that Silas should turn to a lady born—like Miss Bobby—for his happiness, and I pray every night that she may be moved to give it him. It may be that their going off together like this to see little Rosemary married is a sign that she will. P'raps even, they'll get married themselves before they come back. If so—I tell you, Peter—I'll be very, very pleased."

Peter stood up and looked out of the window to the primrose sky of evening where hung a new moon like a silver horn and a single gem-like star. Mary busied herself with the tea-things, and for a minute or two the silence between them remained unbroken. Then, quite suddenly and for no apparent reason, it dawned upon her that there was something unusual about Peter. She paused in her work and looked at him. At last, abruptly,

[Continued on page 100]

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Write for Elizabeth Arden's book, "THE QUEST OF THE BEAUTIFUL" which will tell you how to follow her scientific method in the care of your skin at home. And a second book, "YOUR MASTERPIECE—YOURSELF," will tell you about Elizabeth Arden's Home Course for beauty and health.

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[Continued from page 98]

she spoke. "Peter! What are you looking at?"

Her voice had a startled note wholly different from her usual cheery tones. Peter made a slight movement as if taken by surprise. "I was just looking at the moon," he said half-sheepishly. "I was wishing for something," he added.

"It's no good wishing through glass," said Mary.

"Oh, isn't it?" said Peter. He made a sudden dive forward, fumbled a moment at the window, then threw it wide. "Just you come here!"

She went, strangely torn with emotion. He stretched out a hand to her, not looking toward her, and, as she came within reach, drew her quietly to him. "Look here, Polly!" he said. "Kneel on the window seat a minute with me! That's right! Now look, old girl! Look at that moon—and wish!"

"What am I to wish for?" said Mary under her breath.

His arm slipped round her as she knelt. His voice also came hushed. "Wish that you may get to love the chap that loves you, well enough to marry him!"

"Good gracious, Peter!" said Mary. "You see," Peter argued, "the chances are it won't be you and I and Silas much longer. It'll just be you and I. The neighbors'll jaw worse than ever then—unless we get married. And I take it you don't want to lose me as well as Silas, do you?"

"Oh, God forbid!" cried poor Mary, and laid her head down on his shoulder. "Well, that's all right then," said Peter. "Because it's the same with me. So now you can give me a kiss and stop worrying."

She lifted her face obediently. "Oh, Peter!" she breathed, her eyes full of tears. "Just to think of you feeling like that!"

She turned back to the room and in her honest eyes there shone a light which neither Peter nor Silas had ever seen there.

"You'll marry me then?" said Peter, with masculine determination to obtain a definite understanding.

Mary laughed at him—a soft, happy laugh. "Do you want it in writing, Peter?"

"Your word is enough," he said. "Just say, I will!"

"All right! I will," said Mary simply and sincerely. "And now sit down and have your tea!"

THE message that had reached Bobby that morning was one which she had little expected to receive. She had the words by heart and repeated them over and over inwardly to the drumming of the express in which she sat. They had lost no time, she and Silas, for it had been an understood thing that he should accompany her. She had left everything to him, save the packing of her simple luggage which had been Mary's willing service. And already they were on their way.

To Bobby it had been as a message from the dead, yet its very simplicity had breathed of the warmth and vitality that was the sheer essence of her Rosemary.

"I am here with Donald Ross. We want to get married at once. Please will you come and give me away? Your loving Rosemary."

Bobby's misgivings were at rest. She knew and trusted Donald Ross, and the relief of realizing that his search had been rewarded with success was almost more than she could bear. She could hardly believe that the long suspense and separation were so nearly over.

"All must be well with her! Surely all must be well!" she had said to Silas.

And he had responded somewhat briefly, "We shall soon know anyhow."

He watched over her throughout the journey with an attention that was always ready though never obtrusive. Now and then they talked a little, but for the most part they were silent. And the message kept on echoing and re-echoing in Bobby's heart. The child she had loved so tenderly was still waiting her, had appealed to her out of the void, calling herself her loving Rosemary.

They reached the suburbs of the metropolis at last, and she knew only a few more minutes remained. Her heart was throbbing hard and she struggled against a feeling of suffocation. On and on between endless rows of houses dimly seen they rushed, till it seemed to Bobby that her nightmare of suspense would never end.

But they ran past light after light on the platform and she saw no girlish figure searching the train for arrivals. There were few people except the porters. One tall man, clad in an overcoat that did not conceal evening clothes, caught her attention as he scanned the carriage-windows.

And, as the train slid to a standstill, the one at which she stood came within his range of vision, and she saw him move with a slight start. The light was full upon her, but his face was in shadow. He pushed aside a porter and reached the door. With his hand upon it, he swept off his hat and greeted her. "Ah, Roberta!" he said.

She saw him as in a dream—as in many dreams she had seen him. It was as though she saw him rise from the grave.

"Dick!" she said, and felt herself sink downwards toward a darkness unfathomable, and was aware of an arm that gripped her and put her on the cushioned seat.

In a moment she sat up, deathly white still, but smiling with that high courage of hers which it took so much to daunt.

"It is really—you!" she said, and held out her hand to the stranger as he stood in the doorway.

He took it with a courtly gesture. His dark eyes swept her face. "I am afraid I have upset you."

Bobby's lips were quivering piteously in spite of that gallant smile. "I am quite all right really," she said; "Only a little tired after the journey."

"She has been ill," volunteered Silas grimly. "We had better get her out of this as soon as possible."

Bobby stretched out an appealing hand. "Silas, let me introduce you! This is an old friend—Captain Thorgrove."

"Perhaps I had better introduce myself to you both," the other man said. "I am now—Lord Ravencombe."

"Ah! Is that it?" said Bobby, with a sharp breath.

He answered her curtly, as one who seeks to check all discussion at the outset. "Yes, that's it. Through force of circumstances I have become the temporary guardian of Rosemary, and that is how I come to be here."

"Let us go to her!" said Bobby.

He helped her to her feet and handed her down and she found herself walking between them down the long platform, feeling very weak yet longing to force herself to a run, to shorten the span of time that still must pass ere she could clasp her darling in her arms again.

[Concluded in DECEMBER McCALL'S]



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ONE DAY IN AUTUMN

[Continued from page 21]



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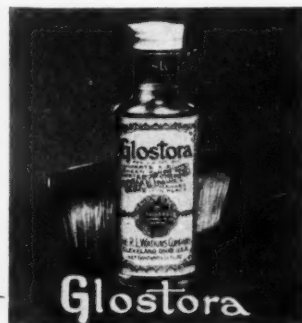
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grave!" She was laughing again.

David laughed, too. He felt light-hearted and gay.

But she was speaking again. "I'm so silly! And I suppose you're right serious, being a school-master. But you don't look so serious, Mister Janney."

He deprecated all seriousness. "Come!" she commanded. "Be a brave knight and help a damsel in distress. Do, sir, pick up the muffins!"

He gathered them, dropped them into the little splint basket she held out to him and all the time they carried on the gayest sort of nonsense.

She closed the lid. "Quick—Mister Janney! Your books! The school bell's ringin'. If I made you late, I'm sure the town marshall'd come and get me and put me in the lock-up. Hurry, Mister Janney! Oh! Mister Janney! The muffin!"

She snatched one out of the basket, broke it in two, and the next moment had crammed half of it into his mouth!

"Mister Janney," she said, "my father, Captain Ashley, will present his compliments. After that, sir, it is quite proper to call."

She was gone and David Janney, the school bell tolling in his ears—and his mouth full of muffin—was walking madly through a world that didn't even exist—only blue eyes existed, only a voice that spilled music on the languorous air of autumn.

ON his father's farm near the Quaker community of Richmond, David Janney had heard much of Pellandra; but when he had seen it for the first time only a few weeks back the reality had been a disappointment. He knew that the river which had given the town its glorious days of prosperity had ceased with the coming of the railroads to be the great highway of travel and commerce, and that Pellandra had waned and shriveled as the river's glory waned.

David found the fading garment of that one-time glory ridiculously large. There were deserted business blocks, stores with windows boarded up and odds and ends of moldering stock still on their shelves. Of the five hotels that had once turned guests away only one was open now. At first David found a melancholy charm in the place, but there came to be something almost sinister in its desertion and decay.

Like many another town that had known grandeur, Pellandra cherished the delusion of it to her withering heart. And that heart was the close-knit aristocracy of her "old" families. They were old for the Ohio Valley of the seventies, because some of their present generation was the fourth in that one spot. And since they were, without exception, off-shoots of the South, family pride was strong.

Pellandra shared with Rome and the late Mr. Wordsworth's plaintive brainchild a deep interest in the number seven. For, while she still had a varied population and recalled that dizzy peak of thirty thousand, the first families were but seven in number.

Mrs. McCleary was a walking social register and told David all about the Sacred Seven in great detail. There were the Pells, from whom the town derived its name, the Ashleys, the Allisons, the Dunns, the Beems, the Carters and the Pickenses. Seven great houses were the visible symbols of family glory.

Of the sacred seven the Pickens family alone retained its former glory.

It was the strange tale of how that wealth had come that David had smiled over. During the Civil War, Colonel Pickens (title genuine and gained in the war with Mexico) had been the treasurer and one of the chief movers in an organization of Southern sympathizers known as the Knights of the Golden Circle, and when that somewhat dubious organization suddenly evaporated late in 1864, he had been left holding money-bags which no one would claim. He went to Europe till the storm blew over, thus escaping the trials for treason which some of his confreres suffered, and was now back, Pellandra's one aristocratic gentleman of wealth among the sacred seven.

And because he belonged to that inner circle of the elect he was received again into the fold. The other families, in spite of their Southern background, had each given of its men to the cause of the Union. A copperhead was felt to be a contemptible form of vermin. But a Pickens was a Pickens.

Mrs. McCleary opined that the tragedy for Colonel Pickens lay in the fact that he could never quite take himself back—he suffered from a pervasive, driving sense of guilt. The money which he enjoyed was not his—even though the men who had given it were scattered wide, and not one would have claimed a penny if he had had it forced upon him. But the Colonel found his guilt a sorry companion and the Demon Rum his only escape.

AND so, when, after a morning strangely agitated by a pair of blue eyes and the loveliest voice in the world, David Janney, sitting at his desk during the noon hour was approached by a bowing negro who announced himself as Colonel Pickens' boy, Job, the young principal of Pellandra's school was at once interested, attentive. His meeting with the Colonel that morning had, it seemed, already borne fruit.

"Ku'n'l Pickens he say to present his compliments," Job said in the manner of one repeating a lesson, "and will Mistah Janney come to de pahty dis aftahnoon at fo' o'clock."

The Pickens house was the one "modernized" dwelling in all Pellandra. It had been redone, after the Colonel's return from England, in the much admired if hardly authentic Gothic of the period. The old gardens had been kept and as David approached its great arched front door it was through box hedges that enclosed asters and hardy chrysanthemums, clumps of cannas and beds of late-blooming annuals.

In answer to his knock the colored boy Job appeared grinning broadly.

"Yes, sir, Mistah Janney, sir," he said in his grandest manner, "de Ku'n'l he waitin' fo' yo' in de lib'ary."

Colonel Pickens arose at David's entrance, smiling beneath his white mustache a smile that somehow David didn't entirely like. The man's face was too red, his blue eyes were watery and much too close together.

They exchanged the civilities and the Colonel said, "You were very good, sir, to accept my invitation, coming late as it did. It was only when I saw you this morning—. And now I must let you in on my little secret. I asked you, sir, as a real surprise for my Emily." He chortled. "You little know, sir," he went on, "how you have fluttered the dove-cotes of our quiet

[Continued on page 102]



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ONE DAY IN AUTUMN

[Continued from page 101]

town." He ended with a guffaw and said, rising. "Come, the nymphs await their Apollo. Who am I, sir to keep the female youth and beauty of this fair town in sh—in sh—in suspense, sir!" He rose, a trifle unsteadily.

And smiling wryly to himself David Janney followed through the library door, through the wide hall and out on to a stone flagged terrace at the rear of the house.

What he saw brought him to an abrupt, almost painful stop. Like so many bright flowers in their gay summer dresses some twenty girls were scattered about the terrace; save for himself and the Colonel there was not another man in sight.

The chatter of voices stopped and from a basket chair near the balustrade a slim, colorless girl rose and came forward. She had the same close-set eyes as the Colonel, but not his high color and her face had the strained, unhappy look of a child who has suffered too much.

"Emily, my love," the Colonel was saying, "I have brought you a surprise—" He paused, laughed. "A man, Emily, my love; a young man. In fact, Emily, my love, the young man I've so often heard all of you little—hic—doves exclaiming over, Emily, my love."

He took David's limp hand and extended it to his daughter. Her sallow face had flushed, but she took the hand, and inclined her head. "I am delighted, Mr. Janney," she said with, David felt, an admirable presence of mind. "I am delighted to welcome you to Pellandra."

"May I present you—" Emily was beginning, and for the next few minutes David was repeating after her the names of the seven sacred families as she led him from group to group.

And all of the time he was aware of the Colonel standing like a tipsy, elderly satyr and smiling with inane pleasure at his own handiwork.

If the Colonel had only been satisfied to leave that handiwork alone, David could have endured the situation. He knew that what he ought to do was to meet those twenty girls boldly with a touch of humor—to be, in fact, completely self-possessed. He should take the attitude that really he had been honored by the ridiculous trick the Colonel had played on him and he should play up gallantly to the brave gesture of poor, tortured little Emily Pickens. But he was absurdly conscious of his hands; he was perspiring horribly and blush succeeded blush.

And then Colonel Pickens, the creative artist in him active, renewed the attack. "Emily, my love," he said, "didn't I see you and the other girls practising the gavotte just before our young gentleman arrived? Ha! And the piano is here. Samantha," he continued, turning to one of the Miss Beems, "oblige, my dear. A dance. I only regret that my rheumatism—"

David noticed, then, that a square, rosewood piano stood ready and waiting. And he saw little Samantha Beem scuttle toward it like a terrified rabbit. The old fool had them all frightened, it seemed. For the first time anger welled up in David. He'd like to take the man by his scrawny, purple neck and—

From the piano came a thundering chord, a pyrotechnic display of arpeggios and then the gay stateliness of a gavotte.

"I—I'm so sorry," David stammered to Emily, "but you see, I don't dance. I have never danced."

Smiling, strutting, like an elderly, turkey-cock, the Colonel was upon them in time to hear David's words.

"Don't dance?" he exclaimed. "Well, 'pon my word. But that, sir, is soon remedied. My Emily, here, learned the gavotte in Paris from the dancing master of Eugene's court. Emily—teach the young man to dance!"

For the first time since he had come out on the terrace David was able to smile and mean it. He caught Emily Pickens's eye and saw her distress ebb. Really the old turkey-cock of a Colonel was too ridiculous.

"Don't you think, sir," he asked, "that this is a rather public occasion for a dancing lesson? Some other time—"

For reasons which he could not fathom, David's answer offended Colonel Pickens. "Bah!" he exploded. "I invite a young man—a young man—to meet the flower of Pellandra's young womanhood, and the fool can't—or won't—dance."

Samantha Beem had stopped her playing at the Colonel's initial outburst. The girls who had formed for the dance turned, startled.

"Father!" Emily implored.

"Bah!" the Colonel went on. "Is this what young men are coming to? Our own young men leave this fair city to fall into ruin, leave the flower of our womanhood deserted, so that when I want to ask a male guest for my daughter's birthday party I must turn to this—this schoolmaster! And then, as I stand here alive, he 'doesn't dance!' Sir!" he shouted, "I take that as an insult."

And then a cool voice cut through the whisperings and giggles on the terrace and everyone there turned to see Nelle Ashley standing in the doorway. The gray dress had been replaced by a white dotted swiss, foamy with ruffles, and there were roses and a blue velvet ribbon on her wide Leghorn hat and altogether she was lovely enough to take the breath out of a man's body.

"Colonel Pickens," she said, "aren't you going a trifle far? It seems to me that you forget yourself. I feel that you owe David an apology."

The use of his first name caused another ripple. He felt his own heart swell with sudden exaltation.

"Apology!" the Colonel snapped. "The man is a stupid dolt who—hic—can't—or won't—dance. A dolt of a schoolmaster! Apologize? Bah!"

Nelle Ashley came across to where David stood and stood beside him. Quite unconsciously he reached out and took her hand. They were very young and very proud and very beautiful, those two standing there together, and they seemed to shed a sort of radiance about them. She looked up into his eyes and for an instant only the two of them existed in all the world. Then the spell of it snapped, and Nelle turned to the Colonel.

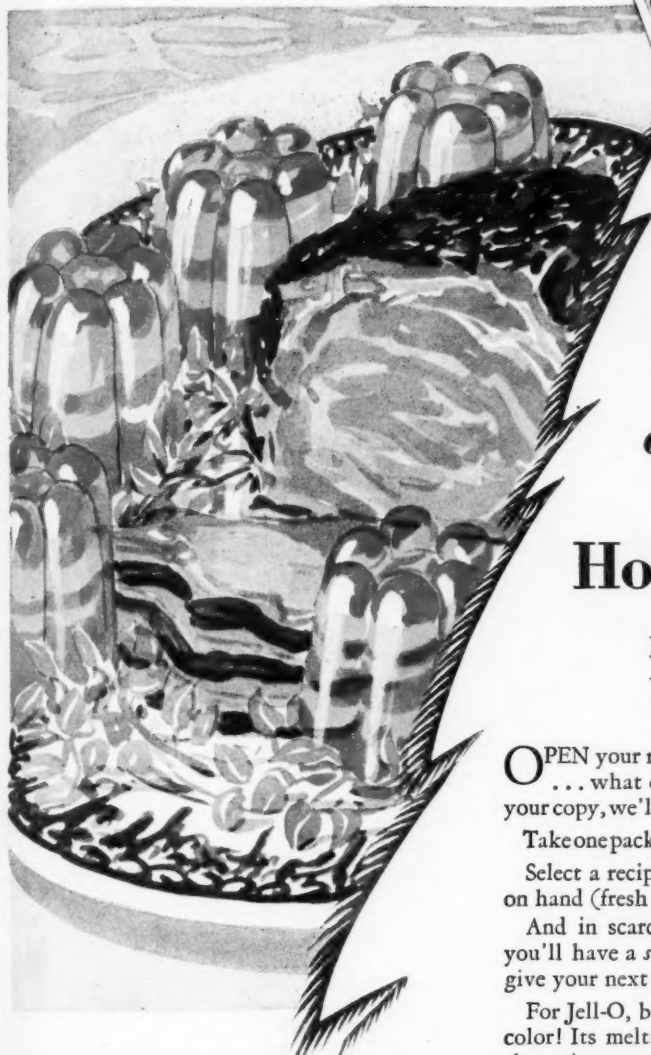
"This 'schoolmaster,' as you quite rightly call him, happens, Colonel Pickens, to be my fiancé," she said. "In insulting him you have insulted me and you are answerable not only to him but to my father."

"I am sorry, Emily," Nelle said. "And I know that none of this is of your doing. I am sorry, too, that I have had to be so abrupt about announcing David's and my engagement. We—we hadn't intended to for a long time to come. But circumstances—"

For the first time she appeared to falter a trifle.

David said, "Nelle, my dear, I think [Continued on page 105]

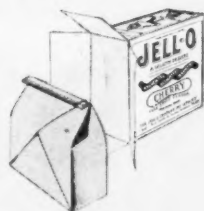
Open this book.



SPICED JELLIED PEACHES
(All measurements are level)

1 package Orange 1 cup peach juice, spiced
Jell-O 1 cup peaches, cut in
1 cup boiling water pieces, drained

Dissolve Jell-O in boiling water. Add juice from spiced peaches or canned peach juice that has been spiced. Pour small amount into individual molds. Chill until firm. Add layer of peaches. When Jell-O is cold and slightly thickened fill molds with it. Chill until firm. Serve as a relish with roast or fowl. Serves 6.



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dinner—
any dinner
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Holiday touch!

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FRUIT PUDDING
(All measurements are level)

1 package Cherry Jell-O ¼ cup nuts, chopped
1 pint boiling water 12 dates, chopped
¼ teaspoon salt 6 figs, chopped
½ cup seeded raisins, 1 banana, chopped
chopped

Dissolve Jell-O in boiling water. Add salt. Chill. When slightly thickened, add fruit and nuts. Turn into mold and cool until firm. Serve with whipped cream. Serves 8.

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DIAMOND

Look for this Diamond on every Walnut

WALNUTS

California's Finest

ONE DAY IN AUTUMN

[Continued from page 102]

we had better be going." He turned to Emily Pickens. "Really," he said, "this has been one of the great occasions of my life and you must not let yourself be distressed because I unwittingly angered your father."

He turned to the Colonel. "I apologize to you, sir," he said very courteously. "Good afternoon."

AND then Nelle Ashley took his proffered arm, and together they left the terrace. They paused in the hall doorway and she waved back to the girls who were fluttering about in their pretty dresses like a group of agitated butterflies. Job gave David his hat and in silence the two went through the hall and out on to the box-bordered garden path.

David felt constrained, awkward—for he wasn't sure just what all of this had really meant. It might be merely a gallant gesture; it might even be a—a joke. But no, he rejected that; the moment when she had come and stood beside him, when she had looked up into his eyes . . .

He felt the arm that lay so lightly on his own tremble a tiny bit and he looked down to meet those blue eyes again.

"Mister Janney—" she said, "Oh, Mister Janney—wasn't it—too, too funny? Do you suppose they've g-got over it and found their tongues? Oh, if we could just hear what they're saying!" She laughed, but in the sharp notes of her laughter there were little catches that broke the music. "Their faces, Mister Janney, their blank, white, unbelieving faces! And silly old Colonel Pickens the one red face of the lot and getting redder . . . and redder! All I could think of was a little bantam rooster I used to have when I was a child—his name was Zepheniah—because when he'd get mad—and he always was getting mad—he looked just the way Colonel Pickens—" She broke into laughter again, but the sound of it was too high, too broken, for music.

"And I was thinking of a turkey cock on my father's farm at home," David said, "a ridiculous, strutting bird—"

They both laughed this time, but her arm on his arm hung heavier, as though she needed his support.

"It was the muffin," she said, "I know it was the muffin. The other negroes all say Aunt Bashy's a conjure woman. And sure as anything, she put a spell on that muffin that rolled over and stopped at your shoe, and that you ate half of and I ate half of, and—and—we're conjured. I know we're conjured! Oh—Mr. Janney!" Laughter again, but jangled, out of tune. Laughter that seemed very near to tears.

They had reached the end of the garden path by now and came out on the drive that led to the public highway, and they were shielded from the house by a clump of trees. Trembling, she drew away from him but David reached out and took both her hands and drew her around until she faced him. Her eyes dropped shaded by lashes as long as a child's that, like her hair, had golden glints in their brown darkness.

"Look at me," David said. "Look at me!"

All of his doubts had left him now and he felt confident, high-hearted, gloriously happy.

Slowly she raised her eyes and he saw that there were tears in them.

"Mr. Janney—" she said, "I—what can I say? I—"

"Why do you call me, 'Mister Jan-

ney,'" he asked. "You know my name is David."

She was tugging at an inadequate bit of a lace handkerchief that was tucked into her bodice and beneath it her bosom was heaving up and down in the most agitated manner. Her eyes were bright with unshed tears and she seemed very much like a distressed little girl.

Quite simply, David reached back into the tail of his Prince Albert and extracted a large linen handkerchief. He put it in her hand and he put the other arm around her and said:

"Isn't there a path here somewhere that'll lead us down to Manawalla Creek? I've got a boat there. I even keep cushions and a basket of provisions in the locker—crackers and things like that and a bottle of the root beer my mother makes and sends me. A trip on the Manawalla is just what you and I need. We can talk and then we can find a nice, grassy bank and have a little picnic."



She nodded consent. She didn't trust herself to speak, it seemed.

There was a path. And it came out quite near the old lane that David usually followed from the public road to the creek, at the end of which his boat was tied up. By the time they'd reached it Nelle Ashley's shoulders had stopped shuddering and when he'd got it untied and taken the cushions and the basket out of the locker and was holding it steady for her to climb in, she was able to give him a damp, imploring smile.

He rowed down stream under over-arching trees, past an open space of meadows, under an old stone bridge and then let the boat drift in against a grassy bank beneath the shade of drooping branches.

Nelle Ashley leaned back against the cushions, a parasol shading her head, the floppy Leghorn hat with the roses on it lying on the foamy ruffles of her lap. She kept her eyes closed and remained silent. David thrilled at the picture she made. He had, he told himself, never been so happy in all his life before.

When he had made the boat fast, he moved over beside her. "Nelle," he said, "now you and I can talk. There's a lot I want to say, but I think maybe first I'd better let you say what you tried to a while ago."

She kept her eyes closed. "David," she began, using his name quite naturally this time, "I don't know what you must think of me, but I—I just couldn't stand it when that old beast of a copperhead tried to insult you, and I just—I just—"

"You did the loveliest thing that anyone ever did for me in all my life," David said.

She opened her eyes for a moment and gave him a bewildering glance of thanks and gratitude.

"But there's something else I've got to explain," she went on, "so you'll understand. 'You see—' She hesitated a moment. 'You see, it's rather dreadful living here now. There's no one left but old men, because there's nothing for the young ones to do to make a living. And it's terribly, hideously dull for all of us girls. And so when you came—'"

She stopped for a moment and lay there silent, unbelievably lovely, an exquisite picture of a girl with closed eyes . . .

"And so when you came we all began to chatter about you. Lucy Carter said she was just going to catch you by hook or crook; and Samantha Beem said she'd get you and—well, they were all just crazy about you. I came in on them chattering away up at Loretta Dunn's and just to be smart I said, 'Girls, you might as well give up. I'm going to marry that man before the year's up.'"

"And I—I hadn't even seen you. Then I did, one morning two weeks ago outside the front gate. And after that I—I watched and—met you; only not too often. And then this morning I—I upset those muffins on purpose. And all these two weeks I've been being silly and romantic, playing you were my fiancé. And so when I heard old Colonel Pickens being ugly to you . . . it just slipped out."

She turned her face away and David saw the tears well out from under her closed lids. She wiped them with his handkerchief. "Now," she continued, "you'll have to pretend to be engaged to me for a few weeks and then we can—quarrel or I can—jilt you."

Very gently David Janney slipped an arm around between the cushions and the slender waist of Nelle Ashley and very gently he bent down and kissed her first on the closed eyes and then on the lips.

He drew back. "Open your eyes and look at me," he commanded, raising her from the cushions.

She obeyed.

And he smiled and said, "Oh, my darling! And all this time I've been loving you just as much." And he told her about the Little Milliner—who had turned out to be Miss Nelle Ashley. Then his tone changed and his eyes gleamed with fun. "Will Miss Ashley please present Mr. David Janney's compliments to Captain Ashley, her father," he said, "and request Captain Ashley to name a time when Mr. Janney may call to request the hand of his daughter?"

She brushed his hair back off his forehead with a tender, caressing hand and her eyes looked into his for a long moment.

Then she said, "We'll have this hour just to ourselves, David, and we'll picnic off the things in your basket, and then we'll go back and see the precious old dear together. It may be a sort of shock to him at first, but he's really a very nice person and so, I think, are you—though," she added, her eyes taking on a gleam of mischief, "I've only really known you since eight o'clock this morning."

"No," David said, repeating something that each succeeding generation of lovers has said, "No—I can't believe that! You and I have known each other through all eternity!"

It was very still on the river. Now and then a leaf fluttered down and dropped into the water with a little lisp. The far away hum of the mowing-machine ceased. The shadows began to turn mauve. One more day in autumn was drawing to a close.



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In 5 Minutes



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A WOMAN'S GUIDE

[Continued from page 18]

deeply to impress a growing boy. Orphaned, the little family was parceled out to relatives. Thus Oklahoma's Indian playmates and Oregon's forest-clothed and snow-capped mountains brought Herbert Hoover to young manhood, when there came an irresistible yearning for a college education. Nights of study, long hours of waiting on table and running a laundry agency won a degree in engineering at Leland Stanford University, California. More, they won him as sweetheart and wife, Lou Henry, campus favorite, who also had graduated from the engineering course. Two sons were born to them—Herbert, Jr., now instructor in Business Administration at Harvard, married and the father of two children; and Allan, now a student

at Leland Stanford University.

Mr. Hoover's first engineering experience was secured in China as manager of a coal mine. Then came successive contracts in this country and in foreign lands to build bridges, open mines, and plan and construct vast public improvements. During the war he became so courageous a friend and helper of Woodrow Wilson that he overrode party lines to appeal to the country for the War President's support.

Now from his task as Secretary of Commerce under President Coolidge, where he has labored for seven years to coordinate and rehabilitate the nation's business, Mr. Hoover emerges as a trustworthy candidate for President of the United States.

AN ARGOSY OF YOUTH

[Continued from page 15]

pitiingly. 'He never sees anyone. Besides, he's in the country.' But I got the address, anyway, just in case—"

Only a few more days for her in London. No word from Havelock Ellis. Then a terse note, "Tuesday afternoon at two," and bus directions.

"Through mean streets, by poor shops and swarming, dirty children, I made my way to him. Finally, his house, across the street from a dairy, up two flights of stairs, down a dark hall, and the most solid-looking black door I've ever quaked before. I knocked timidly—

"Come in, Miss Holt," a kind voice said. I entered, and was embraced by friendliness."

She put her questions. He did not reply directly, but said, "It is only about life that I would like to talk. Your life and mine. Let us experiment with life, live it joyfully. Every moment is worthy of full devotion."

For two hours they talked. So much brilliant comment, such acute probing into life's problems: Even as retentive a mind as that of Nellie Lee Holt could bring away but a part of his wisdom. "Let me tell you only this," said the philosopher, "Don't attempt too much. The leisure to dream is the power that makes us great."

"Know ambition, yet don't make yourself a stranger of leisure. Find the happy medium. Then life will hold both beauty and truth."

IN a quaint building in London I found Miss Maude Royden, woman pioneer in the field of applied religious thinking. She conducts there the Fellowship Guild, and through it she assists the English working people to a better understanding of what the past means to the present, and what they both hold for the future." Miss Holt thus described her first glimpse of this vivid, daring woman, at an afternoon service of the guild.

After the service, Nellie Lee Holt visited Miss Royden, alone.

"What do you consider the first principle of your experiment, Miss Royden?"

"My treatment of science as the revelation of God. I use the influence of science for truth in every way I can. It surely is more harmonious and more useful to us to have God reveal Himself to man through science. Jesus' calming of the storm—Wasn't that control of matter by Christ's perfect affinity, His one-ness, with the forces that caused the storm?—the forces that are force? An agriculturist applies God's scientific rules and controls a

wilderness; an engineer, a mountain path. Dare we say that spiritual power ends anywhere?"

FROM England to Germany. At Darmstadt Miss Holt sought out Count Hermann Keyserling at his home in the artist's quarter of Darmstadt.

"The West, not the East," he told her, "is the spiritual reservoir of the world at present. For it is the West which has learned that 'the Word made flesh' actually means in its social implication the idea expressed in action. If the West keeps its place in the vanguard of the world, peace will no longer be the goal, but the result, of just actions—neighbor to neighbor."

And then he sent her to his friend Richard Wilhelm, in Frankfurt-on-the-Main, a man regarded as the foremost authority on Chinese culture.

Herr Wilhelm she found in a quiet old sixteenth century convent. "As I drew near the top of the long dusty stairs to his studio, he appeared on the landing, smiling a welcome. I gave him Count Keyserling's card. He was all smiles, and eager to know my errand."

She asked him what the youth of China, absorbed in revolutionary change, could say about a lasting, international friendship. And he answered, "China can say little to you now. Old China is dead and New China is not yet articulate. What there is of New China is now more materialistic than America is supposed to be—much more. But what there is of Old China will say to you as she has said to the countless civilizations which have decayed while she stood, 'There is a permanence amid change . . . and that permanence is what men call the spiritual values of life.'"

NOW Russia!" I said to Miss Holt. "It was through my good friend Maurice Hindus that I got to Moscow from Berlin," she answered. "And other kind friends saved me much trouble."

In Moscow Miss Holt wanted to learn what she could about the appeals made by the Soviet to the Russian theater audiences. It is by this means that the people are kept in close touch with governmental affairs, and propaganda is dispensed by the government. "I went back-stage," she told me happily, "met the charming directors, and marched off with my share of autographed photographs. I guess I'll never be old enough to lose the high school girl's love for autographs. But who is so thrilling as a Russian actor?"

[Continued on page 108]

"A Delicate Subject —but these girls must be told"

—a dean of women says



Unfortunately this delicate subject is seldom discussed. *Now*, a new patented* process deodorizes this scientific sanitary pad completely

EVEN among girls who are very frank with each other, there is a question of daintiness, of fastidious personal care that is unfortunately seldom mentioned. Yet many women are unconsciously guilty. At certain times they are seriously offensive to others. With realization comes miserable self-consciousness, constant fear and worry.

Today these fears are ended. Science has discovered a way to counteract this offense.

Kotex now completely deodorizes*

Kotex has brought a new idea of feminine hygiene to women all over the world. In the past ten years they have learned new comfort, new ease of mind through this sanitary protection. Now, after years of work, a process has been perfected that completely, instantly ends all odors. In Kotex laboratories the

one remaining problem in connection with sanitary pads is solved. All mental discomfort is ended.

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Because corners of the pad are rounded and tapered, it may be worn without evidence under the most clinging gown. There is none of that conspicuous bulkiness so often associated with old-fashioned methods. And you can adjust the filler, make it thinner, thicker, narrower—to suit your special needs. It is easily disposed of, no laundering is necessary. A new process makes it softer than before.

Buy a box today . . . 45c for a box of twelve. On sale at all drug, dry goods and department stores; also, through vending cabinets in rest-rooms.

*Kotex is the only sanitary pad that deodorizes by patented process. (Patent No. 1,670,587, granted May 22, 1928.)

Deodorizes . . . and 4 other important features:

- 1—*Softer gauze* ends chafing; pliable filler absorbs as no other substance can;
 - 2—*Corners are rounded* and tapered; no evidence of sanitary protection under any gown;
 - 3—*Deodorizes*—safely, thoroughly, by a new and exclusive patented process;
 - 4—*Adjust it to your needs*; filler may be made thinner, thicker, narrower as required;
- and
- 5—*It is easily disposed of*; no unpleasant laundry.

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SMART looking women, smart thinking men, keep a can of Energine on hand. Housewives keep a can in the kitchen. Another in the bath room. Business men keep Energine in their office. Travellers carry a can in their bag. Motorists one in the car.

Energine costs so little. And it does so much toward keeping one's appearance above criticism.

Energine removes spots quickly, easily. Leaves no clinging odor—no ring. Simple directions on every can.

For nearly a quarter-century Energine has been the preferred cleaning fluid of millions. In the United States! In South America! In Europe! In the Orient! Even in far-off Australia!

35c for the 10 ounce can (slightly higher in foreign countries). The large 20 ounce can for 60c is more economical.

There's only one Energine. Ask for it by name. And be sure you get the genuine—in the can with the red and green label. At all Druggists.



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ENERGINE

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Cleans:
Neckties
Spats
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and
Upholstery

AN ARGOSY OF YOUTH

[Continued from page 106]

Then a quick and uneventful trip through Prague, Vienna, Budapest, Belgrade, and to Athens. On the boat from Athens to Constantinople she had as fellow-passenger Prince Bibesco, lately representing the Roumanian government at Washington. "American men are saints," said he with feeling, "to let their women travel all over unattended. Can you fancy any other race of men doing it?" And that from the son-in-law of the fiercely independent Margot Asquith!

AT Cairo Miss Holt met Ferris Nimur, editor of the largest Arabic newspaper in the Orient, and, through his writings, a powerful figure throughout the Moslem world—Turkey, Arabia, Egypt, Palestine, Mesopotamia, and Persia. "I feel," he said to his American visitor, "that the youth of the world are on the eve of a spiritual renaissance. But the leadership of this awakening must come from America. So long as the youth of America upholds the ideals of their forefathers, to be the light of the oppressed nations of the world, so long will the name of America represent the progress of mankind toward the goal of true civilization—freedom for each individual to develop his faculties as best he can."

FROM Cairo to Port Said. Through the Suez Canal, down to the Red Sea and across the Arabian Sea to Sabarmati, India, and Mrs. Mokandas K. Gandhi. Hundreds of miles, days and nights of travel, not all of it comfortable for an American girl. She sketched it all for me as we talked in her room back at Stephens' College. "When I met Mrs. Gandhi I felt relaxed and happy in her quiet dignity and infinite understanding. She seems a part of her husband, who is the most potent force in native India. Gandhi had retired to his Ashram, or retreat, at Wardha.

"I spent twelve days there, and had long delightful hours of talking. He yearns, of course, to see his people cling to the simple life. He lives his work, dressing, eating in the most utterly plain manner. His people almost worship him, and call him by their native word, 'Mahatma' which means, 'At one with the Universal Spirit.' His stupendous work and meager living have combined to make his body very frail. But his spirit is a living, strength-

ening power. He daily attests the power for peace in simple devotion to simple duties."

RABINDRANATH TAGORE, statesman, musician, poet, composer, spiritual leader of Young India was the next one to be interviewed. Miss Holt found him in his ancestral mansion, a palace of rare beauty, in the native quarter of Calcutta.

"I had been told that he hated to talk to strangers, and especially to inquisitive women. But Dhan Gopal Mukerji, (well known to American readers) had said, 'if you are destined to meet the great seers, you will!' And he was right. Not only did I meet Dr. Tagore, but he was even loquacious. He is an internationalist of profound conviction. People are not, to him, American, British, Hindu, but Humanity; and as such to be studied and helped to happiness.

"His was a peerless, tranquil presence, and I think I understood the force that is Rabindranath Tagore when he said, 'The only source of happiness in life is the pursuit of what you think is right, even at the risk of your reputation.'"

"From Calcutta to Burma, and a boat trip down the Irawadi river, along Kipling's famous *Road to Mandalay*. Then by boat to Singapore, to Penang, and its vast rubber plantations. Hongkong, and a Chinese New Year. The place was alive with firecrackers and American shoppers. All debts must be paid in cash next day—shopper's paradise!

"Kobe, Japan, and the Woman's College—Doshisha University at Kyoto—Tokyo—Yokohama—Honolulu—and—home!" Thus Nellie Lee Holt drew together the shining strands of the world of youth which she had been crossing, tying, and weaving into a beautiful pattern whose warp and woof was understanding and love.

Back in Columbia, she laid her pattern humbly on the desk of the man who had sent her around the world.

"What did you find?" Mr. Wood asked. And the traveler answered, "A better understanding of the keen quick mind of youth, and how leaders of the world are guiding it to peace. Everywhere, youth has in its heart a longing to do justice to its neighbor's weaknesses and honor to its neighbor's strength."

PEACE PERHAPS

[Continued from page 30]

a new Triple Alliance, which like the old one would have forced counter alliances and other evils.

The treaty of Locarno was a different and better thing. It made not for counter alliances, but for one joint and equal security for France and Germany. Surely when the influence in human affairs that had brought the Franco-American and Franco-British Treaties to naught and that led us to Locarno instead, had, after all, been not adverse but favorable.

There remained one great cause for regret, the decision of the United States not to enter the League. And now suddenly this year, without our prompting or even expectation, has come the American proposal for renunciation of war and confirmation of a policy of peaceful settlement of international disputes.

If it succeeds, those Powers who

are members of the League of Nations will in future have to break not merely one treaty, but two, if they prefer force to peaceful settlement. They will break not only the Covenant of the League, but the American Pact. There are, it is true, no sanctions in the Pact, but whoever sets at defiance a World Treaty, so closely associated with American initiative and prestige will offer not inconsiderable provocation to public opinion in the United States.

It must not however be inferred that because some gratifying progress has been made in the right direction we are therefore secure. Security depends upon the public opinion of the world being in successive generations ever more deeply and firmly set against war; thereby making war between civilized nations a contingency becoming ever more remote and dim like some baleful but receding star.



WHENEVER THEY CRAVE A SWEET, OR YOU DO—NECTARS JUST AS THEY COME FROM THE CARTON!

And you keep NECTARS handy where men are

IN many homes it's a custom now, wherever they know how good Nectars really are—these plump, amber morsels that glisten as grapes do on the vine. Fragrant of the vineyard. And tasting like the seedless grapes themselves when, full ripe in the sun, their juice is turned to a jell.

Actually grape-like, these Sun-Maid Nectars. So when your men-folk crave a sweet, or you do, you have it now in a healthful food!



Yet Nectars are so inexpensive you can use them in all your cooking in place of seedless raisins. That, of course, would occur to you.

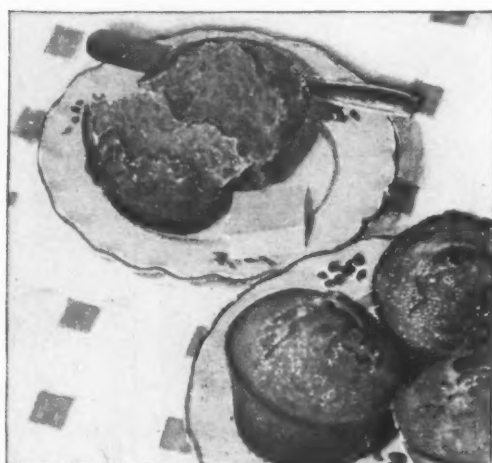
But tonight, tonight let the family eat Nectars just as they come from the carton. You will have started a happy custom at your house.

SUN-MAID RAISIN GROWERS OF CALIFORNIA. Producers also of Sun-Maid Puffed, the only seeded raisins that aren't sticky.

SUN-MAID

ACTUALLY GRAPE-LIKE

NECTARS



FLAVOR to tempt you- BULK for health!

*Millions find it the best
ally against constipation*

Millions avoid constipation, pleasantly, naturally, because they eat this delicious health cereal once a day. Post's Bran Flakes is a bulk food. It is bran in its most appetizing form. It tastes so good you look forward to it every morning. It is so effective that it has become the most popular bran food in the world. Try it and see how good it is. Eat it every day for two weeks and see how much better you feel. Ready to eat, right from the package, with milk or cream, with fruits or in muffins or bread.

eat POST'S BRAN FLAKES

WITH OTHER PARTS OF WHEAT

Ordinary cases of constipation, associated with too little bulk in the diet, should yield to Post's Bran Flakes. If your case is abnormal, consult a competent physician at once and follow his advice.



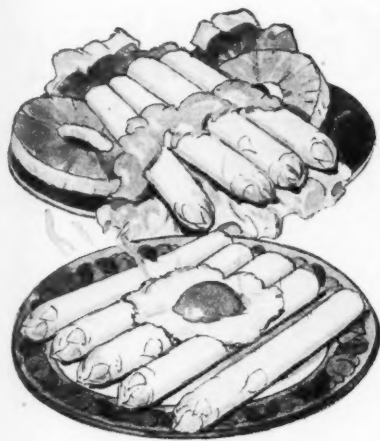
POST'S BRAN MUFFINS

- | | |
|---|--|
| $\frac{3}{4}$ cup sifted Swans
Down Cake Flour | 2 eggs, well beaten |
| $1\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoons bak-
ing powder | 3 tablespoons
sugar |
| $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt | $2\frac{3}{4}$ cup milk |
| $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups Post's Bran
Flakes | 2 tablespoons but-
ter or other short-
ening, melted |

Sift flour once, add baking powder and salt and sift three times. Add Post's Bran Flakes. Combine eggs and sugar. Add flour mixture alternately with milk, beating well after each addition. Add butter and beat well. Pour batter into greased muffin pans, filling each about two-thirds full. Bake in hot oven (425°F.) 25 minutes. Makes 9 to 12 muffins.

"NOW YOU'LL LIKE BRAN"





Always a new way to serve asparagus

Appetizers, soups, salads, vegetable dishes—an omelet for breakfast, an entree for dinner—no end to the possibilities of California Canned Asparagus.

With its delightful flavor and freshness, it always provides the suggestion of luxury that makes any meal a real appetite treat.

Surprisingly economical—no waste at all! And so convenient—ready-to-serve just as it comes out of the can.

You can take advantage of all this convenience and variety if you'll just remember asparagus whenever you plan your meals.

For instance—*Asparagus Calawaiian*
Drain California Canned Asparagus, tips or long spears, arrange on lettuce with two slices Hawaiian Pineapple. Garnish with cheese balls. Serve with your favorite dressing.

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Please send me, free of charge, your recipe book
"Asparagus for Delicacy and Variety."

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Address _____
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BURNING BEAUTY

[Continued from page 17]

of youthful sophistication, and that he had sought out Virginia Oliphant because she was so utterly without affectation, untrained apparently in the arts of coquetry, yet possessing a quality of withdrawal which made men want to follow.

Mary Lee was saying, "Down in Memphis everybody is making money. We were all poor once upon a time and proud of it. But now prosperity has hit us—and we are buying old furniture for our old houses like all the rest of the world."

Inconsequential chatter, to which Anthony scarcely listened! But suddenly Mary Lee did a thing which was not inconsequential. Idly, as it were, while she talked, she had set three goblets together, and now she tinkled the tines of her silver fork against them, producing a thin melodious chime, and to this accompaniment she sang softly and as if she were alone, a strange little song of a Chinese maiden who went one night to meet her lover, but found herself keeping instead a tryst with death. Mary Lee had a clear and beautiful voice, and so perfectly did she create the illusion, that she ceased to be in the eyes of her listeners, simply a plump and rather badly dressed little person, and became for the moment, the girl of whom she sang, slender and tragic against a background of willow trees, ivory towers and cloud-swept moons.

When she finished Anthony demanded, "Where did you find a thing like that?"

"In China. Dad took me around the world when I was seventeen."

Anthony had been around the world and said so. They talked for a bit about it. Virginia said little. She was worried about Rickey. Why was he so late? And why had he not come to supper? He had known she expected him and had promised.

Virginia hardly knew what they were saying. She wished that her guests would go home. What in the world was keeping Rickey?

Before Anthony took Mary Lee back to her hotel he found a moment alone with Virginia. "You might as well tell me your address. I've simply got to see you."

She told him the number. "You'll find us in a shabby old house in Washington Square."

"Nothing will seem shabby if you shine there."

She had no blushes for him, no hint of interest in their future meeting. And how could he know that no sooner had the front door closed behind him than she forgot him. Mrs. Montgomery had gone with the others, and Virginia left at last alone, ran upstairs to the second floor, all the echoes of the old house thundering after her. When she reached Rickey's room, she unlocked the desk where he kept his papers. The money Grogan had given him was not there. She searched everywhere, pulling out dresser drawers frantically, going through the pockets of Rickey's clothes in the closet. At last she stood very still in the middle of the room. The truth had come to her. Rickey had a thousand dollars with him, and he was probably at that very moment matching his poor skill against the cunning and sharp practice of Lute Carney.

Out in the windy night Virginia found that the rain was over and that the moon sailed high against ragged clouds. She hurried through the dark streets and came at last to the long bridge which spans the Severn. It had lamps strung along the side, but the lights only deepened the darkness be-

yond. A motor car went whirling by, seeming to stare at her with golden eyes. After that she met neither motor cars nor pedestrians until she was within a few feet of the opposite shore. A man was leaning against the stone coping, gazing down into the water. As he heard her step, he turned and looked at her. Then as she came under the lamp, he spoke her name in a startled way.

She felt a great surge of relief. "Oh, Michael McMillan!" Her lifted face was illumined, "I am so glad—it's you."

She was breathless, beautiful, in the shining night. He took a step toward her. "You should not be out alone as late as this."

She hesitated a moment. "I had to come to find—Rickey. He went away this afternoon and he hasn't come back. He had a lot of money with him—all the cash we got from the sale. I'm afraid he's with Lute Carney."

"The man we saw yesterday?"

"Yes. Rickey promised to come home for supper. We had guests, and I wanted him to be there."

Guests? Anthony Bleecker? Anger flamed in Michael's breast. Yet there was about Virginia, something so child-like, so troubled, that he was suddenly ashamed of himself.

"Where is this Lute Carney?" he asked.

"About a mile from here. In the woods by the river."

"Surely you did not think of going there?"

"But what can I do? Lute and the other men will get him to play cards—and he will lose the money." She flung up her hands in a gesture of despair.

"Let me go for you."

She shook her head, "Rickey would be furious."

"He need not know you sent me. Anyone can take a walk by the river at night. Yet why should you care if he did know? Are you so afraid of him?"

"It isn't that. It's only, as I told you last night, that I am hoping when we leave here that things will be different."

"I see," he felt himself suddenly protective, "I'll take you home, and then go and find him."

"Oh, no, you mustn't think of me. There isn't time. I shall be all right—really!"

She tried to smile, but there were tears on her lashes. "Do you know you are being rather wonderful to me, Michael McMillan?"

Before he could speak she had left him. He watched her as she went back across the bridge. His heart ran after her. It seemed to him that this encounter on the bridge had been something of a miracle. He might so easily have missed her.

When Virginia was out of sight, he turned and followed the path which led along the river. Most of the way he walked through the pine woods, the trees casting black shadows against the brightness of the moon. There was scarcely a sound in the silent night—a little lapping of the water, a little rustle of dry leaves under his feet, the low note of some wild thing awake and hunting.

Then, suddenly, breaking the silence, voices—Rickey's high and shrill, with a hint of despair. "Well, you've cleaned me out, Lute. And that's the end of it."

"End—nothing. You'll have more when Grogan gives it to you. And better luck next time."

"There'll be no next time. How do you think I can face Jinny?"

[Continued on page 112]



"New wonderful MELLO-GLO Face Powder stays on longer and the youthful bloom it bestows does not wear off so quickly."

Rachael Chester, 301 W. 105th St., N. Y. C.



"MELLO-GLO Face Powder keeps away the ugly shine which mars that soft velvety touch so essential to a youthful complexion." Berna Deane (beautiful prima donna), 243 West End Ave., N. Y. C.



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MADE by an exclusive French process, MELLO-GLO Face Powder stays on longer and spreads ever so smoothly. It does not dry the skin or clog the pores. If your favorite store is out, ask them to get MELLO-GLO for you or send us one dollar for a full-size box and Beauty Booklet. Just address MELLO-GLO, Statler Bldg., Boston, Massachusetts.

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If yours is a "Spoil-Sport" skin—if it cracks, chaps, flakes and becomes roughened and irritated whenever the high winds blow, then be consoled . . . For there's a sedative for skins like yours; a delightful, fragrant lotion that brings swift relief. Frostilla's its name, famous for fifty years as America's perfect conditioner for skin ailments caused by exposure.

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FROSTILLA for exposed and irritated skin

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BURNING BEAUTY

[Continued from page 111]

"Oh, you ain't tied like that to your sister's apron string, Oliphant."
"I'm not tied to anything but my own darned foolishness! I'm done with you, Lute, and if anything happens you've got only yourself to blame for it."

Michael had drawn back into the darkness of the bushes and presently Rickey passed him, running. From where Michael stood he had a straight view of the river and of a rickety pier which stretched from the shore between rows of tall rushes to where the deeper waters spread their sheen in the silver beauty of the night. The moon hung low, and a flock of wild geese flew dark against it.

Rickey left the path and ran out to the end of the pier. There he stopped and stood looking down into the water. His face in the moonlight was white and staring. Michael went to him at once. At his step Rickey raised his head and spoke in a startled voice: "Who's there?"

"Michael McMillan."

"It's a marvelous night, isn't it?" Michael went on easily. "Did you see those geese flying against the moon?"

Rickey broke out with, "How did you get here?"

"I followed the river path." He was standing now beside Rickey. There was a moment's silence then Michael laid his hand on the boy's shoulder and spoke earnestly. "Look here—I heard you talking to Lute Carney. You seem to be in a bit of a hole. Is there anything I can do to help?"

Rickey wrenched himself away. "Why should you help?"

"Why shouldn't I? You and your sister seem to be a pair of babes in the woods. I heard you say you hated to face her."

"I'm not going to face her."

"What are you going to do?"

"Run away."

"Nonsense," sternly, "you've got too good blood in you to be a coward."

Rickey seemed dazed and Michael was aware of his quick breathing. "The money's gone," he said, "and there's no way to get it back. But I can't help it. Gambling is in my blood."

"Stop that," again Michael's voice was stern. "We'll try to find a way out. But don't pity yourself."

"There isn't any way out."

"I think there is."

His tone was so sure that Rickey asked quickly, "What do you mean?"

"Your sister says you are writing a book. I'm an editor, Oliphant. I'm looking for young authors. I'd like to have consideration of your manuscript." He interrupted himself, "How much did Carney win from you?"

"A thousand dollars."

"Well, I'll give you a thousand dollars advance on the chance of my liking your story. I'll get the money to you tomorrow morning."

The boy turned and looked at him. After a moment, he cried with a touch of wildness. "But what chance is there that you'll like what I write? If I fall down I'll have your money, and you'll be out of it."

Michael gave a little laugh. "I've a bit of sporting blood myself, and now, and then I gamble on my authors."

"Why do you think I'll make good?"

"Your sister says some of your short stories have found a place in the big magazines. That shows you have it in you. And now, what about it?"

"I accept of course. But I don't see why you're doing it."

Michael shrugged. "Oh, well, I hate to see people go under when they've got it in them to make good."

Rickey tried to thank him, brokenly, and Michael was aware again of the boyish charm which made him seem so like his sister.

"You needn't thank me," Michael protested. "Just produce the goods and I'll be satisfied. And now, shall we move on? The wind is sharp."

The world wore a white pallor as the moon dropped back of the clouds. As the two men walked along, Rickey asked excited questions. "Shall I tell Jinny I'm to give you the book?"

"Why should you? When you have the manuscript ready you can let me have it. She need never know of this transaction."

They settled it thus, and shook hands when they parted at the gate of the old house. Michael watching until Rickey opened the door saw Virginia coming down the stairway. He heard her voice, "Rickey, darling—" Her relief and happiness were his reward. But the boy wasn't worth it.

THE Oliphants had been for a month in New York and in all that time Virginia had not seen Michael McMillan. She was conscious of a keen sense of disappointment. She had hoped that he might— But that was stupid. Why should she expect a busy editor to have time for her? She had often wondered what had happened after that meeting or the bridge. Rickey had come home safely and had laughed at her fears about the money.

He had said no word of Michael. They might not, perhaps, have seen each other. Virginia sighed a little, thinking it over. She had wanted to be friends with Michael McMillan, and he had not even asked where he could find her.

And how could she know that Michael was by sheer strength of will keeping away from her. Yet he had asked himself what good it would do to see her. Why get into a thing like that? Only to be hurt and hurt again. If she did not care for him the world would go dark. He dared not let himself love her—that was the truth of it.

He knew her address. He had asked Rickey for it on the night they had made their bargain. But he had never used it. He wondered if Anthony Bleeker had found his way to Washington Square. He hoped not. He had a feeling that Anthony might make love and run away.

As a matter of fact, Anthony had not only found his way to Washington Square, but he was in dead earnest. And it was on a certain afternoon late in November that he was arguing with Virginia a question which meant much to him.

"There isn't any reason in the world why you should say No!"

"Oh, but there is."

"What?"

"Well, Rickey is too busy, and I haven't anything to wear."

"Rickey has already accepted. So that's that. And as for a gown—you'll look lovely in anything."

Virginia's chin went up—"Cinderella? No thank you."

"But, my dear girl—"

"I'm not your dear girl."

"I wish you were."

"Please, Anthony!" They were "Virginia" and "Anthony" now to each other. It was the way of this new world in which Virginia found herself. Her old world had been more formal.

"Oh, well, I won't talk about that. But why won't you come to Derekdale? Tell me your real reason."

[Continued on page 114]

Gray Hair



1 You try it first on a single lock of your hair to see what it does. Thus have no fear of results.

2 Then simply comb this water-like liquid through your hair. Clean, safe. Takes 7 or 8 minutes.



3 Arrange hair and watch color gradually creep back. Restoration will be perfect and complete.

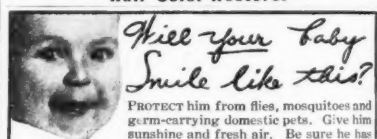
NO more dangerous "crude dyes." Instead, natural shade is called back to hair by clear, colorless liquid 100% safe, called Mary T. Goldman's Hair Color Restorer. Faded graying streaks disappear. Hair becomes live looking and lustrous. Stays easy to curl. Does not wash off.

This way embodies elements that take place of color pigment and give natural effect. Auburn hair reverts to auburn—black to black. Used by 3,000,000 women.

Make amazing test. See for yourself what it will do. Few cents' worth gives complete restoration. Get full-size bottle from druggist. He will return every penny if not delighted.

Or write for free test supply (give color of hair) to Mary T. Goldman Co., St. Paul, Minn.

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Protect him from flies, mosquitoes and germ-carrying domestic pets. Give him sunshine and fresh air. Be sure he has undisturbed sleep and he will give many such happy smiles—the proof of radiant health.

You can do all this for your baby with a Trimble Kiddie-Koop. With the completely screened Kiddie-Koop, baby is assured of a good start on a healthy life, because Kiddie-Koop will serve from birth until the fifth or sixth birthday.

"NURSERYLAND" Free! Write for copy of "Nurseryland." It tells all about the Kiddie-Koop and contains helpful information about the glorious business of being a Mother.

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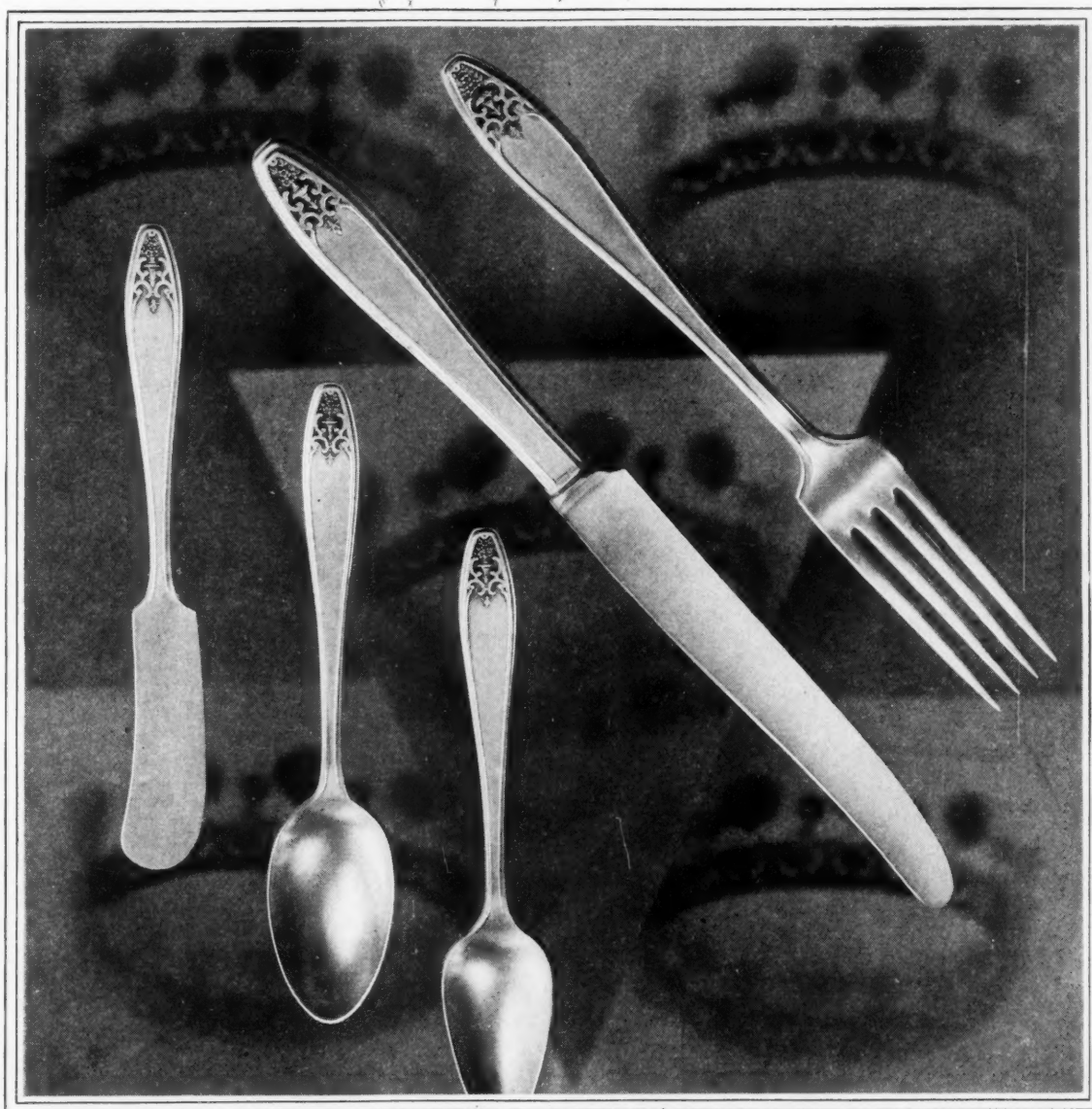
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"I'm glad I wasn't married in June, I am!"

JUNE brides—you missed it!...While you were strolling to the wedding march, I was catching the bride's bouquet. Wise little me—I waited! For, since you took the plunge, the silver of my heart's desire has been created... A new pattern so stunning that I can live happily with it all my married days—a pattern so glorious that, once I had seen it, I could never have been happy with another. ...They have named it "Princess"...Well named!—for I got so much of it for my money that I certainly *feel* like one...Lucky? Well—I'm glad I wasn't married in June!



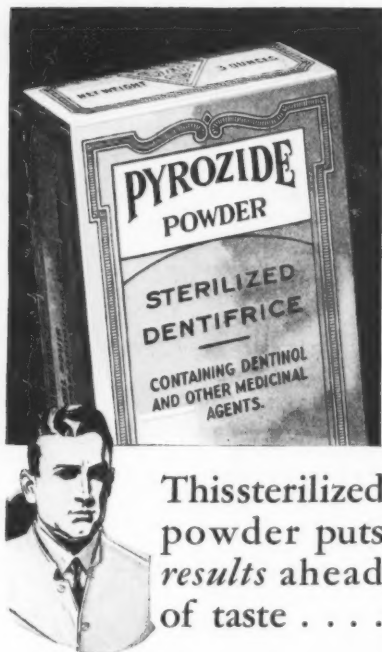
See this exquisite new pattern at your silver dealer's. Admire it—then ask its prices. You will be astonished—delighted! For, mind you, every piece of this gorgeous silver is *guaranteed without time limit*. All the most-used forks and spoons have an extra thickness of silverplate where the most wear comes. Yet you will find that this silver costs about half what you would expect to pay for silver of such quality—therefore, you can afford to buy twice as much of it. You can own a "complete" service instead of "just enough". You don't have to go without new silver now—or wait for a long time to get it. You can buy a 26-piece set in the new Princess pattern for as little as \$14.00. Teaspoons are \$1.75 for six. Other prices in proportion. Write for a brochure showing the variety of pieces in the new Princess pattern. Address Wm. Rogers & Son, Dept. M-11, International Silver Co., Meriden, Conn.



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The distinctive taste of Pyrozide comes from its Dentinol medication. This scientifically-compounded powder allays irritated gums and aids in making soft gums firm and resistant. It keeps the teeth clean and white—removes the daily secretion of salivary deposits that harden and form tartar. Use Pyrozide Powder *at least once a day* in place of your customary paste. Note the improvement in the condition of your gums. The economical dollar package contains six months' supply. At all drug stores.

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**PYROZIDE
POWDER**

HAS BEEN PRESCRIBED BY DENTISTS FOR TWENTY-TWO YEARS

BURNING BEAUTY

[Continued from page 112]

She said, slowly, "Your mother."
"Haven't you a note, writ in her own hand?"

"Yes. But it really doesn't mean anything. She doesn't want me. You know that, Tony."

He did know it. He and his mother had fought a wordy battle over that invitation to Virginia Oliphant and her brother for the Christmas ball at Derekdale. "Why should I have her, Tony?" his mother had demanded. "Because if you don't ask her, I shan't be here, Mother."

There had been a startled silence out of which Mrs. Bleeker had said: "You mean you won't come on for the ball?"

"I shall have important duties at Annapolis. It is easy enough."

She knew that he meant it, that he was defying her, absolutely. So she had capitulated and had written the note, and now Anthony by Virginia's fireside was faced by a woman more obstinate than his mother. Virginia was smiling, but she showed no signs of yielding as she reiterated, "Your mother doesn't really want me. She's only asking me because you've made a point of it."

"I don't care what Mother wants. She's jealous of any woman I notice. Usually I give way to her. But this time I shall do as I please."

"I shall do as I please," Virginia emphasized. "And now let's have tea and stop arguing."

The tea table was drawn up to the hearth where coals were glowing in an iron grate. The young Oliphants had managed to make of the shabby drawing-room something rather cheerful and charming. There were honey-colored curtains at the windows, and the chintzes which covered the chairs and couch were in pale lavender with primroses. Rickey had a little room at the back, where he might write in peace, but Virginia at night made a bed of the couch, and drew three screens about it. The screens in the daytime divided the drawing room into parlor, dining room and kitchen.

The roses which Anthony had brought filled the air with fragrance. The room had an air of almost incredible coziness.

"It is like one of Balzac's stories," Virginia wrote to her mother. "Prosperity on the first floor, poverty at the top. Rickey and I are kings and queens to the other tenants. But it is respectable, and we've made our own part homelike. Do you know, Mumsie, sometimes I am sorry for the old house. It has come down in the world, and it seems as if it must feel it. Once upon a time it was an elegant mansion all in a brownstone row. And now it is just pitiful and poor, its splendor gone."

Anthony was saying now, "How do you manage it?"

"Manage what?"

"To get such delightful atmosphere in this barn of a place. There's nothing like it at Derekdale."

He stopped as Rickey came in from the back room, white-faced, nervous, his hair ruffled up above his frowning forehead. He was still wearing the blue blouse which he affected for his work. "Tea, Jinny? Why didn't you tell me?"

"I was afraid to interrupt you."

"I can't pound a typewriter forever. What is there to eat?"

"You and Tony will have to toast your own muffins and there's marmalade."

Rickey stuck a muffin on the long brass toasting fork and knelt in front

of the fire. "I'll do this one for Tony and another for myself."

Anthony stretched out in one of the chintz-covered chairs, picked up the kitten and set it on his knee. "Your sister says she won't go to Derekdale."

Rickey whirled around and the muffin dropped from his fork into the fire. "Why not?"

"She hasn't anything to wear."

The blood rushed up into Rickey's face, his voice was high. "You can buy something, can't you Jinny?"

"We can't afford it. And anyhow we don't belong with Tony's plutocrats."

"I'm not afraid of Tony's plutocrats. You might think of me a little. I've drudged for a month. And this will be the sort of thing I need to pep me up. I'll get atmosphere enough out of it to pay for your gowns."

"But Rickey—"

Rickey dug the scorched muffin out of the coals and flung it in the firebox. Then he stuck on another muffin and said, evenly, "You can do as you please, but I'm going. I'm stale on the story. I was talking about it the other day to Michael McMillan—" he caught himself up and went on rather awkwardly. "I've got to have a lot of gorgeousness and gaiety."

Virginia was not interested in the latter part of his speech. "Rickey," she said, "where did you see Michael McMillan?"

"At his office. He wants a try at the manuscript."

She had told Rickey that Michael was an editor. But he had not seemed interested. She wondered that he had sought Michael out. But then Rickey always did things and told about them afterwards. She felt herself warmed by the thought of Rickey and Michael as friends.

It was in this mood that Rickey won her over to reconsider her decision about Derekdale. She promised to see what she could do.

The next day she went shopping. And the thing she saw was a gold lace gown. She put it on and when she saw herself in the mirror she hardly dared look again it was so wonderful.

But the price was breath-taking and she would not buy it. "May I lay it aside for Mademoiselle?" the saleswoman begged.

Virginia shook her head. "I can't afford it."

All the way home she thought of wearing it at Derekdale for Mrs. Bleeker to see. Oh, it would be joyous to dance with Tony in the gold lace gown with that small jealous person looking on!

It was snowing when she got out of the bus—a sluggish November snowfall, and it was very cold. Virginia walked rapidly down one of the side streets to her favorite market shop. She would buy something inexpensive and cook dinner at home.

She had almost reached the shop when she became aware of a small dog trotting on ahead of her. He was shaggy and Scotch and with the lines of a thoroughbred, but he was dirty and draggled and he went on his way with an anxious air, running up to this person and that then falling back in dreary disappointment. Virginia's heart was touched by his desolation, and as she entered the shop she found herself hoping that somewhere in the hurrying crowd the little lost dog would discover his master.

When she came out, however, the little dog was still there. He sat in front of a stand where frankfurters sizzled on an iron plate and where brown rolls were hot as hot in a glass

compartment. A red-faced man was in charge of the stand. He was protected from the cold by a window which let down in front of him and shut him in comfortably with his wares. When a customer stopped in front of the window, the red-faced man raised it, stuck a fork in a sizzling sausage, slapped it between a roll, added a dash of mustard, handed it out, took the customer's money, closed the window, folded his hands across his white apron and again waited.

Whenever the window went up, delicious fragrances came forth on the frosty air. The little dog sniffed the fragrances, but did not find them filling. As one customer after another was served, the hungry animal watched hot sausages and hot rolls disappear before his eager eyes and short tail beat an agonized entreaty.

Virginia lingering on the step could stand it no longer. She crossed the street swiftly, bought two rolls and two sausages, and fed them to the starving dog.

When at last Virginia rose to her feet and went on, the little dog followed her, keeping his distance, but not letting her out of his sight. When finally they reached the old house in Washington Square, he climbed the steps on his short legs and stood in the hall while Virginia considered him. "Oh, dear little dog," she demanded, "what am I going to do with you?"

He wagged a slow and wistful tail. As she opened the door of her apartment and shut it behind her, the tail was suddenly still. With a sigh the little dog dropped down before the shut door and laid his nose against the crack. Then he waited.

People kept coming into the hall from the street and going up and up the stairs. It was dark outside, and the hall was dimly lighted by a torch upheld by a Bronze Knight who ornamented the newelpost. The Bronze Knight was a reminder of other days in the old house. On his shield was blazoned what had been, perhaps, the motto of the fine family of which three generations had lived under this roof—*vérité sans peur*—truth without fear.

The light from the Bronze Knight's torch shone on Virginia's hair as she opened the door and came out with her brother and Mary Lee Logan. "We've got to keep him," Virginia was saying, "I couldn't sleep tonight if we left him out in the snow."

Through the open door the little dog saw the room with its honey-colored lights, its grate with the glowing coals, its bright coin of a kitten. The short tail fluttered—then, with a sigh, the tired little beast dropped at Virginia's feet and laid his head on her shoe.

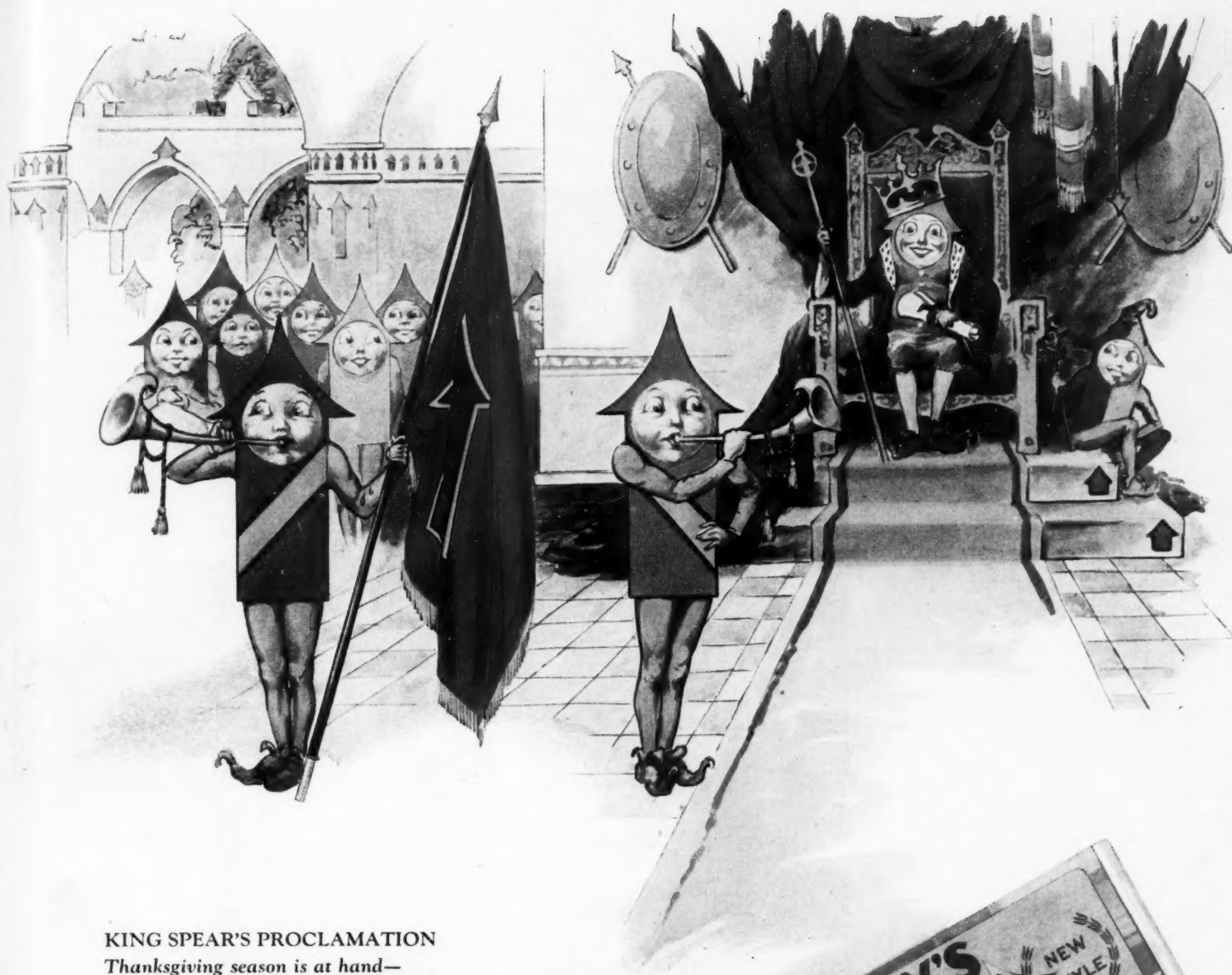
"You poor darling—oh, Rickey, look at him!"

It was Rickey who carried him off to a warm bath and a bowl of bread and milk, and as he left them, Mary Lee announced, "I'm inviting myself to dinner. Will you have enough for me? If not, I'll go out. I've tickets for a play, and I am going to take Rickey. You won't mind staying alone will you?"

Virginia knew that the question was perfunctory. Mary Lee came over often and carried off Rickey. When he insisted that he must pay for the tickets, Mary Lee always said, "If you don't let me do things, I shan't dare accept your hospitality." But it was always Rickey whom she asked.

Dinner was served on a little table set in front of the fire. And while they ate they talked of the ball at Derek-

[Continued on page 117]



KING SPEAR'S PROCLAMATION

Thanksgiving season is at hand—
Proclaim a feast throughout the land—
And so that all will better feel
Serve Double Mint with every meal!

—WRIGLEY RHYMES

Let the delicious Peppermint flavor of **WRIGLEY'S DOUBLE MINT** purify your mouth and breath and aid digestion.

Taste the new and better Peppermint flavor in **DOUBLE MINT**: it will be a pleasant surprise to you.

"After every meal" is a beneficial practice. Try it with **DOUBLE MINT**.



The flavor lasts

Wonder working plans that lift a load from mothers' shoulders



Margaret Gray Blanton, widely known psychologist and lecturer on all phases of child training

"Instead of the old 'discipline' many mothers are finding ways to use the child's own interests to guide him to the thing he should do," say Margaret Gray Blanton and Dr. Smiley Blanton

BUBBLING over with mischief—always up to something new! How children chafe against restraint!

Perplexed mothers, mindful of their own childhood, are getting wonderful help from the new, sane ways of handling these little human dynamos.

"The new knowledge of child behavior is smoothing the path for many parents in meeting their practical, daily problems. Instead of the old 'discipline' they are finding ways to use the child's own interests to guide him to the thing he should do." So says Margaret Gray Blanton, who with Dr. Smiley Blanton, Professor of Child Study at Vassar College, has written "Child Guidance"—one of the most inspiring books for parents.

There's the question of the right sort of breakfast, for instance. Mothers pretty generally know how important it is for youngsters to form sound breakfast habits. They've read about the nationwide school tests that prove how the best records are made by children who start out with a *hot, cooked* cereal for breakfast. They know that in 70,000 school rooms this sign hangs on the wall:

"Every boy and girl needs a hot cereal breakfast"

So, because they're utterly convinced, themselves, about the value of a *hot, cooked* cereal, mothers sometimes urge it too hard! "Now, eat your cereal. It's so good for you"—the morning plea in many homes.

And red-blooded, normal boys very often reply, "Aw, I don't like Cream of Wheat!"—or oatmeal— or whatever cereal it is. These same boys would scorn a football, given them for health!

But when the *hot, cooked* cereal habit becomes a fascinating game—that's another story! That's why this splendid plan—a children's club—has been approved by psychologists. No more coaxing at the breakfast table. Given a reason they can see, children fairly hustle to do the thing you want.

This jolly plan is called the H. C. B. Club.

FREE—this plan that gets results at breakfast

LETTERS from some of the 90,000 mothers using this plan tell us how marvelously it works.

"My boy can hardly wait to paste his gold star on. The Club has solved my breakfast table problem." Mrs. P. C. H., Evanston, Illinois.

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Children are enthusiastic the moment they open this fascinating H. C. B. Club material.



Name of child..... First name..... Last name.....
Street..... City..... State.....

BURNING BEAUTY

[Continued from page 114]

dale. Virginia told about the lace gown. "Why didn't you buy it?" Mary Lee demanded.

"The price was beyond anything—two hundred dollars."

"Two hundred isn't too much. And you'll put it all over the rest of the women. Tony Blecker will be madder about you than ever."

Virginia said coolly, "Don't be silly, Mary Lee."

"I'm not silly. When you marry him, you can have all the gold lace gowns in the world."

Virginia saw Rickey looking at her. A new look. Appraising. "What do you mean, Mary Lee," he demanded, "by all that stuff about Jinny and Blecker?"

"Oh, he's dead in love with her," Mary Lee stated.

A light flamed up in Rickey's eyes. Before he could speak, however, his sister said, "You are talking nonsense, Mary Lee."

Rickey left them for a moment to look after the little dog, and Mary Lee said gloomily, "Everybody's going away for Christmas. Fat chance I'll have of any fun."

"It will be only three days, Mary Lee."

"Three days will be long enough for Rickey to fall in love with Marty Van Duyn."

Virginia was startled and showed it, "Marty Van Duyn?"

"Yes, his mind is on her half the time."

"But he's seen her only once."

"Once is enough for a poet like your brother. He says she's the only woman he knows who is absolutely true to her personality. It's her clothes, of course. He's always telling me what's wrong with mine. He says my type calls for different treatment from Marty's. Rickey has a feeling that black may be best for me. He wants me to try it."

"If I were you," Virginia said, "I shouldn't worry. Wear what you like and snap your fingers at Rickey."

"But you see," Mary Lee said slowly, "I can't snap my fingers at Rickey, because I love him."

Virginia had no words for that. Mary Lee was leaning back in one of the big chairs, her brooding eyes on the fire. "Girls like you don't admit they are in love with men who aren't in love with them. But I'm proud that I care for Rickey and I am willing to tell the world. And I know I'm the kind of woman he ought to marry. I understand him, which is more than the Marty Van Duyn kind of woman will ever do. You've always been too easy with him, Virginia. What Rickey wants is some one who loves him enough to hold him to the best that's in him."

"Haven't I always held him to the best?"

"No. You're too self-sacrificing. I'm not. I love him, but I wouldn't let him tyrannize over me—" she broke off. "What rot I am talking!" She was silent for a moment then went on, "I shall cry my eyes out on Christmas day, and I shall hate the sight of turkey. It will remind me of home and happiness."

"Why don't you go home?" Virginia demanded.

"Because I want to be here when Rickey comes back." Mary Lee rose and smiled down into Virginia's serious face, "You see how brazen I am."

Rickey came back then with the dog, and it was Mary Lee who christened him "Weenie-Wurst"—"Because of the sausages," she explained.

When her brother had gone with

Mary Lee, Virginia washed the dishes and set the room in order. Then with the dog and the cat for company, she sat in front of the fire and tried to read. But she was restless. She was worried about Rickey. For days after they were settled in their new quarters he had written on his book steadily. But of late he had been depressed and nervous. He had not let her read his manuscript. He had, indeed, grown excited when she spoke of it. She had always helped him with his short stories, going over them and adding a bit here and there, polishing, cutting out things that seemed superfluous. But Rickey's bit of success had spoiled him. He wanted no help, no sugges-

Commander Richard E. Byrd

In the kingdom of snow and ice *Christmas Comes To The Antarctic* by Richard E. Byrd in the December McCall's.

tions. "They are fatal to originality," he declared.

She wondered if what Rickey had written would seem good to Michael McMillan. How wonderful it would be if he should accept it for his magazine. If Rickey's name could be blazoned in big letters on the outside cover!

She rose suddenly, and went into Rickey's room. The manuscript lay on his desk. A rough copy, typewritten. There was the name—*Burning Beauty*. She stood looking down at it, then lifted the first sheet and read the opening lines. She felt like Fatima in Bluebeard's chamber. She read on and on, and all at once she gathered up the pages and carried them with her into the other room. For an hour she sat by the fire reading, and always with a sense that she was held by some nightmarish dream and would presently wake up. Oh, this couldn't be Rickey's beautiful story, this commonplace stuff! The plot was there, and the idea as she had outlined that day by the river. But the style was utterly without distinction. Not a word glowed or sparkled! Dreadful! Dreadful! Her verdict rang in her heart like a knell.

When she finished, she sat for a long time staring down at the hearth-rug. Then she rose and went to the telephone. She found a number and called it. When the answer came she had to hold herself steady. For the voice was Michael's. She had not known how much she had wanted to hear that voice again.

SHE was sitting opposite Michael in his office. She was telling him about her brother. "I felt that I must come to you. Rickey said you wanted a first look at his story, and last night I read it. He doesn't know it. He'd be furious! I can't understand what has happened, but he has done it very badly. It isn't in the least up to his short stories. They had a magic touch and this is commonplace. I hate to think of his going through the whole thing and then having it thrown back on his hands. Could you—" breathlessly, "do you think you could ask him to let you see what he has written and suggest changes? It might put him on the right track."

"But will he be willing to take suggestions?"

"From you? I think so. But not from

me. Oh, I'm sure he'll do much better to begin over again."

She was, Michael saw, trying to convince herself. She was wistful, altogether appealing. And how could he tell her what he thought was very possible—that she was probably overestimating the boy's powers.

"How would it do for me to ask your brother if I can see him and talk over his ideas for the story. We might come then, naturally, to my wanting to look at it, or to have him read me a few chapters. Could I invite myself some afternoon for a cup of tea?"

"It would be wonderful!" Virginia was illumined as she had been that night on the bridge. Michael told himself that he was mad to let himself in for a thing like this, to plan deliberately to meet her again. For it was to meet her that he wanted to go to Washington Square.

As for Virginia, she walked the streets like the Winged Victory, breasting the air triumphantly. Michael McMillan would make everything right. How different he was from other men, with that hint of gay boyishness under a somewhat somber exterior.

So joyous was she that she went straight uptown to the exclusive shop and bought the gold lace gown. She would tell Rickey when she reached home that she would go to Derekdale.

Three days later Rickey told her he had had a letter from Michael. "He wants to come to talk over the story."

"How wonderful, Rickey!"

"Oh, I don't know. He might have asked me to lunch with him somewhere. I suppose it means we'll have to give him tea. He says four-thirty Saturday."

So Saturday became a day to look forward to. Virginia found herself singing little songs as she thought about it. How marvelous it would be to have Michael in the honey-colored room!

But before Saturday came Friday, and it was on Friday that the gold lace gown was sent home. Tony Blecker happened to be there when the box arrived, and he insisted that Virginia try it on. She left him with Rickey and went into the little back room. "Be sure to have the lamps lighted before I show myself to you," she called back. "Gold things are dull in the daytime."

She came out presently sheathed in the gown which had a slender bodice and a skirt short in front and falling in a wide flounce in the back to her ankles. Her neck and arms were as white as ivory—indeed she was like some delicate figure in gold and ivory made by a master jeweler.

Anthony, on his feet, proclaimed, "A princess passes!"

Rickey was staring, "Heavens, Jinny," he said at last, "nobody would have thought you could look like that. Well, money can do anything."

"Money plus your sister's beauty," Anthony corrected fervently.

Rickey flashed a glance at Anthony's intent face. Then he rose and stretched himself. "Oh, well, I haven't time to waste on tea and talk. I've got to earn money to pay for the gown. I'll go and write on the book. You won't mind will you, Tony?"

When Rickey was gone, Anthony said: "Some day I'm going to buy your gowns for you."

She laughed a little, not thinking him in earnest. "You're not, of course."

"Oh, yes, I am. I'm going to buy everything. You're going to marry me, Virginia. You can't escape." The smile was gone.

Her breath was short, "Oh, Tony, don't be silly."

[Continued on page 118]



If your hair
is getting
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D RY scalp—dandruff—falling hair are often due to the habit of wetting the hair with water every morning.

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Just use Wildroot Hair Tonic instead of water to dress your hair every morning!

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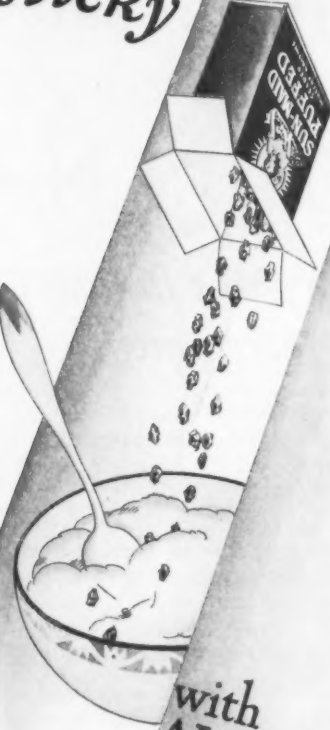
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At all good Grocers'

Also seedless Sun-Maid Nectars,
actually grape-like

BURNING BEAUTY

[Continued from page 117]

"I'm not silly. Why should you say that?"

"Because I don't love you."

"But I love you." He was standing close to her now, and he put his hands on her shoulders. "Look at me, Virginia."

Her clear gaze met his, unwaveringly. "Haven't you a blush for me?" he asked.

A little flame came into her cheeks. "I am blushing, but it's not because I love you, but because this is my—first proposal."

He laughed. "I commend your honesty. Only a beautiful woman would dare make that admission."

"Why not make it if it is true?"

"All the better, then. When you marry me, I shall know you've never loved another man. I shall be the first—"

"Please, let's not talk about it."

"Why not?"

She drew away from him. "Because I belong to myself, not to you."

Yet even as she said it, she knew she did not belong to herself. Not as she had before she met Michael McMillan.

Later when dinner was half over, Virginia said, her face averted, "Rickey, I'm sorry, but I can't go to Derekdale."

"Why not?" sharply.

"Because—Rickey, when Tony was here this afternoon, he asked me to marry him, and I—can't!"

There was a dead silence out of which Rickey said in an incredulous voice, "You mean you have refused Tony Blecker?"

"Yes."

"Oh, you fool!"

"Rickey!"

The boy spoke hysterically. "But you are, Jinny. Can't you see it? Think of what it would mean to both of us if you should marry him. All the things you could do. All the money in the world for Dad and Mums. All the money in the world to give me the opportunities I need. He sprang to his feet and seemed to tower above her. "Don't you see, can't you see what you are throwing away, Virginia?"

"But I don't love him, Rickey."

"But why don't you? He's a gentleman and a stunning fellow. All the girls are mad about him."

"I can't marry him because other women like him."

"Then marry him because of what it would do for all of us. It isn't as if there were anyone else."

Her face was white. "Please, Rickey, don't take it this way. My dear, I would do it, if I could. But I can't."

He flung up his arms in a gesture of despair. "Oh, well, I might as well give up. There's nothing ahead—"

"I'm sorry."

"No, you're not. If you were you'd go to Derekdale, and let Blecker have his chance to win you." He threw himself down beside her. "You will, won't you, Jinny? Give him his chance?"

She would not promise. But she did agree finally that she would go to Derekdale. "But it mustn't bind me to anything, Rickey. You must understand that. I won't be bound to anything."

[Continued in DECEMBER McCALL'S]

JOAN OF ARC

[Continued from page 7]

historians who weigh past eras in a judicial balance combine to adore Joan. By canonizing her the Church she loved eased the conscience and gratified the heart of our common humanity. Since her beatification the latest tribute to her growing beneficence comes from the pen of George Bernard Shaw.

His drama *Saint Joan* has been performed in nearly every capital city in the civilized world. Wherever the Maid treads is enchanted ground; she storms every center and arrests all debate. Millions of both sexes to whom she is more real than many people they meet daily have found in her glowing personality the renewed strength which takes life over the top again. A strange benediction rests upon what she was, and she is more potent now than when she knelt in the wood of her little village, or bathed in the fire at Rouen.

"Jesu! Jesu!" was the piteous cry from her blistered lips as the eager flames swept up the stake to which she was chained in that cathedral city of Normandy. Her final appeal rent the hearts of those who heard it. "My mission was from God!" she exclaimed, and today we respond, Amen!

Born on the sixth of January, 1412, she was only a little over sixteen when she went to Orleans. At Domremy her parents lived their ancestral lives, esteemed for their sobriety and devoutness—to fear God, till the soil, attend Church and heed its teachings were their settled routine. Yet Joan had one transcendent gift besides—an imagination which was a lamp within her sanctified spirit. It lit the road to Orleans, to Rheims, to Rouen, to the stake; and has since lit the path for France in many a dark and murderous emergency. In her thirteenth year heavenly beings appeared to her astonished eyes. On a summer's morn-

ing in 1425 a radiance from above encompassed her. She heard a voice which told her to keep the way clear for further manifestations. A second and a third time the heavenly light broke on her, but took no visible form. Then the form appeared, and she understood that what she had seen was but the shadow of the Archangel Michael, God's warrior seraph, and with him the invincible squadrons of the sky; an army from the hosts above, immortal and resplendent. She learned that she had been selected to rescue France, to rout England's formidable forces, to recreate a heroic prince out of a tardy lump of human clay, to solidify a driven and distracted nation.

It is needless to dogmatize concerning her personality. The various theories which have been offered to explain Joan of Arc are not much more than mists which hover around her majestic elevation. Nothing which has come down to us in myth or legend is more marvelous or more moving than the plain account of her few varied years of crowded life. It is safe to assert that while all have added to our knowledge of her enchanting character, none have discerned the beauty or the power of its spiritual secret.

God spoke to the Maid whom He had chosen to deliver her land from the oppressor and invader as surely as He spoke to Abraham in Ur of the Chaldees, and to Ezekiel when he was a captive on the banks of the River Chebar.

If one is asked why these voices have not been heard elsewhere as well as in the wood at Domremy, my only reply is that when any wood has another Jeanne D'Arc in it, those voices too will first be heard there, and afterwards by all the world. If this is superstition, make the most of it.

"We are advertised by our loving friends."



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Lucky?

When she comes to the footlights to acknowledge Broadway's applause of her marvelous dancing in "Sidewalks of New York," theatre-goers sit forward to admire her youthful charms; the fresh crispness of her rose-petal skin and her gleaming black hair. She's Virginia Clark, of 143 Twenty-third St., Jackson Heights, New York City.

"When friends say I'm lucky to have such clear skin and soft, shining hair," says Miss Clark. "I have to tell them it isn't luck at all. In my case, it's the result of care. For my hair, I use the simple method that's all the rage among New York girls now. It's so easy. All you do is put a little Danderine on your brush each time you use it. This makes my scalp feel just grand and keeps away all dandruff. It keeps my hair and scalp so clean I don't have to shampoo nearly as often as I did. It makes my hair soft and easy to dress; holds it in place; and gives it more lustre than brilliantine!"

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A WOMAN'S GUIDE

[Continued from page 19]

in the fish market, he became a clerk in the office of the Commissioner of Jurors. In 1903 his public career began in the New York State Assembly, and Tammany realized that the young politician was worth watching. Reelected, for twelve years he learned from the bottom the business of government. He called the Assembly his high school and university. In 1915 his knowledge of state government called forth the admiration of such men as Elihu Root and George Wickesham. From his position as Sheriff of New York County, then President of the Board of Aldermen, he became Governor of New York State in 1918. Only once in the twenty times he has run for office has he been defeated—in 1920.

In 1900 Alfred Smith married Kath-

erine Dunn, his one and only sweetheart. All five of their children were born in the famous fourth ward of New York City. There are three grandchildren in the Smith household.

Governor Smith removed discrimination against women in the Civil Service and appointed many women to positions. He has been untiring in his fight to further Child Welfare and Widows' Pension laws. He has fought consistently to keep the State's water power resources in the control of the people; he has sponsored the Workmen's Compensation Law.

In three years of office he accomplished tax reduction, and in his seven years as Governor has increased the appropriation for public education by over seventy-one millions of dollars.

GOOD OLD UNCLE HOMER

[Continued from page 25]

know that we have one. I'll speak to Aunt Muriel."

She beamed, and he went out to the kitchen, his annoyance all gone. "Muriel," he said, "have you any chickens?"

"No."

"Very well, I'll go out and buy one. It seems to me that a chicken is a very small thing to deny a child, when there might be something very significant about her asking for one."

"It probably means she'll grow up to murder a man named Rooster," Muriel said indifferently.

Homer drove into Main Road and stopped in front of the five and ten cent store. A clerk nodded pleasantly to him as they entered and then bent over and took Eunice's hand. "Well, now," he said cordially, "I'll bet the little lady wants a plaything 'is nice day—"

"I beg your pardon," Homer said stiffly, "but the child knows English." The clerk straightened up. "What?" he asked, staring blankly.

"I said it's not necessary to resort to that form of discourse. She'll be able to grasp normal pronunciation."

The man's mouth opened, but he said nothing, though thereafter he addressed them both in a manner that was cold, aloof and formal, enunciating his words with frigid precision.

"I wanna ticken," Eunice said.

"A chicken," Homer interpreted.

"I comprehend ticken," the clerk said. "If you will follow me," and he led them to a counter piled with stuffed chickens and rabbits and ducks. Eunice looked at them and her face fell.

"A live ticken, Unca Homer—I wanna live ticken. I don' wanna ole dead ticken—I wanna live ticken."

"A live chicken!" He looked at her in some dismay.

"A biddy, Unca Homer, a biddy."

"A what?"

"In the vernacular of a child," the clerk informed him with great politeness, "a biddy is one of a brood of recently hatched chickens."

"I understand baby talk as well as you do," Homer said. "I just didn't catch what she said."

"I thought perhaps you hadn't understood."

"I think perhaps you'd like a rap in the chin," Homer said furiously, and taking Eunice's hand, he led her out to the car. Don't cry, dear," he said savagely as he put her in. "Uncle Homer will get you a biddy."

He didn't know, though, where he might get one until he'd driven around several blocks aimlessly. It was the

first time, in fact, this precise problem had faced him, but presently he reasoned that one of the farms on the North Shore Road should be able to provide a small chicken, and he headed in that direction. Twenty minutes later he was addressing a large soiled man who appeared completely indifferent about all of life.

"How many?" he asked.

"One."

"One!" Apparently the farmer had never seen so abnormal a man as one who wanted only one small chicken. "It's for my niece," Homer explained apologetically.

"I don't care," the man admitted, lapsing into his original state of world-weariness.

Homer carried the tiny yellow ball of fluff back to the car, and Eunice, her face and eyes alight with that maternal glow which apparently lives in little girls from birth, took it tenderly in her arms and smoothed its neck gently.

He turned the car back toward home, and out of the corner of his eye he could see, a soft yellow spot against the neat pink frock and a bare knee, the chicken, drawn into a hunched ball, its eyes closed in peace and comfort, and could hear, against the motor's purr, the child's low, sweet murmur. It made him sadly happy.

"Unca Homer."

"Yes, dear."

"T' ticken's cole."

He put out his hand and drew the car to a halt. "Then we'd better wrap it in this robe," he said when they'd stopped and felt the biddy, "and put it between us, to keep it warm." He folded it gently. "And you must keep your hand on it, because your hand's warm and that will make the biddy warm."

When they turned into the driveway presently, Eunice got out with the roll of robe in her arms and carried it into the house through the front door. Homer put the car in the garage.

When he came in the room Eunice was on the floor in front of the fire which Muriel had lighted, and Muriel herself, a faint smile, half of resignation, on her face, stood watching the child fumble with the bulky bundle. Then she got the right corner, and the robe lay stretched out on the floor. In the middle lay a yellow ball, as silent and motionless as death. Eunice leaned forward, suddenly frightened, and touched it, and her hand leaped back.

[Continued on page 120]

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GOOD OLD UNCLE HOMER

[Continued from page 119]

"It's dead!"

It was a sharp, heart-rending wail, and Homer caught his breath. For a second he saw only her face, a tiny child's face wrinkled in anguish as she looked around to him, to Muriel, for help, for someone to relieve somehow this stab of pain, as older ones had always relieved her pain, and then he stepped forward.

"No, no—"

"It's dead, Unca Homer, it's dead!"

"No, dear, it's just cold. We'll warm it—"

"No, it's dead, it's dead!"

She scrambled blindly to her feet, fists clinched in her eyes, and stumbled toward her aunt. Homer, all at once panic-stricken, reached for her, but it was a woman she wanted, and Muriel lifted and cradled her in her arms, pressing her tear-stained face against her breast.

"Wait! Wait, I say." Homer looked about wildly, grabbed up the dead chicken, and then to his sister's horror apparently prepared to hurl himself head foremost into the fire. Dropped to his knees and on one hand, he thrust his nose almost into the flames and began waving the chicken excitedly in the greatest heat.

"Look, Eunice, look! Look, I say! Uncle Homer's warming the chicken!"

"Homer!"

"Look, Eunice! Look at Uncle Homer! See Uncle Homer warm the chicken."

Eunice raised her head and watched him with reddened eyes that were all but hopeless.

"See, Eunice, see? See Uncle Homer? Don't cry, now; just watch Uncle Homer warm the chicken. He's getting it all—ouch!" He jerked his hand out of a darting flame, and then Muriel spoke to him firmly.

"Get up, Homer, you with your profanity in front of a child. You look like a fool, sticking your head in the fire like that. Get up before you are burned alive."

Eunice, suffering no apprehensions for her glowing uncle, but disappointed in what results she could see in the chicken, began to cry again, in little whimpers, and Muriel, with a last curt look at her brother, carried her out of the room.

His face flushed and burning from the heat, Homer got up slowly and studied the chicken. There could be no further doubt that it was dead. Then, absently, he dropped it into his pocket and gazed about the room. From beyond the door he could hear Muriel and the child. For a few minutes he idled about, quite at a loss, and then, hopefully, he picked up the volume of Schloegl and sat down to seek comfort or aid or guidance there. Soon there was silence in the dining room and he knew Eunice had been taken to bed. He drew a quick sigh of relief.

EUNICE woke the next morning with that enviable freshness denied anyone over ten. She sat perfectly still, gazing out of the window at the fluttering leaves of an oak, and then she became conscious of a discussion somewhere beyond her door.

"Muriel," she heard her Uncle Homer say gravely, "let us face facts squarely."

"Oh," Muriel recollected; "The impact on the delicately adjusted child mind."

Eunice listened further. She neither understood nor cared what they were saying, but it was always a treat to eavesdrop on older people, for there

was no telling when they might say something she shouldn't hear.

"I know only this," he insisted; "A child's subconscious is a far, far too valuable thing for you or I or anybody else to neglect. And this that's happened to Eunice, this chicken's dying, I'm sure would be most profoundly interesting even to Schloegl himself. For in all of his researches—and I don't mind saying that I went to the trouble of running through his book last night to find a similar example—he has not one episode of childhood comparable to it—not one!"

He stopped. From the guest room had risen a long wail, Eunice's customary manner of announcing her awakening. The mention of the chicken, which had made her little mouth curl unhappily at the recollection of her pet's death, had likewise suggested to her that this abstract interest in her might just as well be diverted into more personal channels. There was certainly nothing else worth hearing in the conversation.

"Unca Homer," the call came from the guest room, "is my baby ticken still dead?"

Muriel looked at him with a firm humor. "My boy," she said, "go right ahead and distract." She waved one hand eloquently. "The privilege of distracting is all yours."

Eunice looked up with an expression of hope in her eyes when he entered the room. For his part, though, there was naught but brisk happiness and health in his face, and an air of keen vitality and hearty goodwill about him. He was wearing, he felt, his most contagious personality.

"Ah, Eunice," he greeted her, "a splendid day, dear, a splendid day. As clear as crystal with only the slightest suggestion of a light haze in the east. A perfect October—"

"Did you make my ticken well, Unca Homer?"

"Why, no, dear—but as I was saying, if it weren't for that slight haze on the eastern horizon—"

"My ticken's all dead?"

"Oh, yes, indeed, dear." He endeavored to convey the idea that it was just one of life's silly little pranks. "It's really a perfect October day—wait a minute, Eunice. Don't cry, dear. Wait just a minute. Wait—"

"What is it, Homer?" Muriel called.

"Wait! Hush! That is, hush—wait, Eunice! Wait, dear. Hush, Muriel. Wait—" He looked around for something to give to her. There was a cigarette lighter on the bureau, with no benzine in it. "Here, dear," he said, thrusting it into her hands. "See what a pretty cigarette lighter Uncle Homer has given you. See? See?"

Her tears dried instantly. "Mine to keep?"

"Why—er—yes, dear."

She gazed at it in awe, holding her breath, and turned it over and over. It was beautiful, perfectly beautiful: in fact, she could not see that the chicken, the poor dead chicken, had had any advantage whatever over this delightful shining gift. When she looked up, Homer was edging out of the room, and her eyes remained thoughtfully on the door. . . . What was all this, anyway?

Eunice ate her breakfast reflectively. There was something behind this; what it was she could not decide. All she was sure of was, she'd started to cry over the chicken, the poor dead chicken, and this much nicer gift had been handed to her. The man, of course, was soft, inexperienced. But

[Continued on page 123]

This Beauty Ruled with a Queen's Power



Courtesy of Medici Society of America, Boston...New York

Observe the exquisite texture of Marquise de Pompadour's skin! The beauty of her face, neck, hands, arms! Boucher has painted her in splendid silks, with ribbands and a gay corsage of flowers. But it is the flesh which is the outstanding note of loveliness in this painting. (In the National Gallery of Scotland, Edinburgh.)

Her lovely face brought her the adulation of princes and poets; the permanent devotion of that notoriously unfaithful King—Louis Fifteenth.....

BORN plain Jeanne Antoinette Poisson, at twenty she had married the wealthy Le Normant d'Étioles, and the elegance of their Paris home was the talk of the boulevards.

Her guardian had early seen in her such beauty and wit that he believed her "marked for some uncommon destiny", and he had her educated accordingly.

So it is not surprising that great poets—like Voltaire; great artists—like Boucher and Greuze, were seen at her soirées, and that Mme. de Mailly—the King's favorite—tried to keep the King from meeting "la petite Étioles".

Only after de Mailly's death did Louis XV see Jeanne at a ball. She was 23, and radiantly beautiful.

In a year, she was installed at Versailles as "maîtresse en titre", and the King bought for her the estate of Pompadour, from which she took her title.

Soon, the exquisite Marchioness was the power at Versailles, the patron of arts and letters. With her rested complete command of the political situation; she corresponded regularly with the generals in the field; no one obtained office except through her, and she prepared all business for the King's eye.

While others had pleased Louis XV for a day or a week, Pompadour held his interest 'til the day of her death—so great was her wisdom and charm.



Louis XV suffered greatly from boredom, so the brilliant and beautiful Pompadour delighted in disguising herself for his amusement. She would appear as a modest shepherdess, or a dashing suttler. It charmed the royal heart to sit at her dressing table and watch her.

If Beauty was power in Pompadour's day—when costumes were so elaborate, hairdressing so ornate—how much more essential to loveliness is a beautiful skin—in this day of simple clothes!

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Second—*Nourish the Skin*—use Melba Tissue Cream. Pat it into your skin. Beat a rapid tattoo with light, firm fingers, lifting, lifting the muscles. Give special care to the corners of your eyes and mouth. Blood comes tumbling, tingling, dancing into your face; nourishing sunken tissues!

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OF course, keep your teeth clean and gleaming white, but take care of your gums, too. For there's an insidious foe waiting patiently for an opportunity to launch its attack against the gums. It is the disease of neglect—*Pyorrhea*.

Unaware of the fact that this foe ignores the teeth and attacks the gums, and perhaps a bit careless, 4 persons out of 5 after forty, and thousands younger (many dental clinics say the percentage is higher) sacrifice precious health. *Pyorrhea* takes its toll. Its poisons sweep through the system ravaging beauty and youth, and often causing a host of serious diseases.

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These odds are unfair. For it is now a simple matter to keep teeth clean and white and at the same time help gums to resist *Pyorrhea*. Have your dentist examine teeth and gums thoroughly once every six months, and start brushing them with Forhan's today.

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Forhan's for the Gums is far more than an ordinary tooth paste. While it cleans teeth white and removes acids which cause decay, it also helps to firm gums and keep them healthy. As you know, *Pyorrhea* seldom attacks healthy gums.

The formula of R. J. Forhan, D. D. S., this dentifrice is compounded with Forhan's *Pyorrhea* Astringent used by dentists in treating the gums. That's why it is so effective.

Get a Tube Today

Rather than invite trouble by waiting until gums bleed and recede from teeth, until teeth loosen in their sockets, get a tube of Forhan's from your druggist today. Start using it every morning and every night. Teach your children this habit, too. For it is economical health insurance. At all druggists in tubes, 35c and 60c. Forhan Company, New York.

*teeth are only
as healthy as
the gums...*

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The only way to keep gums firm, sound and healthy is to massage them daily. Forhan's for the Gums is designed for gum massaging. Make this 10 day test. Morning and night, before brushing your teeth with Forhan's, exercise your gums, closely following the directions in the booklet that comes with each tube... See how much better they look and feel!

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The tremendous success of Forhan's Antiseptic Refreshant proves that more and more people are realizing the importance of the correct practice of oral hygiene. Every morning and every night they use this Antiseptic Refreshant as a mouthwash. It is powerful, refreshing and safe. It protects mouth, nose and throat from infection and keeps breath sweet. Try it. 35c and 60c in bottles.

Forhan's for the gums

YOUR TEETH ARE ONLY AS HEALTHY AS YOUR GUMS

GOOD OLD UNCLE HOMER

[Continued from page 120]

there must be some explanation for this extraordinary maneuver, which certainly would never have been her mother's. It was much better.

When at length she finished and reached the porch, she had but one conclusion to go on, and that was that she owed it to herself to test this mention of the poor dead chicken again, to make sure that it was the key to the situation. Homer smiled at her amiably.

"Have a good breakfast, dear?"

She put one fist in an eye. "Poor baby ticken couldn't have no bweak-fast," she started to sob.

He dropped his paper like a flash. "Wait a minute, dear. Just a minute, Eunice, don't cry. What?"—he paused dramatically—"What would you say to taking a ride?"

She looked up happily. "In the car?" she asked.

"Yes!"

He ran in to get his hat, and she looked complacently at a robin on the lawn. So it was mention of the dead chicken! When he drove the car out of the garage, she found that Muriel was also in it, which annoyed her vaguely. All she wanted at present was Uncle Homer, and Uncle Homer alone. Now, however, there was nothing to do about it.

Muriel wanted to do her morning shopping. They stopped at a chain grocery store first and he and Eunice walked about while the man waited on Muriel. They didn't stop until she came to a large bag of animal crackers. Then her eyes lighted and she turned away to hide them.

"Uncle Homer," she said innocently, leaning against the box, "you weckon my baby ticken'll get well f'om bein' dead—"

"Ah, Eunice, what lovely animal crackers!" he exclaimed, beaming at the nearest object of potential juvenile interest. "How would you like a little bag of animal crackers?"

"Homer," Muriel interrupted, "She's just had breakfast. They wouldn't set right on her stomach—"

"Nonsense! She'd like a little bagful."

Eunice led him out of the store, crunching elephants and horses and giraffes into her mouth. Cakes was all she wanted in the store, she mused; it might be just as well to carry him along easily. They got into the car and waited for Muriel. She wanted to go next, she said, to the drug store. Then to the butchers', she explained, and there they could leave her; she'd walk home.

In the drug store, waiting for a bottle of citronella to be wrapped, she was not surprised to see Eunice leading her brother through the front door. The child ambled about aimlessly, Homer debonairly behind, and Muriel's mouth set in a straight line. Getting her parcel, she found them in front of the peanut brittle display, a clerk filling a bag.

"I'll walk to the butchers'," she said. "I hope you have your eye-teeth when you get in for lunch."

"What?" he asked in some surprise. "Lunch is at one," she said, and walked out.

Muriel returned to the house, but it was not until one-thirty that the car drove into the yard. Waiting on the side porch, she heard Eunice prattling pleasantly and once or twice Homer's voice, not so pleasant, and then she went into the living room. The child came in first, her arms laden with an enormous doll, an engine from which six cars dangled, a doll bed, a trunk

for doll clothes, a little ironing board, and several things which she could not make out. Homer followed, and his eyes avoided his sister when he said hello. Eunice dropped her trove on the floor and looked triumphantly at her aunt.

"See?" she said.

Homer started for the stair. "Going to wash up," he explained shortly.

Eunice followed him into his room and watched him while he took off his coat and vest. She didn't know what to say; she didn't know what to think. This was a morning without precedent. When he went into the bathroom she looked about casually, just to see if there were anything in this room she wanted; there was no longer any novelty about it; it was just a matter of selecting the article.

It was then that she saw it, a cut-glass bottle in which Homer kept *eau de quinine*, for his hair, which was a little thin. It had been given to him by a girl, the only gift from a girl he had, and the girl was a commonsense girl whom he'd been courting, in a genteel fashion, for several years. It glistened and threw the sun back at the wall, and while it was not as fine a thing as the small ironing board, still she felt she might like it for her collection.

"Uncle Homer," she said when he came back into the room, looking a bit distraught, "tan I have 'at bottle?"

"That!" He looked at her in horror. "I'm sorry, Eunice, but that's very dear to me. I'd give you anything—"

She looked out of the window, her little face squinting with tragic patience. As she looked she thought, and then tears came into her eyes, and she bowed her face into her folded arms.

"Do you fink," she asked with apparent irrelevancy, "my 'ittle baby ticken'll get well f'om bein' dead—"

He looked at her savagely for a second and then walked to the bureau and took the bottle to her.

"You may look at it, Eunice," he said, "but you can't have it—"

"I want it!"

"You can't have it, Eunice—"

Suddenly she was furious, furious in a midget fashion. This was the first refusal, the first rift in the power she had built up this morning. Doll and train and ironing board—and now he declined to give her this. Her tiny face grew red and she glared at him venomously. How dare he—

"I want it!"

"You can't have it—"

He stopped, pale. With a quick, malicious gesture she had thrown the beautiful cut-glass bottle at the radiator, and it lay in ten thousand gleaming fragments on the floor.

"Eunice!"

His cheeks blew up and his eyes bulged, and Eunice aghast at what she'd done, gazed at him in white terror.

"What's the idea!" He paid her the compliment of shouting at her as he would have at a man. He couldn't think, couldn't gauge things; the precepts laid down by the incomparable Schloegl vanished like mist before the heat of a sun. "You—what's the idea! What's the idea. You hear me, what's the idea—"

She had begun to sob, but his heart was now a cold stone. Then he closed his lips tight. Muriel's voice floated up: "What is it now?" He strode across the room and slammed the door with the report like the crash of a cannon.

"Now," he said hoarsely. "Now! Now, you little hyena! Now you're going to get it—you're going to get it now, you—hyena. Come here!"

Recovering her strength and voice

at the same time, she gave a shriek and darted away. He was close behind her, grabbing and muttering incoherently, around the room, behind a big chair, in a corner, where she eluded him by a hair. Then he had her by the arm and with savage satisfaction was carrying her to the chair. Her terrified yells filled the house.

"Yell!" he encouraged her grimly.

"Yell your head off—"

The door opened suddenly and Muriel came in, followed by Myra and Max. In another second Myra had her child in her arms, while Max stood leaning against the wall, shaking his head sadly at his brother-in-law. Homer stood up and blinked at them.

"You brute!" Myra was comforting Eunice with little pats. "What were you going to do—murder her?"

"She had no business breaking that bottle—"

"Just a minute," Max interrupted languidly. "Would someone mind explaining all of this bother to me?"

"She broke that bottle—"

"Boiled down," Muriel interrupted, "our good brother on the left is a student of the rational training of children. How this particular scene fits in, I don't quite know. But this charming child apparently discovered that if she mentioned a baby chicken he gave her, which died yesterday, he was clay in her hands."

"And all those splendid toys downstairs?" Max asked.

"Little trophies," Muriel said. "Just little trophies, that's all."

The two sisters and Max exchanged a patient, understanding look, and Homer turned uncomfortably toward the window. Myra sat down and held Eunice so she could look directly into her eyes.

"Eunice," she said.

"Yes'm."

"Eunice, if ever—"

"He killed my baby ticken—"

"I didn't!" Homer exclaimed. "I never killed her chicken. If she says I killed her chicken—"

"Wait, Homer. Eunice, it's not Uncle Homer you're talking to now; it's mamma, understand?"

"Yes'm."

"Then listen close," Homer likewise listened. "If ever you bring up the subject of that chicken again, mamma's going to take down your pants and spank you as you've never been spanked before. You understand?"

"Yes'm."

"Very well. Run down stairs and get your hat and coat. We're going home."

She stood up and Eunice obeyed. "That," Myra said to Homer, "is another way of doing it." They went out, and at the door Max turned and saluted Homer gravely. "It's all," he said philosophically, "in a lifetime." Homer did not reply.

He looked at the walls for awhile and then stood at the front window. The Conklins, Eunice, Myra and Max, emerged from the front door. Eunice carried the doll, Myra bore the railroad train and trunk, and in Max's arms were miscellaneous articles.

Homer turned away, suddenly rid of any desire to witness the departure, and Muriel stood at the door, smiling.

"I doubt," she said gently, "that you have succeeded in saving her from any complex."

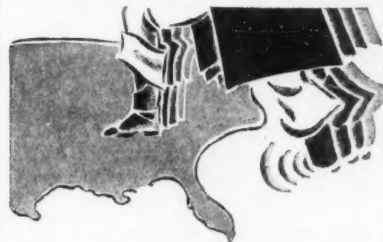
His eyes narrowed. "I trust not," he said firmly, with only a fleeting memory of Schloegl. "I trust that she grows up to commit some crime—and I trust also," he added with quiet hate, as his eyes fell on the bits of glass, "I trust also that they catch her in the act."



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THE FILM OF THE MONTH

[Continued from page 31]

ican city (Chicago, if you must know). It told, in no uncertain terms, of the protection given to bootleggers and other criminals by municipal officials; it described, convincingly, the helpless impotence of the police in their attempt to combat the lawless elements in league with "the men higher up." It was a rugged, emphatic and unassailably honest play—and therefore, we guessed, one that would never be tolerated on the thoroughly non-controversial surface of the screen.

We guessed wrong.

The Racket has been taken over into the movies, and its worthy strength is unimpaired. It still hits out at official corruption, and its blows land with the same force and the same accuracy.

This happy result is due, primarily, to the fact that Bartlett Cormack converted his own manuscript into scenario form, and took the trouble to be on

hand in the studio while the picture was being made. Furthermore, the direction of the picture was entrusted to Lewis Milestone, who has been coming ahead in Hollywood at a remarkably rapid rate. Finally, *The Racket* is played by a superb cast, with notable performances by Thomas Meighan, Louis Wolheim and Marie Prevost.

You may not relish the unmistakable implications of *The Racket*; you may feel that "such things are bad enough in real life, without having to drag them out in the theater."

But if the theater must always be discreetly reluctant to speak out its mind, on any subject whatever, then the theater has no particular excuse for its existence. After all, Mr. Shakespeare himself was not afraid to hold the mirror up to nature, and the reflection that he achieved wasn't always so complimentary, either.

THE BOOK CORNER

[Continued from page 32]

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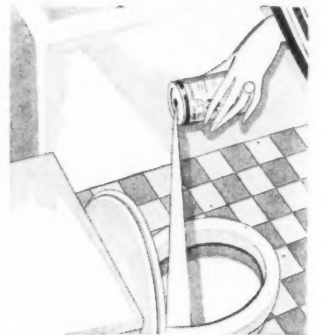
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5206	2-825	5389	2-830	5458	12-2045	5478	14-18, 36-46	..45
5207	14-18, 36-42	..45	5390	2-830	5459	4-1435	5479	14-18, 36-42	..50
5208	14-18, 36-42	..45	5400	4-1430	5460	4-1435	5480	14-18, 36-42	..45
5209	14-18, 36-46	..45	5406	14-18, 36-42	..50	5461	14-18, 36-42	..65	5481	14-18, 36-46	..45
5210	14-18, 36-46	..45	5434	14-16, 36-42	..45	5462	14-18, 36-42	..50	5482	14-18, 36-42	..45
5211	14-18, 36-42	..45	5444	14-18, 36-42	..45	5463	14-18, 36-46	..65	5483	14-18, 36-46	..45
5212	14-18, 36-42	..45	5445	14-18, 36-42	..45	5465	6 mo. 1-4	..25	5484	14-18, 36-42	..45
5213	14-18, 36-42	..50	5446	14-18, 36-42	..50	5466	4-1435	5485	14-16, 36-42	..45
5214	2-830	5447	14-18, 36-42	..50	5467	1-1035	5486	14-18, 36-42	..45
5228	2-1030	5448	14-18, 36-42	..65	5468	4-1435	5487	14-18, 36-42	..45
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1519	Yel. or Blue	25	1603	One Size	..45	1610	Yellow35	1680	Yellow35
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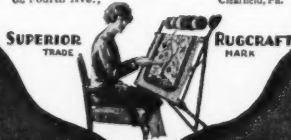
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THE STAR LADY

[Continued from page 27]

out of work in the war aftermath that we were beset with applicants.

I had seen several applicants for Laurie, but had not liked any of them when Mr. Holles' secretary opened the office door and announced:

"Mr. Anthony Holles." Into the room strode a slender, handsome lad who began talking as he entered.

"Miss Bonstelle," he said, "I have come to apply for the part of Laurie."

Mr. Holles, Senior, rose.

"Miss Bonstelle," he said, "I must apologize. This is my son and he has disobeyed me. I told him not to apply."

"Well," said young Anthony in hot anger, "I don't think you're fair! I told mother and she said to apply if I wanted to. If this was anywhere else I would apply. I want the part."

I was fascinated by this ardent, fiery, enthusiastic Laurie.

"Let me try him out," I suggested to his father.

At the tryout he played remarkably well and we engaged him for what was to be his first London appearance. He made a great hit as Laurie, although at rehearsals his English accent was hard on American ears.

After Tony's Laurie he played in the London production of *The Ruined Lady* and then toured in several productions. When he was in Australia he met Robert Adams, who had been our Laurie in our western company.

"What's your favorite rôle?" asked Tony.

"Laurie in *Little Women*," replied Bobbie Adams.

"What!" exclaimed Tony. "Why, that's mine. Where'd you play it?" And out there in Australia the two Lauries happily reminisced over their Laurie adventures.

NOW for *Little Women* in England.

I was the producer; William B. Holles and Norman B. Norman were the managers. We, cast and I, left for Manchester where we were to open and where the house had been sold out. Our scenery, due to a railroad strike, was being sent out by motor lorries. We arrived and made ready for the opening, but no scenery came. We dismissed the first night's house, waited all the second day and dismissed that house.

At six-thirty with a third house filling, there was a wild flurry at the door. The scenery had come. I flew about and helped unpack. We had barely started when it was seven, time for the curtain to rise in every city in England save London. I was in an agony of doubt as to what to do.

"You go on out and tell 'em about it," advised the manager. There was a chorus of assent. I looked at my dusty serge suit and soiled hands. But I knew that the English are good sportsmen; so all disheveled as I was I went out in front and explained. If the audience cared to wait, we would unpack the scenery and be ready in two hours. If not we would refund the ticket money and open on the night following.

"Which will you do?" I demanded, "go, or stay and wait?"

There was a perfect roar of "Stay! Wait!" And I ran behind the curtain and got to work. One of those miracles happened which can happen when human beings work together with a single mind set upon one result. The curtain was scheduled to rise at seven. We had promised that it should go up at nine. At eight I pushed the button and heard the opening line:

"Christmas won't be Christmas—"

It was cut short by a perfect pandemonium of applause. The audience, prepared for a two hours' wait, and realizing that it had but one, gave us our due.

From Manchester we proceeded to London where we had a three months' run. Katherine had been received whole heartedly and with acclaim. Among the play goers was Alan Pollock, the actor, who had been almost shot to pieces during the War. I asked him to play Grandfather Lawrence just to rouse some interest in life within him, but he refused.

"I can't seem to get myself together," he said as we parted. I could not stay for the run. Mr. Brady had cabled me to come and put on a new production so I left Katherine to her triumph. She returned to me the next summer in stock. Guthrie McClintic was stage director for me that summer and played various parts. I must confess that I never scented a romance. It went on right under my nose, and until the very end I had no idea that either of the two was seriously interested in the other. The next season we tried out *The Triumph of X*, with Frank Morgan who was my leading man, in the star part. It was scheduled for Broadway production with Frank and Katherine. But in England, Alan Pollock had got himself together and had secured the American rights to *A Bill of Divorcement*. He declared, "There is only one girl in America for this part, the girl who played Jo in *Little Women*." They cabled Katherine from England and she sought my advice.

"Take Mr. Pollock's offer," I urged. "The other play is new and is a gamble." She accepted the part and you know the rest.

WHAT a lot of territory we have covered with Katherine Cornell, and how hard it is to leave her! But I want to tell you about our career in Canada. I worked three winters in Canada, and like all stage folk, I have a genuine love for the Canadian people. There is no more appreciative audience in the world and I do like their habit of honoring us by appearing in evening dress. One summer I interviewed an applicant for a position in my touring company, a dark-haired girl, who said she had three years' experience in stock and had played with Sothern and Marlowe. Her name was Ivah Wills. Our first play, *Madame Sans Gêne*, went pretty well, but when she began rehearsing our second, in which she was to play a French society woman, she fell down completely, laid her head on my shoulder and bawled. "I can't. I can't." She went on sobbing a confession that her "experience" consisted mainly of supeing with Sothern and Marlowe. We were a long way from New York and we had paid her car-fare to Canada and we couldn't afford to pay it back. So she stayed and worked hard and developed a charming personality. You know her as Ivah Wills Coburn of *The Better 'Ole*, *The Farmer's Wife* and *The Yellow Jacket*.

When we were playing in Halifax, we received a call from the proprietor of a drug store in a small town some miles distant.

"If you will play *Madame Sans Gêne* in our town I will personally guarantee the house," he said. "Our people haven't had a good play in years and they are very appreciative."

We thought that sounded well and agreed to accept his guaranty. We ar-

[Continued on page 126]

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rived at the town, went to the hotel and asked, "Where is the theater?"

"They-a-tur?" repeated the proprietor. "Haw, haw, 'we ain't got no oprey house."

"Well where?" I demanded, "do you have shows?"

"Shows. Well, we ain't had none in consid'ble time. You might try Smith's loft, second corner down street."

At the top of a huge warehouse we found a big room with a tiny stage just the height of our trunks. There was no scenery save a remarkable back drop. Turkey red calico held on strings formed wings. There was an antique roll curtain. No dressing rooms. The only electric bulb flamed from the center of the stage on the rear wall. Oil lamps with reflectors were footlights. An old fashioned round stove glowed red in the center of the room and a tea kettle sang on its top. The seats were wooden kitchen chairs with two rows of backless benches as gallery. I burst out suddenly, "My heavens, we can't play, we can't!"

Our guarantor had arrived and he protested: "Oh, now, Miss Bonstelle, don't say that. The house is sold out. And the people who are coming are wonderful people. I give you my word you will never play to a finer audience."

"All right," I decided, "we will go through with it."

We hastily revised our entrances, for with no place to dress but the wings, all the ladies of the company had to enter from one side and all the men from the other. An energetic young man who played by ear seated at a piano with a mandolin attachment began to grind out rag time as I battled with turkey red calico and hooked myself into my gown with my teeth set.

The squeaking curtain rose and we got our first view of the "finest." Mercifully there was a round of applause, for I and the other actors were almost petrified. In every one of those wooden chairs and on the benches sat a man or woman in full evening dress. Diamonds glittered, pearls shone, beautifully coiffed heads bowed over the programs. It might have been New York and the Metropolitan Opera House. We played well that night. Such an audience, so keen to every inflection! We had moved the footlights out on our trunks which we had placed in a row in front of the stage so as to get every inch of space possible and once my train swished out and put out a lamp. A gentleman, tailored of London, rose, quietly lit the lamp and with no disturbance of the audience we proceeded. In my heart as in the heart of every actor there, something was singing. We realized again that sans scenery, sans space, sans almost everything, "The play's the thing."

FROM Canada to Northampton, Massachusetts. This venture was of importance not from a commercial point of view, but because the Northampton Theater was a *Municipal* theater; it was my first approach to a plan I had held for years, and which now in the Bonstelle Playhouse, in Detroit, has come true. In Northampton we worked at an ideal. One of the results I saw last week as I went over a memory list of the boys and girls who worked there with me. We could pay but little; the work was hard, but the very nature of the theater drew to it actors of fine character and caliber and many of them are now well known. William Pringle, David Powell and William Powell, Robert Ames,

THE STAR LADY

[Continued from page 125]

James Rennie, Frances Goodrich, Gertrude Workman, Flora Sheffield, Mary Morris, Malcolm Fassett, Adams Rice, Charles Coburn, Calvin Thomas and others.

Getting actors to come on the small salaries we had to pay them meant hard work. On one scouting trip we found James Rennie. He was working in a cheap stock company in a tiny theater out in Brooklyn. The play was George Cohan's *Broadway Jones*. I sat there attentive but bored until there came on the stage a boy with a personality that fairly leaped over the footlights. You loved him at once; you loved that hoarse odd Irish voice, the way his hair grew at the temples, his dark eyes shining like diamonds. That night I engaged Jimmie and he played with me for two years.



We took a certain risk. We placed this handsome boy of whom we knew nothing in the Northampton Theater where two or three hundred college girls went mad over him, sent him notes, besieged him for autographs, asked him everywhere, waited at the stage door for him. It was a test for any lad, but Jimmie came through. He never caused me a moment's anxiety. He has a level head and a fine set of principles, has Jimmie Rennie and no one knows that better than I.

At the Washington Square Players I picked up Mary Morris, a tall, dark-haired girl with splendid ability. After a year with us she played with The Provincetown Players and won great success in their revival of *Fashion*. You may have seen her in Eugene O'Neill's *Desire Under the Elms*.

Robert Ames is one of those fortunate persons blessed with perennial youth. He was extremely young when he came to Northampton, a bubbling, cheeky kid. Back of his sharp eyes is a clever and able mind. Bobby is an enthusiastic student. He seems devil-may-care, but he buckles to his work and does it well. He made his big hit on Broadway in Owen Davis' Pulitzer Prize Play, *Icebound* and he has added laurels every year.

William Pringle is one of those actors who do not go by rule. He started with an opera company, for he has a fine voice. But he drifted to drama and he was with me on and off for almost ten years. He stayed because he had to stick where safety was. He had responsibilities and there were many years of illness in his family. Stock meant a regular income without the gamble of whether a play would be a success. At last, happily, everyone got well.

"Now see here, Billy," I said, "this is your time. Don't stick any longer. Gamble a bit. Get out and use that fine voice of yours." He took my advice and landed a job with J. J. Shubert and has been with him ever since. He has sung in Winter Garden Shows, in *The Princess Flavia* and last season in *My Maryland*. He deserves every bit of the success he has found, both as an actor and as a man.

Flora Sheffield was one of the little girls Winthrop Ames trained for his production of Maeterlinck's *The Betrothal*. Ames interested me in the group, and five of the girls, Flora Sheffield, Sylvia Field, Marguerite Maxwell, Winifred Lenihan and May Collins, came to me at different times. All of them were lovely and had great potential ability. Flora's greatest handicap was her consciousness of her youth. She wanted to be older, terribly older. We had a try-out of *Good Morning Rosamund* by Constance Skinner, that year, and I put Flora in as a sixteen year old girl. Flora was just a year older but she was so grown up we dubbed her *Old Lady 31*.

Winifred Lenihan came to me for summer work at Detroit and Buffalo. I asked her what experience she had besides *The Betrothal*. Someone had told her to exaggerate and she said hastily, "Four or five years on the Western Coast." She was then not eighteen so I knew it was a fib and also that Winifred was a poor one at it. I was right. A more sincere, honest girl never lived. After we had worked together two weeks she came and confessed her falsehood and said that *The Betrothal* had been her first part.

"But I knew," I assured her.

If Winifred has a fault it is that she is too intelligent and lets her audience see it.

When I saw her in the rôle of *Saint Joan* in the Theater Guild production of that great play by Bernard Shaw, I felt that she was successfully combating the expression of her unusual intelligence. Her Joan was a girl of vigor and charm and of spiritual quality. The intelligence was secondary. In *Nerves* it seemed to me that her intelligence blocked her charm. We talked it over and when she opened in Philip Barry's *White Wings*, the first thing she said when she greeted me after the performance was,

"Well, Bonnie, which predominated, intelligence or charm?"

"Charm," I replied, "all through. I think you've found the way, Winifred."

May Collins came to me in Buffalo for summer stock. She made a lovely ingenue. May is all kinds of a girl. She is a good outdoor girl who swims and drives and glories in sport and she is also an excellent student. She went from me to a Shubert engagement with Mary Young as star and after that played for a time in motion pictures. Last summer she returned to me at the Bonstelle Playhouse as guest star, playing four weeks with Robert Warwick. Marguerite Maxwell is lost, at least temporarily, to the stage. After she had worked with me for two summers she made an instant hit in John Cromwell's production *East Side West Side*. At the end of the season she went abroad to study, met a charming young man, married, and left us. The fifth girl, Sylvia Field, has a story which I will tell later in this narrative, as it is one which involves many other people. And I have been waiting a long time to say a word about John Cromwell. John, yes, maybe you have guessed it, was one of us in *Little Women* and played John Brooke in the New York production. He had been Mr. Brady's stage manager and when we went on tour he remained with Mr. Brady, rose to director and is now an independent producer.

A great deal of our fun at Northampton came because of our relation to the people of the town. It was their theater so everybody wanted to help. When

[Continued on page 147]



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Winter Afternoon Fashions Become More Formal

THE fashions of the past few months have seemed formal and elaborate partly because they contrasted to the simpler styles that preceded them. But the new gowns are going to seem more formal still, because Paris is taking several further steps in that direction. The latest showings make a feature of afternoon frocks revealing the maximum amount of daytime elaboration, soft flattering lines interpreted in the new fabrics.

No. 5479. Pointed flaring panels give a smart uneven hemline, and the hip-line is made slender below a bloused bodice by means of a deep pointed yoke. Size 36, $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards 40-inch material or $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards 54-inch.

No. 5471. A circular flounce mounts in the front to the waistline, finished with an appliqué design of the material and a bow. Size 36, waist, $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 40-inch material; contrasting, $1\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 40-inch.

No. 5488. The flaring flounce that lengthens a one-piece frock wraps over upper part to form a one-sided peplum effect. Size 36, $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards 36-inch material; flounce, cuffs and bands, $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards 36-inch.

No. 5486. Interesting new lines appear in a frock that is bloused in the back, straight on one side and on the other has a flaring two-tiered effect. Size 36, 4 yards 36-inch or $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards 54-inch.

THE POSITION OF THE WAISTLINE



The Position of Waistlines Remains A Smart Problem



THERE is no answer to the question, "Where does Paris place waistlines?" In some frocks the waist is high, in others medium; in others low; in some it is hard to locate the waist at all. In each model the problem is solved individually, nearly always in a way that keeps the hips slender and flat. Wide swathed girdles, jacket effects, irregular waistline or slender straight frocks with a sash suggest the waistline position.



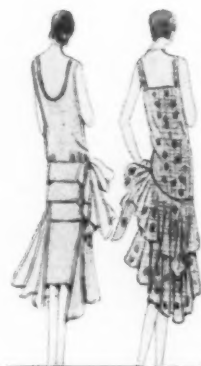
No. 5489. A flaring wrap-around skirt with a dipping panel at the side is joined to the frock in an irregular line, raised to a higher waistline in front. Size 36 requires 4 $\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 40-inch velvet.

No. 5481. Short jacket lines are suggested in the cut of a one-piece frock, shirred in the front to indicate the position of the waist at the normal line. Size 36 requires 3 $\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 36-inch material.

No. 5475. The very wide swathed girdle that wraps around the figure gives a slender hipline between a bloused bodice and a two-tiered flaring skirt. Size 36 requires 6 $\frac{3}{4}$ yards 32-inch or 5 yards of 40-inch.

No. 5473. Straight slender lines are softened by a flare that dips to a point at the side, and a side sash that indicates the waistline. Size 36, 3 $\frac{1}{2}$ yards 40-inch material; jabot, $\frac{3}{8}$ yard 10-inch.

LE TECHNIQUE DE PARIS



French Frocks Introduce New Ways of Making Hemlines Uneven

WHEN dipping hemlines first became the rule, invariably they meant a hemline cut in a gradually sloping line, usually high in the front and low in the back. But in the new Paris imports, illustrated on this page, hemlines show a refreshing quality of the unexpected. A hem may be high on one side and low on the other, it may flare and dip on both sides, or in its newest version, a straight, even hemline suddenly dips to unexpected lengths by means of panels.



No. 5462. A slender hipline is accented by three deep tucks finished with bows at the side. Flaring panels make the hemline uneven. Size 36 requires 4 yards of 40-inch material.

No. 5457. Two circular flounces, dipping to a point at the side, mount on the left side to the hipline where sash ends tie in a bow. Size 36 requires 4 1/4 yards of 40-inch material.

No. 5461. Flaring side panels give a graceful silhouette to a dance frock. The shoulder strap finished with three roses is a Paris detail. Size 36 requires 2 1/4 yards of 54-inch material.

No. 5463. An effect of soft fullness subtly combined with slender lines is lent by shaped panels that dip below the hemline front and back. Size 36 requires 4 yards of 40-inch material.

L'ECHO DE PARIS



Paris Approves Youthful Flares and Lignified Draperies

IN the new evening gowns just arriving from Paris, dignity and formality are often expressed by slender silhouettes and clever draperies, while youth and motion are interpreted in various versions of the flare. An evening gown that will be one of the successes of the season has a flaring skirt; also a separate flaring jacket that makes it serve the purpose of two evening frocks, a formal one and an informal one, according to whether the jacket is left off or worn.



No. 5453. Side panels, cut to give a slender effect at the hips and to flare at the hem, are attached in a pointed line. Size 16 requires $3\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 40-inch material.

No. 5461. A slender frock with a flaring dipping hemline is accompanied by a flaring short sleeved jacket. Size 36 requires 5 yards of 36-inch lace, contrasting, $\frac{1}{2}$ yard of 40-inch material.

No. 5458. A bouffant skirt that dips in long points is combined with a fitted bodice finished with a handkerchief collar. Size 16 requires $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 36-inch material; collar, $\frac{7}{8}$ yard of 40-inch.

No. 5474. A side drape falling in a long point below the hem is a new fashion feature of a formal evening gown. Size 36 requires 3 yards of 36-inch or 40-inch material.

ILIEHP e PARIS



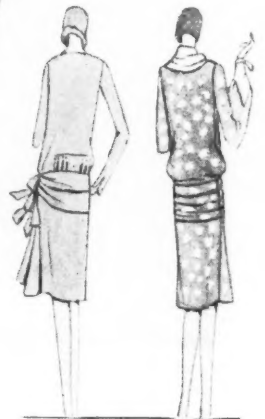
5487



5480



5482



Belts and Girdles Accent Slender Hiplines

THE silhouette shown in almost ninety dresses out of every hundred Paris models is one of softly bloused bodices, skirts with soft fullness, and slender hiplines. Because the hipline is so important in insisting that whatever fluttering the rest of the dress may do, the figure underneath is youthfully slim. Often the chief style interest of a model is concentrated in individual belts and girdles. Three types illustrated here are a narrow belt above a skirt cut flat over the hips and flaring below, a hipline accented by deep tucks, and a wide swathed girdle.

No. 5482. A wide swathed girdle is held in the center front by a buckle, to accent the flare in the center front of the skirt. The novel collar and cuffs are style details. Size 36 requires $3\frac{1}{8}$ yards 40-inch and $\frac{3}{4}$ yard 40-inch.

No. 5480. Horizontal tucks at the hips are a new French feature. In this model they are finished at the side with bows that head a side flare on the skirt. Size 36 requires $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 36-inch material.

No. 5487. A flaring section in the front of the skirt is inserted low enough to ensure the slender hipline; a new tie collar trims the neck. Size 36 requires $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards 40-inch and $\frac{1}{2}$ yard 40-inch contrasting.

ILIEHP
e PARIS



No. 5476. A vestee crosses in front of the bodice under a V which meets the skirt flounce. Size 36, $1\frac{3}{4}$ yards 40-inch for upper dress, $1\frac{3}{4}$ yards 40-inch contrasting, $\frac{3}{4}$ yard 40-inch for vestee.

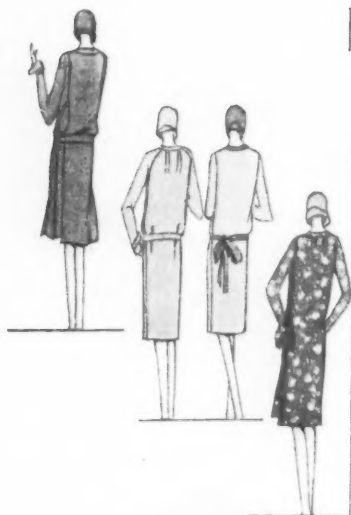
No. 5484. The effect of a flaring skirt with front apron of pointed panels is repeated in the bodice in a neckline with applied bands and finished with a jabot. Size 36, $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards 40-inch, $11\frac{1}{2}$ yards of binding.

No. 5451. A becoming new collar is shaped like a rounded sailor collar in back, edged at the neckline with a standing band. In front, the collar knots with ends in jabot effect. Size 36, $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 40-inch.

Necklines Conform to Elaborate Requirements

THERE are dozens of ways of making skirts as elaborate as Paris likes them to be this season, but when it comes to making bodices elaborate without making them look "trimmed" nearly all the French couturiers adopt individual necklines as a favorite solution of the problem. They have made the discovery that vestees, scarfs, handkerchiefs and jabots not only convert a simple sports frock into a chic costume, but worn under a winter coat, they also provide the requisite note of soft elaboration for every type of frock when the coat is left open.

L'ÉLECTION DE PARIS



5452



5455

5483



5473

Clever Details and Simple Lines Form a Successful Union in Tailored Frocks

THE tailored frocks that Paris wears in the daytime grow more and more slender and straight of line, but the very limitations of such simple silhouettes make clever details all the more essential and interesting. The French frocks that look simplest at first glance, on examination reveal a great deal of style ingenuity in pleated insets, diagonal lines that accent slenderness, and new pockets, sashes and jabots.

No. 5473. A straight line frock with a novel diagonal bodice treatment has a sash at one side to mark the position of the waistline. Size 36, 3 yards of 40-inch; jabot, $\frac{3}{8}$ yard 10-inch.

No. 5483. Curved bands in contrasting color accent the front closing of a practical frock with a group of pleats at the front of the skirt. Size 36, $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 40-inch; contrasting, $\frac{5}{8}$ yard of 40-inch.

No. 5455. Pockets trimmed with overlapping pointed bands and pleated inserts at each side of the skirt. The bodice is softened by a jabot. Size 36 requires $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 40-inch.

No. 5452. A deep V-neckline and a pleated skirt flounce that mounts in front to the waistline give individuality to a tailored frock. Size 36, $4\frac{1}{4}$ yards 40-inch; $\frac{1}{4}$ yard 40-inch for vestee.

LE MOISE DE PARIS



5470

No. 5470. Contrasting materials emphasize the effective lines of a simple frock. Size 36, figured, 2 yards of 40-inch; plain, 1½ yards 40-inch; tassels, ¼ yard 40-inch of each color.

No. 5456. Three pleats are inserted in the skirt. They insure the flat hipline in a smart new frock on tailored lines. Size 36 requires 2½ yards of 54-inch material.

No. 5478. A circular skirt laid in pleats is the newest expression of the vogue for unpressed pleats. The V-neckline is an interesting detail. Size 36 requires 3¾ yards of 40-inch.

No. 5474. An afternoon frock has a graceful skirt draped at the side to fall in a long point below the hemline. Novel cuffs are a smart detail. Size 36 requires 3¾ yards 40-inch.



5456

5478

New Fulness at the Hemline Is Achieved by Pleats or Circular Cut, or by Both Combined

ALL the new frocks have plenty of fulness at the hemline. The strictly tailored models achieve it by pleats, while costumes more formal in character provide the necessary width by means of circular lines. Frocks that refuse to be classified as either strictly tailored or afternoon types show a new treatment, a skirt cut in circular lines, and then laid in pleats at the top and stitched down, to fall in soft folds.



5474

IL FEMME PARIS



New Winter Coats Are Known by Their Becoming Collars

WHAT recommends the new feminine mood of fashion most strongly is its insistence on flattering effects. There have been seasons when to be chic meant coming very near to being hideous; only perfect necks and shoulders, for instance, could wear the narrow-collared or collarless coats that Paris contrasted one year with huge fur cuffs. But fashions flatter, so the newest coats have soft collars, sometimes of fur sometimes of fabric in the form of a scarf.

No. 5485. One of the new three-quarter length evening coats has a collar that forms revers in the front and long scarf ends knotted in the back. Size 36, $4\frac{1}{2}$ yards 36-inch or 4 yards 40-inch.

No. 5472. A coat cut on simple lines is made elaborate by the addition of a decorative collar of fur, and novel cuffs. Size 36 requires $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 54-inch material; contrasting, $\frac{7}{8}$ yard of 54-inch.

No. 5406. Clever cut forms a slight blouse in the back of a slender coat, and the novel collar can be left open or thrown around the neck as a scarf. Size 36 requires $4\frac{1}{4}$ yards 40-inch material.

II. THE PARIS



Clever Lines Give an Air of Simplicity to Elaborate Coats

WHEN Paris first designed elaborate coats to follow the elaborate lines of dresses, whole-hearted acceptance from smart women came slowly. Everyone had grown so used to simple slender lines that any other silhouette seemed a venture. The problem is solved this season by coats that are simple enough in effect for every day, and yet are cut on such clever lines that they are as elaborate as Paris requires, and are yet suitable to be used for the most formal occasions.

No. 5472. A deep shawl collar and wide cuffs trim a coat cut on slender lines and worn wrapped around the figure. Size 36, $3\frac{3}{8}$ yards 40-inch material or $2\frac{7}{8}$ yards 54-inch; lining, $2\frac{1}{8}$ yards 40-inch.

No. 5434. A shallow yoke is cut in one with the sleeves, and a distinctive collar forms a rever on one side and a scarf end on the other. Size 36, $3\frac{1}{4}$ yards 54-inch; contrasting, $\frac{7}{8}$ yard 54-inch.

No. 5444. The back of a new coat is cleverly shaped to flare at the hem, giving the smart new princess lines. Size 36 requires $3\frac{1}{8}$ yards of 54-inch material; contrasting, $\frac{3}{4}$ yard of 54-inch.



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5468
BRISAC

5467
MADELEINE GUERIN

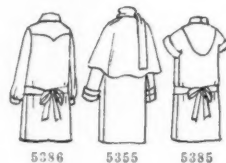
5469
DECRE SPOEURS



5386

5355

5460
PALMIRE VINÇON



No. 5469. Peasant styles inspired a French frock with drop shoulders, loose sleeves, and a skirt with inverted pleats. Size 8, waist, 1½ yards 36-inch material; contrasting, 1½ yards 40-inch; braid, 1¾ yards 1¼-inch.

No. 5460. Applied bands trim the novel neckline and the sides of a frock which has a skirt pleated at the sides. Size 6 requires 1½ yards of 40-inch material; contrasting, ¾ yard of 40-inch.

No. 5467. Paris achieves chic with simple means in a coat which has a belt passing under two tucks in the front. Size 4, 1¾ yards 40-inch; contrasting, ¼ yard 40-inch; lining, 1 yard 40-inch.

No. 5468. A French coat is gathered on to a rounded yoke front and back, finished with a long scarf collar. Size 12 requires 2½ yards of 40-inch material; lining, 2½ yards of 40-inch.

No. 5386. The slender straight silhouette popular in Paris this season is emphasized by pleats from the yoke to the hem. Size 14 requires 2½ yards of 54-inch; collar, ¼ yard 36 or 40-inch.

No. 5355. Smartness and warmth are lent to a new coat cut on slender lines by the addition of a circular cape and a scarf collar. Size 10, 2¾ yards 54-inch material; lining, 2¾ yards 40-inch.

No. 5385. A new rounded collar tying in a knot is a fashion feature of a frock which acquires front fullness by means of inverted pleats. Size 4 requires 2¾ yards 32-inch material or 2¼ yards 40-inch.

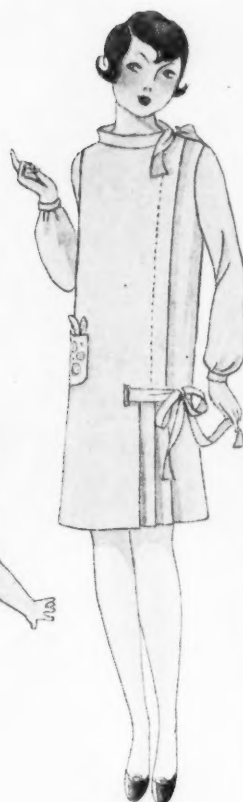
LE "ECHO" DE PARIS



5466
BRISAC

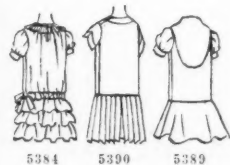


5477
EMBR. 1528



5459
BARIL ET JAUGEON
EMBR. 1350

5490
JENNY BILLIOQUE



No. 5466. Very simple lines are made smart by a button-trimmed side closing, and a belt that passes under the flap of a pocket. Size 12 requires 2 1/4 yards of 36-inch material or 2 yards of 54-inch material.

No. 5477. Pleats trim the front of a school frock cut on practical lines with raglan sleeves. Size 6, 1 1/4 yards 40-inch; collar, 1/4 yard 40-inch. A smart decoration would be Embroidery No. 1528 in appliqué.

No. 5490. Paris makes flaring flounces and a bertha collar as attractive for little girls as for grown-up fashions. Size 2 requires 1 1/2 yards of 36-inch or 40-inch material; ribbon tie requires 7/8 yard of 1 1/2-inch.

No. 5459. One sided effects are emphasized in a frock which has bows and pleats on one side and pocket on the other. Size 10, 2 1/4 yards 40-inch. Buttonhole-stitch motifs on pocket. Embroidery No. 1350, would add color.



5390



5384



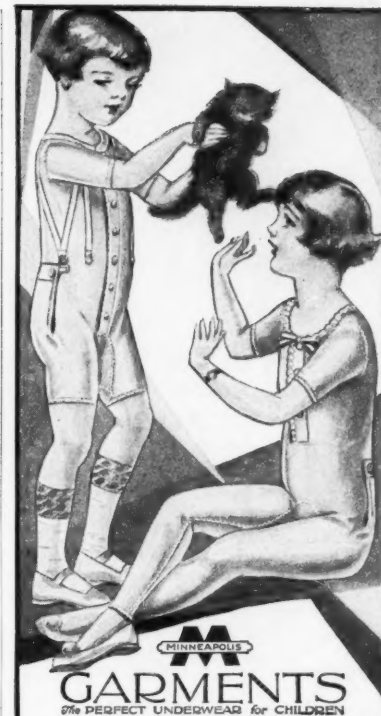
5389

No. 5390. A frock which makes decorative use of contrasting fabrics has a short skirt pleated all round. Size 8, waist, 7/8 yard 32-inch; contrasting, 1 1/4 yards 32-inch or 1 1/8 yards 40-inch.

No. 5384. Three frills form the skirt of a short sleeved party frock, and another frill trims the round neckline. Size 4 requires 3 1/4 yards 32-inch material or 2 3/4 yards 40-inch; pleating, 5/8 yard 1 1/2 inch.

No. 5389. A circular skirt, and a deep collar that knots in front are new style details of a short sleeved frock. Size 8 requires 2 1/4 yards of 36-inch material or 2 1/8 yards of 40-inch.

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IL'IEDHD
J. PAIRIS



5303
Emb. No. 1072

5454

5214



5400

5298

Emb. No. 833



No. 5400. Contrasting color appears under the pleats and trims the neck-line, pockets and sash. Size 8, 2 yards 36-inch material; contrasting, 1 yard 32 or 36-inch.

No. 5298. A sailor dress with V-shaped yoke. Size 6, 1½ yards 36-inch for blouse and 1½ yards 36-inch for skirt. Embroidery No. 833 would give the nautical touch.

No. 5154. A blouse is accompanied by smart trousers with shoulder straps in contrasting. Size 2, ¾ yard 36-inch. No. 5211. Plenty of fullness is permitted in a bloomer dress by pleats front and back below a quaintly cut yoke. Size 4, 2½ yards of 36-inch; contrasting, ¼ yard 36-inch.

No. 5303. A practical frock with smart trimming of a monogram-embroidered pocket. Size 6, 1½ yards of 36-inch. Monogram No. 1072 would give a new touch. No. 5257. The closing of a new frock is cut in a novel line suggesting a jacket effect at the side. Size 6, 1½ yards of 36-inch; contrasting, ½ yard 36-inch.

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KISSPROOF, INC., Dept. 2088
3012 Clybourn Ave. Chicago, Illinois

Asthma

FOR fifty years Vapo-Cresolene has been relieving and preventing attacks of bronchial asthma, permitting restful sleep. Let its healing vapors end the terrors of your attacks and bring comfort to you.

Sold by your
druggist **Vapo-Cresolene**

Send for descriptive booklet. VAPO-CRESOLENE CO.
Dept. 1511, 62 Cortlandt Street, New York City

Instant Foot Relief

Keeps Shoes Shapely **Free Trial** Hides Large Joints

Fischer Protector

Gives INSTANT relief to bunions and large joints. Wear in any style shoe—in your regular size—outside or under stocking. Sold for over 20 years by shoe dealers, druggists, and department stores.

Free Trial Offer: Money back if not instantly relieved. Write, giving shoe size and for which foot.

FISCHER MANUFACTURING CO.
425 East Water St., Dept. 60, Milwaukee, Wis.

GO IN BUSINESS START HOME SPARE TIME Men and women earn \$25 to \$100 weekly operating a "New System Specialty Candy Factory." Unlimited opportunity. Complete instruction and tools furnished. Only a few dollars required to begin. Write for big FREE BOOK—tells how.
W. HILLIER RAGSDALE, Drawer 120, East Orange, N. J.

Mince Pie!

Have You Baked One Lately?

Mince Pie is surprisingly easy to make—as thousands of None Such users know.

Prepare your crust by the tested recipe below and entrust it to your oven. Bake it to a crumbly, golden brown and serve. There's no dessert more flavorful—and none more healthful—than None Such Mince Pie.

Have you baked one—lately? If not, phone your grocer today—but make sure he sends you None Such—the favorite of good housekeepers for 40 years.

None Such Pie Crust

Have all ingredients ice cold. 1-2 cups sifted pastry flour; 1-2 teaspoons salt; 1-2 teaspoons baking powder; 1-2 cups shortening; ice water. Method—Sift flour, salt and baking powder into cold bowl, add shortening, cutting thoroughly into flour with two knives. Add enough ice water by tablespoonfuls to bind ingredients lightly. Put paste for upper crust in ice box and roll other half to form lower crust. Always roll away from

you with quick light strokes. Fit loosely on pie tin, trim edge and fill with None Such Mince Meat. Roll out upper crust, fold in centre and make several 1-2 inch cuts in dough on folded edge to allow steam to escape. Moisten edge of lower crust with water, fit on top crust loosely, press edges together, trim dough. To impart glossy color, brush top crust with milk. Bake in hot oven (450°F) until well browned.

Merrell-Soule Co., Inc.
350 Madison Avenue
New York, N. Y.

**NONE SUCH
MINCE MEAT**

Eat and Be Well!

A condensed set of health rules—many of which may be easily followed right in your own home, or while traveling. You will find in this little book a wealth of information about food elements and their relation to physical welfare.

CONTROL YOUR WEIGHT WITHOUT DRUGS OR TIRESOME EXERCISES

Effective weight control diets, acid and bland diets, laxative and blood-building diets, and diets used in the correction of various chronic maladies.

The book is for FREE circulation. Not a mail order advertisement. Name and address on card will bring it without cost or obligation.

Health Extension Bureau
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"JEWELS of FAMOUS BEAUTIES"

An entertaining, beautifully illustrated booklet sent FREE

On request by

JOS. H. MEYER BROS.
389 Fifth Avenue, New York City

**MAKERS OF GENUINE
RICHELIEU
PEARLS**

Every Woman Likes Moore Push-Pins

To hang up light weight pictures or wall decorations.

10c Pkts. Everywhere
MOORE PUSH-PIN COMPANY, Philadelphia
Heavy framed pictures are safe on Moore Push-Pin Hangers.



5291
Emb. No. 1553

5304

5460
Emb. No. 1602



5158

5465
Emb. No. 1519

5228

No. 5291. Square tabs on the bodice head pleats on the skirt. Size 8, 2 yards 36-inch; collar, 1/4 yard 40-inch. Satin-stitch motif. Embroidery No. 1553 would be effective. No. 5304. A practical ensemble for school consists of a sports frock and a long coat. Size 6, dress, 1 1/4 yards 54-inch; contrasting, 1 3/4 yards 54-inch.

No. 5460. Two-piece lines are suggested by contrasting material. Size 8, waist, 1 1/4 yards 36-inch; contrasting, 3/4 yard 36-inch. Appliqué motif from Embroidery 1602 would be smart.

No. 5158. Raglan sleeves and a skirt cut in novel lines are distinctive style features. Size 6, 1 1/2 yards 36-inch; contrasting, 1/4 yard 36-inch.



No. 5465. A frock box pleated beneath a round scalloped yoke. Size 2, 1 1/2 yards 32-inch. Embroidery No. 1519 in satin-stitch would be dainty.

No. 5228. French chic is embodied in three overlapping pleats that trim a simple frock. Size 6, 1 3/4 yards 36-inch; contrasting, 3/4 yard 36-inch.

Patterns may be bought from all McCall dealers, or by mail, postage prepaid, from The McCall Co., 236 West 37th St., New York City, at prices listed on page 124.



E-Z Underwear

IN the new

styles, designed knee

length for modern fashion.

Perfectly proportioned

for children's comfort

and health. Endorsed

by mothers every-

where. At your favor-

ite store—\$1.00.

Send for free booklet containing valuable information on the proper care of children. Write

Dept. G, E-Z Waist Co.,
19 Thomas St., New York City.



For any child
of any age



Even clean diapers can chafe

DOCTORS SAY that even a clean, dry diaper may chafe a baby's delicate skin—if the diaper has been washed with soap that contains harmful alkali.

At the famous Maternity Center of New York, diapers are washed this safe way—

Rinse the diapers at once and put to soak in a borax solution. Wash in rich, cleansing Lux suds (2 tablespoons of Lux to a bowlful of hot water). Rinse through 2 waters and dry in the sun. Boil the diapers at least twice a week, in Lux suds. Rinse in 3 waters and dry.

This safe Lux cleansing keeps diapers beautifully white and soft and sweet-smelling—and absolutely safe for baby's skin.



Lever Bros. Co.,
Cambridge, Mass.

Tear out for your baby book



NEW! SMART BAGS of Crepe Twist and Wool

Instructions **FREE!**
for Making

Everywhere this winter you will see these new bags—modish in design, in attractive colors to match the costume. They are made of Dennison's Crepe Twist and Fleisher's Yarn in combination. And they are easy to do, for you simply embroider them in long, easy stitches on stamped canvas patterns. Send the coupon below for free illustrated directions for making.

Get these NEW GIFT IDEAS

This year Dennison has a host of new plans for holiday gifts with simple directions for making. Instruction booklets and all needed materials may be had at your local stationery, department or drug store where Dennison goods are sold. But send coupon now for free illustrated directions for making the smart new bags.

Dennison-craft

Dennison's, Dept. 3-Y2, Framingham, Mass.
Please send me free instructions for making the new bags of Crepe Twist and Wool.

(Why not let us include some of these Dennison books? Check those you want and enclose proper amount.)

.....Novelty Dolls (Free)Lamp Shade Pattern (10c)
.....Crystal Trees (Free)Sealing Wax Craft (10c)
.....Weaving with Rope (10c)Crepe Paper Flowers (10c)
.....Table Decorations (10c)Party Magazine (20c)
.....Complete Home Course in Crepe Paper Flower Making (\$2)

Name.....

Street or R. F. D.

City.....State.....

The Travel Bag Gift is Very New

by Elisabeth May Blondel

No. 1679. (Right.)
Made of sturdy
denim and with rub-
berized lining,
equally desirable for
motoring, sports or
shopping.



1679

No. 1679. (Below.) The
Envelope Bag, 10-inch size,
has a newly imported all-
over wool design and closes
with slide fastener.



1679

No. 1679. Overnight or Pullman Bag
—very good looking in modish moiré,
with commodious inside pockets.



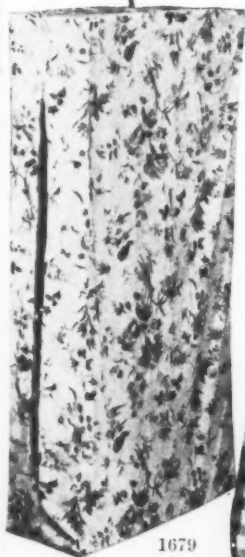
1679

Detail of wool stitches.

No. 1679. (Left.) This charming hat box is simple to make by hand, covered with glazed chintz and bound with ribbon—a captivating thing for the vacation girl to carry with her. Both box and the entire family of Utility Bags on this page were planned for opening and closing with the popular slide fasteners that are procurable in different lengths in the department stores—every one with accompanying directions



No. 1679. Sports or Travel Roll, made of the gayest striped awning cloth, very smart and useful for short trips. An easy-to-slide metal fastener, 15 inches long, closes it.



1679



1679

No. 1679. Wardrobe Bag—lovely in cretonne or gingham, fastening conveniently down the side with a hookless slide fastener. This friend and protector of the smart girl's garments is not at all difficult to make.

No. 1679. Just the thing to carry off for a day in the country, this Pillow Bag with pocket of equal size for holding sewing, writing pad, magazine, sandwiches and what not!

(Left.) Pierrette Laundry Bag, delightful for the younger set, and fascinating to make.

Patterns may be bought from all McCall dealers, or by mail, postage prepaid, from The McCall Co., 236 West 37th St., New York City, at prices listed on Page 124.

Gray Hair A Sure Way to End It



SCIENCE says don't use dangerous, crude and messy dyes that give the hair a dull, dyed look that is worse than grayness. Brownatone acts quickly, surely and in a scientific manner. It is easily applied by anyone. Won't wash or rub off: takes marcel, water wave or permanent; cannot harm the hair or cause it to lose lustre. Brownatone is used by thousands whose friends do not suspect it. Two colors: blonde to medium brown, dark brown to black. All drug-gists sell Brownatone under an absolute guarantee of satisfaction or money back.



Make This **FREE TEST**

Send name and address to The Kenton Pharmacal Co., Dept. S-11, Brownatone Bldg., Covington, Ky., for FREE test bottle of Brownatone. Be sure to state color desired. Canadian Address Windsor, Ont.

BROWNATONE
TINTS GRAY HAIR ANY SHADE

It Lifts Your Spirit

By Edna Wallace Hopper

The vigor of a brisk wind carries you along with a light heart. The world seems gay and hopeful.

It's great for your spirit but hard on your skin. Every gust of wind ruthlessly plants tiny particles of dust in your pores, taxes the naturally smooth texture. Your most precious skin is constantly exposed to these harsh effects.

But you can erase the inroads upon beauty with a little care and the right help, which I spent years to find.

I call this help my Facial Youth. It is a liquid cleanser which soothes the skin and actually removes the dust and grime which are so destructive. Soap and water merely cleanse the surface, and have a coarsening effect.

Facial Youth does not grow hair. It's a pleasure to use this gently soothing cleanser. Nothing does more to retain youthful firm smoothness of face.

May I urge you, for beauty's sake, to buy a bottle at any toilet counter? The price is 75 cents. Your money back if not satisfied.




Edna Wallace Hopper
as she looks today

For Trial Bottle

Mail this today to Edna Wallace Hopper, 536 Lake Shore Drive, Chicago. Enclose 10c for postage and packing on a sample of Facial Youth.

Name.....

Address.....



SIMMONS Crib

Scientifically perfect for baby's sound healthful sleep . . . Comes to you hygienically clean and safe in sealed cartons, springs included. \$12.50 to \$40. Beautyrest Mattress to order.

Keeps little spines strong and straight

MAKE BIG PAY for Work that is Play in Spare Time at Home

Pleasant Pages

Handcolor Christmas greeting cards by process that looks just like artist's work. No talent or experience needed. 6 to 12 cents profit on every card. Do 20 to 30 cards an hour. Many make \$40 or more a month this easy way. **FREE** Book, "Pleasant Pages," illustrates wonderful new 1928 Christmas line. Complete instructions included.

Get this **FREE BOOK** Or Send \$1.00 for **TRIAL BOX**

Write for **FREE** Book, or better yet, save time by ordering \$1.00 Box containing cards, colors, brush and instructions. Cards should sell for \$1 to \$1.50 when colored. Act quick to make big money during the months just ahead. You'll be amazed to find how easy it is. **Write Now.**

Little Art Shop, Dept. 132-B, 474 La. Ave., Washington, D. C.

Send for FREE BOOK

before after

Lovely Eyes for You! Delica-Brow

—darkens your lashes and brows instantly, makes your eyes look wonderfully animated and vivid. Never runs or smears, unaffected by rain, tears, or even swimming. *Gives you lasting beauty!*

FREE—One Week's Supply!

You will never know how beautiful your eyes can be until you use **Delica-Brow**. Send for **FREE** Trial Bottle, complete with genuine camel's hair brush and full instructions. Enclose 10c for packing and mailing.

KISSPROOF, INC., Dept. 2088-A
3012 Clybourn Ave. Chicago, Ill.



RAT BIS-KIT

No mixing of powders or spreading of sticky pastes—

is ready to use. Sure death to rats and mice. Quickest, cleanest, easiest way. New tin package contains 18 "Bis-Kits," always fresh. 35c at all drug and general stores.

Guarantee coupon in every package.

The Rat Bis-Kit Co.
Springfield, Ohio

GAS HEAT ANYWHERE 1 1/2 an hour

38 Below Zero is not too cold when you have a **Sunshine Radiant Heater**. Makes and burns its own gas. Gives you clean, safe, healthful heat in 60 seconds from cold start. No piping, no installation costs. Easy to carry from room to room while in operation.

15-Day Trial

We'll send you the **SUNSHINE** on 15-day trial. Use it in your own home or store. Prove to yourself how easy it does away with dirt, sales, smoke and odor. **Sunshine** is bringing cheer and comfort to thousands of homes, now.

FREE Startling low offer on new, beautiful 1929 Model—and book, how new heater brings comfort and ease. Get your copy. Write today. **Sunshine Safety Lamp Co.** 271 Factory Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.

AGENTS

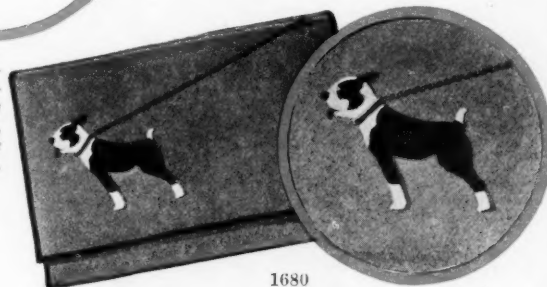
BIG MONEY— easy sales on part or full time. **WRITE!**

Woolly Pups Lead the Pillow Vogue

by Elisabeth May Blondel



1680. Detail showing the close loop-stitches that are afterwards clipped, making a realistic woolly appearance.



No. 1680. The popular felt purse rejoices in this spirited bulldog cleverly put together with pieces of black, white and green felts. The restraining leash may be embroidered, or an inexpensive linked chain secured in position. Design from the series of Appliqué Pups and Bridge Symbols for pillows.



Patterns may be bought from all McCall dealers, or by mail, postage prepaid, from The McCall Co., 236 West 37th St., New York City, at prices listed on Page 124.

Durable Dentons for All the Family



Dentons for Children

Made of Denton Durable Soft-Knit Fabric.

Unbleached cotton with a little finest wool to carry off perspiration. Wonderfully soft and warm.

Extra heavy romper feet. (patented.) Flexible rubber buttons.

Extra full Drop Seat on all sizes. (patented.)

Sizes 0, 1 and 2 open down back.

Sizes 3 to 14 open down front, as is more convenient for boys. All children from 3 up like to button their own garments. In the smaller of these sizes, if the mother prefers she can easily sew front opening part way up.

Amplified proportioned, finely tailored, ideal for camping, touring or fresh air sleeping.

Insist on Genuine Dentons. Trade mark tag attached to each Denton garment.

Sold by 5,500 leading stores.

Two Piece Denton Sizes 0, 1 and 2

If your dealer does not have them, write us.

Dr. Denton Sleeping Garment Mills,
Centreville, Michigan, U. S. A.

They Used to Call Me "FAT EMMA"

The Personal Story of Emma Courtney

"I will never forget the unhappy days when as a 'fat girl' I was the butt of all my friends' jokes. They referred to me as 'heavyweight.' 'Fat Emma' and other odious names. They never knew how deep these jokes cut into my feelings. But as I look back, I am certain that my friends were right. I was fat. Almost every dress I put on soon burst at the seams. Carrying so much weight tired my legs and weakened my ankles so I had no energy left at the end of the day. Although young and pretty, I found out that young men did not care for 'fatties.' I was anxious to reduce, but everyone warned me against the ill effects that follow from the use of 'anti-fat' nostrums and violent exercising machines. I was desperate and didn't know what to do. Then a kind friend told me of Miss Annette Kellermann and her wonderful reducing methods. Interested at once I wrote her and soon received her fascinating book, 'The Body Beautiful,' and a lovely personal letter, explaining her course in detail and how I could easily reduce six to eight pounds a month—safely. I followed her instructions. In a few months I regained my youthful figure and have kept it ever since. Life is once more worth living."

Simply write to Miss Kellermann for her new book, "The Body Beautiful," and you will be told without obligation, all about her methods of reduction in a sane, sensible, beneficial way—the way that will increase your vitality and your strength, as it did Miss Courtney's! Send the coupon today. Address Annette Kellermann, Suite 811, 225 West 39th Street, New York City.

Annette Kellermann, Suite 811
225 West 39th Street, New York City.

Dear Miss Kellermann:
Kindly send me, entirely without cost, your new book, "The Body Beautiful." I am particularly interested in Weight Reducing.

Name.....
Address.....
City..... State.....

MODERN LAMP SHADES

Make them for Gifts

In one delightful afternoon, at surprisingly little cost, you can make this modern lampshade. You will find it so easy and such fun to do that you will want several in various designs for your home. Make them, too, for gifts. They are so smart and new they will delight your friends. All you need is the paper parchment form, some Dennison Crepe and sealing wax, with a tassel for the finishing touch.

Send for Instruction Packet

Dennison has prepared a packet containing complete instructions for making shades of this type and dozens of others for table, bridge or floor lamps. Also many other kinds of parchment shades and screens. All are illustrated, some in color. You can get the packet and all needed materials at your local stationery, department store or drug store where Dennison goods are sold. Or simply send 10 cents for Lamp Shade Packet.

Dennison-craft

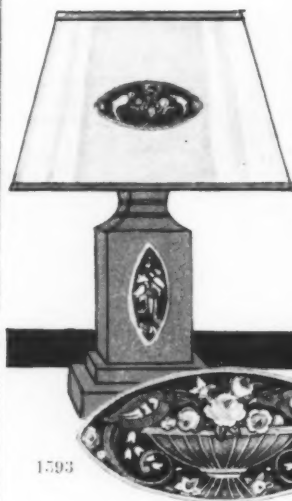
DENNISON'S, Dept. 3-Y
Framingham, Mass.
I am interested in your new method of making Crepe Paper Flowers. Please send me free sample instructions and materials for making Sweet Peas.

Name.....
Street or R. F. D.....
City..... State.....

Why not let us include some of these famous Dennison books? Check those you want and enclose 10c for each.
.....Crepe Paper Costumes.....Lamp Shade Packet
.....Table Decorations.....Sealing Wax Crafts
.....Decorating Walls and Bookshelves.....Framing Paper Roses
.....Complete Home Course in Crepe Paper Flower Making (\$2)
.....Party Magazine (20c)

Pasting Decorations for Smart Gifts

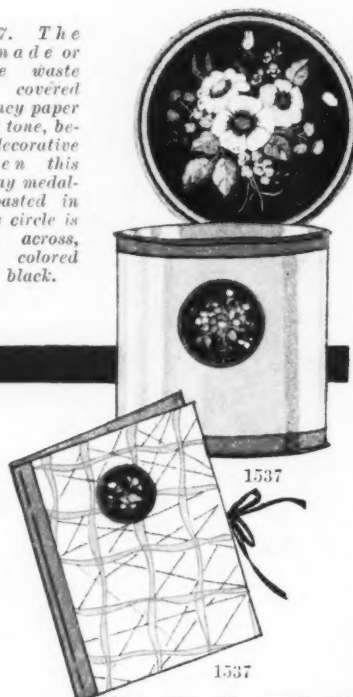
by Elisabeth May Blondel



No. 1593. Vertical and horizontal bird-and-bowl medallions are beautifully adapted for decorating the lamp base and shade above. To both surfaces the glue is first applied, then the motifs pasted down smoothly. Varnish at the last intensifies the colors.



No. 1609. Colorful touches are necessary to the smart girl's toilette equipment. So much more dainty and personal, the powder box and perfume bottle, with little pasted motifs daintily colored in a charming combination of yellow, lavender, pink, blue and green.



No. 1537. The ready-made or hand-made waste basket covered with a fancy paper of neutral tone, becomes a decorative unit when this lovely spray medallion is pasted in front. The circle is 6 inches across, delicately colored against black.

No. 1537. The small 2 1/2-inch companion of the larger circle makes a charming decoration for the young girl's portfolio, a neat accessory for the desk.



No. 1609. A little bottle for each of the beauty necessities, each correctly and delightfully labelled with a simply pasted ornament. Labels and flower motifs compose the set of medallions specially designed for decorating the smart woman's bathroom accessories.



Step 1. Applying paste.

No. 1537. Another of the circular medallions shown above finds desirable use in decorating a modern parchment shade. The process of applying is here demonstrated in four simple steps.



Step 4. Applying varnish.

Patterns may be bought from all McCall dealers, or by mail, postage prepaid, from The McCall Co., 236 West 37th St., New York City, at prices listed on Page 124.

Art Needlework is a Pleasant Pastime

SPECIAL PURE LINEN TOWELS
Fast Color 3 for \$1.00
Postpaid
Set No. 2919. Towels made of good quality Cream Linen. Fast color hemstitched borders on both ends. Stamped designs when embroidered will harmonize with the woven stripes. Towels have Rose, Blue and Gold borders. Very absorbent and launder nicely.
Guest towels, 15 x 21 inches, price per \$1.00 set of three.
Boilproof Cotton to embroider the set 35c extra.

2917
\$1.00 PAIR POSTPAID
SPECIAL VALUE
HEMSTITCHED PILLOW CASES
No. 2917—Popular pond lily design for outline and French knot embroidery. Attractive, fast color Rose or Green patches are hemstitched onto the cases. Hemstitched for crocheting on the nationally known Pepperell or Great Falls linen finish White Tubings.
Each case is 42 x 36 inches. Price per pair \$1.00
Boilproof Embroidery Cotton 25c extra.
Color and lesson chart free with every order.

FREE Send For Your Copy TODAY of Our 88-Page Fall and Winter Book
This Free book contains the largest and most complete selection of useful and artistic stamped articles. The better grade of Infants' and Children's ready-made garments, Linen, Silk, Hosiery and ruffled and lace Curtains are also shown.
Books and merchandise sent only within the U.S.

FREDERICK HERRSCHNER INC.
EST. 1899
6648 So. Ashland Ave. CHICAGO.



Charming Hair!

Now you can have it and keep it!

Your hair, soft, fragrant—lustrous! Alive with that youthful sparkle that everyone admires; having it and keeping it that way is largely a matter of proper shampooing.

Not just soap-and-water "washings," but the regular use of a shampoo that really beautifies—one that was created especially to improve dull hair and add that little something extra so often lacking!

If you really wish to make your hair bewitchingly lovely—just one Golden Glint Shampoo will show you the way! No other shampoo, anywhere, like it. Does more than merely cleanse the hair. There's a youth-imparting touch—a beauty specialist's secret in its formula. Millions use regularly. At your dealers', or send 25c to J. W. Kobi Co., Dept. K, 606 Rainier Ave., Seattle, Wash.



PAUL JONES

FREE BOOKLET

Showing advance styles by Ferdinand and Hellman. New uniforms, aprons, etc., for hospital and home. Famous PAUL JONES durability, whiteness, finish. Extraordinary values, popular prices. Mail the coupon now.

Est. 1867

MORRIS & CO. Inc.
Paul Jones Bldg., Balto., Md.

Please send me your new style book.

Name.....
Address.....
City..... State.....



Soothes eyes strained by Sewing

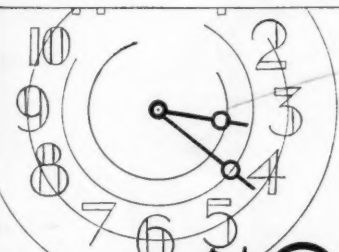
When your eyes become wearied from sewing or reading, apply a few drops of harmless *Murine*. Within a few moments they will feel strong and rested... ready for hours more of use.

Also apply this refreshing lotion to eyes irritated by exposure to sun, wind and dust. It instantly relieves the burning sensation and prevents a bloodshot condition. Many women use *Murine* daily to keep their eyes always clear, bright and vigorous. A month's supply costs but 60c. Try it!

Write *Murine Co.*, Dept. 92, Chicago, for FREE books on Eye Beauty and Eye Care

MURINE

FOR YOUR EYES



EARN \$10 IN YOUR SPARE TIME

BY an easy, pleasant, dignified method, now used by thousands of McCall readers, you can have \$10.00—or more—for a little of your time used in taking care of new and renewal McCall subscriptions in your locality. There is no expense to you and no experience in this work is required. Ask today for details.

Send this \$10 coupon

Dept. 11X McCall's Magazine,
McCall Street, Dayton, Ohio

Please tell me all details about your offer of \$10.00 or more extra money.

Your Name
Local Address
City & State

Alluring Ideas for Holiday Handwork

by Elisabeth May Blondel



1678

No. 1673. One of the modernistic lampshades of today chooses this motif of "Under-sea Life" for painting in oils, or for silver paper appliqué with the parchment painted a soft sea green. The design was easily traced on the parchment over carbon paper.



1673



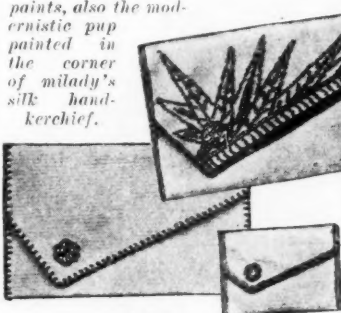
1673

No. 1678. Smartly French is the new sports scarf painted with colorful textile prints, also the modernistic pup painted in the corner of milady's silk handkerchief.



1678

No. 1673. A cozy corner for the reader by lamplight fulfills the decorative purpose when a small tuck-in pillow of green oilcloth is painted to match the shade. Oil paints will adhere to oilcloth if mixed with white enamel.



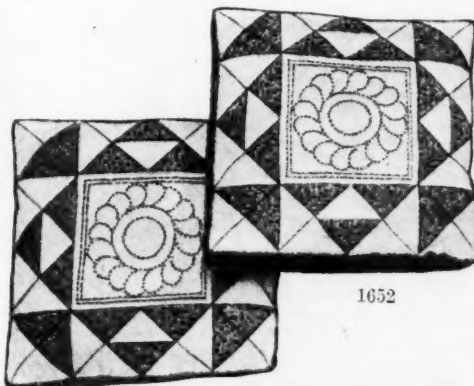
1666

No. 1666. Glittering beads in pointed design or beaded edge with rhinestone clasp only, finish the chic evening bag that is ready cut from silver or gold metal cloth.



1601

No. 1601. A delightful bag for the golf enthusiast to keep her things dainty in the bureau drawer. The amusing design is of pieced felts, jade green, cerise, orange and tan (9 inches high). Yellow glazed tarlatan bound with jade green makes this 10 x 13 inch bag.



1652

No. 1652. The twin idea in patch pillows carries the day, one with pink, the other with blue calico triangles ready cut for sewing. The quilted design is of genuine colonial origin.

Patterns may be bought from all McCall dealers, or by mail, postage prepaid, from The McCall Co., 236 West 37th St., New York City, at prices listed on Page 124.

30
FREE SAMPLES
Are Waiting for You
to Ask for Them



I've a different dress to wear at home each day.

EACH one is absolutely original, of a beautiful, fashionable, Paris design that I'm proud to wear for any home occasion. And I made each one myself in less than an hour, at a cost of only \$2.50 to \$3.00.

They are all made of the new Fall White House patterns of

GENUINE
"Peter Pan"
Guaranteed Fast Color
WASH FABRICS

It's such a lovely, durable material for indoor wear this Fall and Winter. And the clear, rich colors stand any amount of washing—they are guaranteed absolutely fast.

GUARANTEE: "We will replace any garment made of Genuine PETER PAN if it fades."

Your dealer will soon be showing an attractive window display of the new Fall Peter Pan White House Patterns. In the meantime, mail the coupon below, and we'll send you 30 FREE samples of Peter Pan Fabrics.

HENRY GLASS & CO.
41D White St.
New York, N.Y.

Look for the name
Peter Pan
on the selvage

Please send me "The Peter Pan Sampler" of 30 samples, postpaid, absolutely free of all charge.
PRINT NAME
Street Address or P.O. Box
City and State
Dealer's Name
Does he sell genuine Peter Pan Fast Color Fabrics?

HOME-MADE PASTRIES
PAY BIG!
Secrets of successful pastry-making and tea room management taught in spare time. Start a home made pastry shop or tea room in your own home—make big profits from first day! Free Booklet explains. Lewis Tea Room Institute, Suite 8C, 5056, Washington, D. C.

"That Has Real Style"
"And I made it all myself! Thanks to the Woman's Institute, I can now make all my own clothes and have two or three dresses for the money I used to spend on one! For the first time, I know that my clothes have real style."
Write for Free Booklet
Mail the coupon today for the handsome 32-page Free Booklet, "Making Beautiful Clothes." It tells how the Woman's Institute has solved the clothing problem for thousands of other women and girls and how it can help you to have more and prettier clothes and earn \$20 to \$30 a week at home.

WOMAN'S INSTITUTE, Dept. 3-L, Scranton, Pa.
Without cost or obligation, please send me a copy of "Making Beautiful Clothes" and tell me how I can learn at home the subject I have marked below:

☐ Home Dressmaking ☐ Millinery
☐ Professional Dressmaking ☐ Cooking

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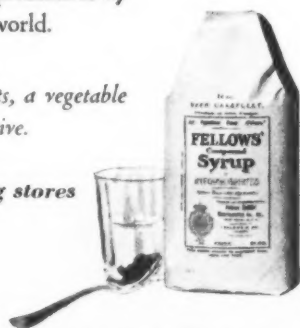


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1682

No. 1681. (Below.) These delightful cards of French design are both place and tally cards. On the table the 5-inch figure stands upright, supported by the bent ends of the strip to hold the guest's name. Price, 40 cents.



1682

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Contents of Pattern No. 1682. Described above.



1681



1681

No. 1681. The pattern contains 12 "Court Costume" Tally Cards, printed in a lovely blue on excellent quality water color paper. All you do is cut out the cards, touch up the rosebuds with pink water color as indicated on the pattern, then make the tasselled cords. Start to paint your cards now, for there is nothing more original you could plan for your next bridge party to make it a brilliant success. All directions included. Two designs, 6 cards each. Price, 40 cents.

Patterns may be bought from all McCall dealers, or by mail, postage prepaid, from The McCall Co., 236 West 37th St., New York City, or from the nearest Branch Office, at prices listed above and on page 124.

THE STAR LADY

[Continued from page 126]

a play was announced the theater telephone would be busy. Someone would offer a chair, another a rug, or a frock, which was "just the thing." The members of the company were entertained by many of the residents. One night several of us were dining in a lovely home and I was looking about with an acquisitive eye for I was much concerned about the properties for the next play. My hostess turned to me and asked:

"Miss Bonstelle, what do you consider the most significant Elizabethan drama?"

At that moment my imagination was setting the second act for the next week and I replied quickly, "I should love to have that wicker set for Act II." There was an outburst of laughter, but my hostess was a good sport and promised to send the set in time. Another evening we were dining with a famous manufacturer. The next play scheduled was *The Fortune Hunter* which takes quite a few men.

"I need a clubman and a butler," I said. "And my budget only allows enough for one of them. I can use one extra for a clubman or a butler, but what am I to do for the other?"

"Well," duetted my host and hostess, "what is the matter with our butler?" After some discussion my hostess pushed a button.

"Sparrow," she said to the impeccable creature who responded, "next week you are to buttle at the Northampton Academy, at the theater you know, for Miss Bonstelle."

I give you my word that butler never flicked an eyelash.

"Yes, Madam," he replied.

"And," added my hostess, "as you must report to the theater at seventy-three we will dine at six all next week, Sparrow."

"Very well, Ma'am," replied the unmoved Sparrow.

"You will begin rehearsing tomorrow at ten," concluded my hostess, and that butler without moving a muscle bowed slightly and observed, "Very good, Ma'am," and retired.

I had an idea he would not come. But he did come and never acted in any unbutlerish way but once. On Thursday night just before the rise of the curtain he sought me.

"Miss Bonstelle," he said, "you-eh, will pahdon me hif I seem a little unnehved, this hevenin'. The fact is Mrs. Sparrow is in the 'ospittle. We are hexpectin' the harrival of a little Sparrow." His "unnehving" was hardly perceptible. We had found in Sparrow the butler long told of in fiction, the perfect specimen of his kind. His "little Sparrow" arrived that night and his Friday night performance was, as he admitted, "Quite all right."

William Powell, one of my boys who is, I fear, lost to the movies, played with me two summers in stock and also in this theater at Northampton. When Billy started, his great ambition was to play heavies. As we loved to have him do what he liked we would give him a heavy every now and then and pad out his slim body to fit. Billy came to me in a rather odd way. I had engaged a sweet little girl Eileen Wilson, as an ingenue, and after we had made arrangements she said hesitating, "Is the company complete, Miss Bonstelle?"

"Almost," I replied, "but not quite."

"Well," she said eagerly, "I know a nice young man who is a good actor and I'll bring him to you right away." She brought him and he was a nice young man and a good actor and I engaged him.

When Eileen brought Billy I thought she was just helping him. This is a lovely profession for that. Actors go to no end of trouble to help each other and sometimes I wish I had ten companies so that I could have with me all the fine boys and girls who are sent to me. However, little Eileen's interest in Billy was less impersonal and it soon became evident that a love affair was ripening under our eyes. They did it very well, for they had been married just before they came to the company! Another Powell was David. I had seen David some years before with Ellen Terry in *The Good Hope*, where he had given such an impressive portrayal of the younger son that I was never able to forget it. When he applied to me I asked, "Did you do that glorious piece of work as the boy who was afraid? It was magnificent." He was delighted that I had remembered his first work in this country.

"Lady," he said, "we need not talk terms. I'll work for you for nothing."

He did work at a sacrifice at Northampton as leading man for one season. From there he went into the movies where he has been ever since. And last among my Northampton boys is Malcolm Fassett who came to do light comedies and juvenile heavies, and who was so shy that when he played love scenes he always blushed.

A big part of my fun in the theater is in developing unexpected talent, not only in professionals, but in anyone who loves the stage. When I was running companies in Providence the boys from Brown often played supers. Professor Tom Crosby who is of the English Department there, has always loved the theater and had graduated from The Wheatcroft School intending to become an actor and then had decided otherwise. The University gave Professor Crosby permission to play with us several times. He was an excellent Cayley Drummle in *The Second Mrs. Tanqueray* and a fine Sir Peter in *The School for Scandal*.

When we were rehearsing this play I was very tired, and in the scene where Lady Teazle hides behind a screen and listens, I calculated I could sleep through the fifteen minute wait.

"Bring four chairs over, will you?" I called, and Professor Crosby helped with the chairs. I laid them in a row behind the screen and found that I could lie comfortably across them.

"I'll take a nap here," I explained, "during the fifteen minutes."

"But," protested the Professor, "you won't wake up and we'll spoil the rehearsal."

"If I tell myself to wake, I'll wake," I replied. We went on with rehearsals and I never missed a cue. This ability to take rest during strenuous work is what has enabled me to do as much as I have managed to do. I was quite rested at the end of the week, thanks to my naps. We had a wonderful house for the performances. When the bills came in I found that there was a charge for a three day salary for an extra stage hand.

"What's this?" I demanded. "Why do I have to pay for extra hands?"

"Well, Miss Bonnie," said the stage manager, "you and Professor Crosby took so many curtain calls, the curtain man wore out and the union decided we had to have another to help."

I captured Ben Lyon in New York, but I took him with me to work in Providence. Ben has all the gifts the gods shower on their favorites—you shall hear of them next month.

[Continued in DECEMBER McCall's]

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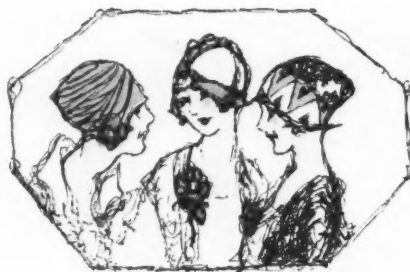
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LIVES AND LETTERS

Our New Department of Human Relations

Conducted by Margaret Severance

THOUGH every page of this magazine belongs to all of our two and a half million readers, this particular page is the only one to which every man, woman and child among them can be a contributor. Your problems and your solution of them are making the social history of this age and are, therefore, vital to all who live in it as well as to those who will build upon it in ages to come. Nothing of importance to any of us can be trivial to any of the rest. Address Margaret Severance, McCall's Magazine, 236-250 West 37th Street, New York City.

FEWER in number than that careless company of women who marry anything masculine available but more numerous than is generally supposed, is the sisterhood of the hesitant, who are never pleased with anything or anybody. Various psychological undercurrents make up the stream of such action. One of the chief of these is sentimentality, sentiment smothered under saccharine and whipped cream. Some women reject suitor after suitor because they expect love to come galloping up on a snow-white charger to capture their imaginations as well as themselves, or to strike them down with an ecstatic bolt of lightning, leaving them henceforth in a delightful daze, unable to think at all.

A brilliant woman, who has had many opportunities to marry told me sadly not long ago that she expected to go husbandless to her grave because none of the men she knew or ever had known measured up to her *Ideal*—her voice was always awed to italics whenever she used the word. This ideal had been gained during a childhood literally steeped in yellow-backed romances. Ever since she has been searching vainly for shadow-knights come to life. She does not reason that those men wooed shadow-damsels whose hair was never out of curl in spite of weather, whose dispositions were angelic even on satanic provocation, who were ravishingly beautiful in the throes of wasting illness, women, in short, who were intended to live happy ever after, after no matter what. She did not see the inconsistency of a union between a normal, fallible, thoroughly alive

Husband Material

business woman of today and a hero who would be as much out of place in the modern world as King Arthur would be in a Wall Street office. To herself she is the same imprisoned princess-in-a-tower that all proper little girls are at the age of ten. Authentic romance is rooted in deep reality which has greater reach and richness than the most fantastic imagining. Men, like women and religion and life itself, have to be taken on faith as much as on fact. Not careless blindness and misinformation but faith that believes beyond the physical and expects the best from other folk without trying to dissect them and put them together again as a child would a tin toy.

A woman should certainly not anaesthetise her intelligence when she chooses a husband. But the doubting Thomasinas, to whom these lines are addressed especially, should not confuse critical intelligence with fault-finding and preconceived prejudice.

What is good husband material? Whoever attempts to give a standardized answer to that, would be like our friend of the yellow-backed novels who can reel off dozens of palpitating characteristics for her *Ideal* and never actually find one of them. The question has many answers. There is, I think, one *don't* to which a wo-

man should make up her mind about man in the abstract. Love can triumph over clashing opinions, differences in religion and social background, over jealousy and temper and illness. But it cannot survive contempt. A girl has written lately that she is trying to get her own consent to marry a man for whom she is apologizing even to herself. Everything about him offends her. She is almost ashamed to appear on the street with him and yet she seems on the verge of becoming his wife. She thinks she can change him, though he is now approaching middle age! Love does not necessarily gallop up on a snow-white charger but it certainly cannot come ambling upon an ass.

My dear Margaret Severance: Do all women really want to marry? I have been engaged three times and each time had no intention of going further. Later other women found these men attractive enough to marry. I feel ambitious to accomplish things. I cannot be satisfied with what a husband has to offer. —D. G.

Successful marriage is not made up of what a husband alone has to offer, but of what both husband and wife bring to it together in willing effort. If we become engaged by mass epidemic just as we catch measles, we can expect to recuperate from the two with equal rapidity. I strongly advise this young woman to travel all she can and to accomplish everything possible before she contemplates men again, though what she wants to accomplish seems as vague in her mind as the image of the man she would be willing to marry. The

greatest value of travel lies in making us prize home more and the steady affection we find there.

Another young woman, avowedly cynical about marriage and its lasting success, asks if a woman who cannot find "the right man," should be contented with a second best. Certainly not. A husband must seem the best to his wife, no matter how hopeless he may appear to other women. "We needs must love the highest when we see it," but the highest as created by God, not by the cheaper fictionists.

NOVEMBER

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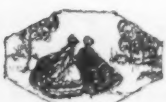
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FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST

for HEALTH



Page For Children



The Story of Gazpacho

A little Spanish marionette who plays the guitar and sings gay songs

THIS is the story of Gazpacho as Aunt Harriet told it to Carol.

Gazpacho was a little Spanish clown who used to play at fairs and at the markets, and on holidays. He was a pretty, good-tempered little fellow and so polite that when he bowed and doffed his cap after each performance, everyone, who saw him would remark:

"Some day Gazpacho will go to court and play before the Princess Isabel."

The Princess was then a little girl six years old.

But a war came and instead of going to court Gazpacho went to the battle field to amuse the soldiers. Nothing ever made him afraid. When the cannon was roaring loudest, he would walk out with a swash-buckling air, slap his leg, bow and turn a somersault to the enemy. This would make the soldiers laugh. The officer of the company gave him a purse of gold doubloons to put in his pocket.

Evenings when it was quieter he would drop into the different tents in company with his master, and sing to the accompaniment of a little guitar:

"Don Carlos is a hoary churl
Of cruel heart and cold,
But Isabel's a harmless girl
Of only six years old."

At last the war ended. The kingdom was saved for the little Princess Isabel, and all the soldiers went home rejoicing. In the hurry his master lost Gazpacho. Perhaps he never would have been found if a soldier looking for a friend on the battle field, had not seen the little clown. He picked him up and stuffed him into his knapsack. This soldier was an Irishman who traveled around to different countries because he liked to fight in wars. Now that peace had come he decided to leave the land. He bought a fine trunk of black hog leather all studded with red and gold nails and into this he put his belongings and also Gazpacho. Thus Gazpacho never went to court to perform before the Princess Isabel; instead he sailed away from beautiful Spain to America.

When the soldier reached America, before he had even time to settle down, he learned of another war going on and off he went to it, leaving his trunk to be sent to the storage warehouse. Years passed and he never came back for the trunk. It was sold at auction to some people who had a home in the country and liked only antique furniture. They thought the trunk would look well in their hall for a seat. On the way home in the car they were curious to see what was in the trunk and

By PAULINE BRADFORD MACKIE

stopped at a locksmith's to have it opened. There was nothing but a small clown inside, and even the locksmith didn't want him. So when they were away out again on the road, they took the little man Gazpacho by his leg and flung him out. He rolled far over into the grass.

And that was the afternoon when Peter Jay found him and took him home to live with him.

After Peter Jay, Gazpacho's first acquaintances in his new home were the mules in an adjoining pasture. Now, Gazpacho had all of a Spaniard's love for a mule and he was interested at once when he learned they came every Sunday afternoon to rest in the field the other side of the stone fence.

Their names were Pike and Smoke. Smoke was small and fat and careless of his appearance. He would let his ears fall in the most haphazard fashion, so that Pike was constantly reproving him. He would tell Smoke that a mule's crowning beauty was in his ears and that he must keep his upright.

Pike was the older of the two and was an enormous mule bigger than a horse, very knobby and not at all fat. He told Gazpacho that he used to be a driving mule years ago in Missouri. His master finally sold him and that was how he happened to come north.

Gazpacho loved to hear all about these adventures. It brought to his mind the dream he once had of going in a fine costume to the court of Spain to perform for the Princess Isabel. But he did not sigh for the past. He turned his full attention to the entertainment of the two mules when they had their Sunday afternoon to rest in after the hard work all week.

As for Pike and Smoke they would almost laugh their heads off to see him. He would walk along the top of the stone fence

with as fine and fanfaronading air as any soldier and then he would let himself drop and hang head down, holding on by one foot. In a jiffy he would draw himself up to the top again and do a fandango. Then he would take his little guitar and sing his song for them just as he used to do for the soldiers on the battle field.

Since the little clown had missed the glories of the court he was quite contented to live in the woods with the animals for his friends. They all grew to be fond of him because he had those qualities of love and companionship which they liked best in human beings. He had no will of his own so that he never tried to change their ways to suit his ideas, nor did he ever confuse them by making them obey when they couldn't understand why.

Grown-up people never saw him at all. Sometimes the children thought they caught glimpses of him.

One little boy was sure he saw Gazpacho all muffled up in his Spanish great cloak, walking along the top of the stone fence near the edge of the woods. He ran down to make certain and see if he couldn't capture him.

Peter Jay who was naturally wary saw the boy first. He knew by the way he was running that he was coming straight for Gazpacho. Peter was so frightened that he lost his head and dropped the string by which he held Gazpacho, and flew to the top of the trees. There he circled wildly around, screaming to drive the boy away. When he let go of the string the little clown had fallen down all in a heap.

Pike who happened to be in the field that afternoon and had been laughing at Gazpacho's antics was very much surprised at Peter's behavior. He knew it spelled danger of some kind, for a blue-jay will always scream when its nest is threatened. He realized at once that some one Peter loved was in danger and he looked about for Gazpacho. Then he saw him lying helpless on top of the stone fence. The boy was almost there. Pike had to think quickly. He had seen a cat pick up its kitten by the back of its neck. In this moment the memory stood him in good stead. He caught Gazpacho up by the back of his collar, very carefully so as not to hurt him with his teeth, and galloped away with him to the far end of the pasture.

When the boy reached the fence he was disappointed for he saw that what he thought was the little clown must have been only the bare branch of a cherry tree hanging down.

Thus Gazpacho was saved for the animals who loved him best.

